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AFRICA ANSWERS
BACK

By the Same Author

ECONOMIC LIFE OF UGANDA



A. Nyabongo

AFRICA ANSWERS BACK

by
H.H. Prince AKIKI K. NYABONGO

With an Introduction by
Dr. WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

Illustrated by
ELEANOR MARONEY



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To
MY MOTHERS

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between; align-items: center;"> PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR Frontispiece </div>	
TALKED LONG . . . TRYING TO DISSUADE THEM FROM VIOLENCE	23
"I CANNOT BAPTIZE A CHILD WHOSE FATHER IS LIVING IN SIN"	63
"MY WIVES, I LOVE YOU ALL"	111
"NOW KING SOLOMON LOVED MANY FOREIGN WOMEN" .	205
THE HEIR OF HIS FATHER	269

PREFACE

By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

PRINCE NYABONGO is a prince of the blood royal of one of the most interesting and most romantic countries in the world. Although in Equatorial Africa, the climate is like our October, for the territory is far above the level of the sea, almost in the shadow of the towering Mountains of the Moon. I remember reading a diary kept by a man who travelled from the Cape to Cairo, and the coolest night of the entire long journey was when he camped exactly on the Equator.

The nation to which he belongs is isolated in the interior and has only comparatively recently been visited by Europeans. The people have kept their ancient customs unmodified by what is rather carelessly called civilization. The practice of polygamy is so natural to them and apparently so agreeable to the women that attempts on the part of American or British missionaries to change it seem to the men merely bizarre, and to the women indescribably humorous. One of the illustrations in this book gives a fair idea of the impression made on the inhabitants by a well-meaning visitor.

Here is an enlightened community apparently dwelling in peace and concord, with their own ideas of government, their own ways of living and thinking, and with some hygienic and remedial methods that are unknown to the rest of the world. Incredible as it may seem, I am informed by Prince Nyabongo that they have known

Preface

and practised for many years a way of determining the sex of the unborn child.

The author has enjoyed the benefits of an European and American university education ; he speaks English with absolute fluency ; he is well read in English literature ; he has specialized in the study of philosophy, psychology, metaphysics, and the history of religion. During his stay at Yale it was my good fortune to become intimately acquainted with him. He has shown me much of the beautiful and delicate handiwork of the women of his native land, where he has now returned to take up his civic and educational duties. My conversations with him have been so interesting and so illuminating to me that I feel certain a large number of readers will share my delight in this book.

Prince Nyabongo is "a gentleman and a scholar". I can assure readers that the extraordinary incidents and events and customs that appear in this narrative are not the work of imagination, or of a novelist writing under an assumed name, but come from one who plays an important part in the political and social life of his far-away country, and whose high natural intelligence and charming amenity have enabled him to understand English-speaking people so well that he knows not only what we most wish to know about his own people, but knows how to communicate that knowledge to us.

AFRICA ANSWERS BACK

PART I

CHAPTER ONE

ON the night after the feast of the New Moon the Queen Mother dreamed that a white man was about to enter the country. In the morning she rose early from her bed of skins, and sent a message to her son the King, telling him the story of her dream. When the people of the court heard of this, they waited with impatience, for they knew that the Queen Mother's dream had in it the premonition of truth. And so it happened, for a few days later a message came from the Chief of the Lake that a party of strangers, including a Muzungu—a white man—was approaching. The King immediately told the Prime Minister to select a group of men to greet the Muzungu, and provide him with a camping-place.

A day later Stanley arrived, having spent five days on his trip across the lake, Victoria Nyanza. He still thought he was near Kakyama, and was greatly disappointed when he found out that he was in Buganda—one of the south-west Ugandan states. The cordial greeting which the natives gave him, however, tempered his disappointment. As he landed at the port he saw a double line of people, at the head of which was the Prime Minister, waiting to welcome him on behalf of the King. Behind the Prime Minister were many

Africa Answers Back

men, dressed in long white robes. A good deal of confusion ensued. The Prime Minister could not speak English ; nor could Stanley speak the native tongue. They both shook hands, however, and bowed their heads so many times that they both began to suffer from headache.

Stanley's interpreter said to him, " This is the Prime Minister of this country."

" How is that ? " Stanley asked. " Is he related to the King ? "

" No, but he is second to the King in official capacity."

So Stanley said through the interpreter, " Sir, it is indeed a pleasure for me to meet you and to know of the high position you hold in your country. I trust I shall have the opportunity of meeting your King."

" Yes, in the future you shall meet our King," said the Prime Minister officiously.

Stanley looked at the double row of figures and asked, " Are they all chiefs or are they related to the Arabs ? "

" No, they are not Arabs though they dress like them," answered the Prime Minister.

Stanley understood that all these men comprised the Prime Minister's retinue. So he turned and—beginning on the right—shook hands with each man. This took him a long time, for there were two hundred in each row. When he got through, he was very tired, but he still had a ten-mile journey before he could reach the camp which had been provided for him.

The road was straight ; the air was vivifying ; and a cool breeze blew in their faces. Stanley walked with the Prime Minister and his sub-chiefs, while the rest of the expedition followed behind. A halt was called at the half-way mark, in a beautiful garden of banana trees. There, water was brought to Stanley and his men. When they were ready to leave the place, the

Africa Answers Back

Prime Minister told Stanley to go on into camp without fearing the loss of his equipment, for a sub-chief had been set to guard it.

Arriving at the capital city of Buganda, Stanley was taken to the residence of the Prime Minister, which was near the King's palace. They gave him food to eat; and since there were no forks or plates, Stanley sat down on the ground and ate with his fingers as the natives did.

After the meal of plantains, meat and wine, the Prime Minister said to Stanley, "A man will now guide you to your dwelling. 'We shall send you food, and you can rest. You will be able to visit our King; but according to our custom, you must wait till the ninth day after your arrival.'"

In contrast to the officials Stanley had met in other places, the Prime Minister refused to take any money for his services. So Stanley thanked him and went to his camping-place, a well-arranged and beautiful yard. He pitched his tent and used the native house as a place for meeting visitors.

CHAPTER TWO

STANLEY waited with impatience for his visit to the King. The Prime Minister sent a messenger each day asking how Stanley felt, and offering to supply him with anything he needed. Every day Stanley sat in the compound between the King's palace and the Prime Minister's enclosure. Every day he saw how the police dragged guilty people out from the palace after they had been sentenced to death. This life-and-death power of the King frightened Stanley. He began to think that these people put little value on human life. He heard that about five men were killed daily, and he was surprised to see that when the Prime Minister and his chiefs came out of the palace, after having sentenced many to death, they were laughing. Stanley could not understand this. Perhaps he had ascribed to these people a better character than they really possessed. How could they kill so many men each day and still be kind and good?

He began to think that he himself might also be in danger; and that since Livingston, the object of his search, was obviously not at hand, he and his men ought to set out immediately and not waste any more time. But still he was curious to see the King, who was a remarkably powerful monarch. Thus Stanley came to no decision before the ninth day.

On the ninth day a messenger came to him from the Prime Minister and said, "To-day you are permitted to visit the King."

Africa Answers Back

Stanley was very glad that he was about to meet the King, and asked as to what sort of present should be given to him. The messenger made no reply to this question, so Stanley turned to his interpreter.

The interpreter answered, "I do not know the customs of these people. Perhaps it is best to use your own judgment. You see, the King is very rich, and may not even accept your present."

When Stanley heard this, he decided to give the King something that he would be sure to accept. It was useless to offer him beads or cloth, since the King of Buganda was one of the greatest monarchs in central Africa, and might be angered at such a paltry present. So he decided to give the King a gun.

Stanley's camp was situated six miles from the King's palace. As he started out on his trip he was greeted every ten yards by a messenger from the King. Each messenger had a round reed cane about his neck and a short rope around his waist. The rope held up the bark cloth which was tied over the left shoulder. As Stanley passed each messenger, the man knelt and said, "Greetings from the King. Hurry, the King waits." Stanley had to stop as he passed each messenger, and thus much time was lost.

Finally he arrived at the outer gate of the palace—the-away-Cows-Gate. To the left was a fire which never permitted to go out. When he reached that For the main entrance to the palace—people rushed and knelt before him saying, "Greetings from the King. Hurry, the King waits." At each step he passed the messengers with their eternal salutation, "Greetings from the King. Hurry, the King waits."

He went through the first court, and had to wait a few minutes for the second gate to open. A drum sounded—signalling that the stranger was about to enter

Africa Answers Back

the second court. In this court he was shown to a house on the right, and while he was there many messengers came to him with their greeting.

The pause before the third gate was longer than the others, and Stanley became impatient with all this ceremony. Finally, the official gate-keeper came up to him and said, "His Majesty is waiting for you."

The gate was opened and he entered the third court. On his right was a house full of musicians, and to the left there was a smaller house containing many drums. All the instruments made so much noise that Stanley and his interpreter could not hear each other talk.

Preceded by the gate-keeper, Stanley walked slowly until he reached the fourth gate. Now all the drums stopped except one, which signalled that the visitor had been approved by the other gate-keepers and should therefore be admitted through the last gate. The head gate-keeper sounded a bell; the gate swung open and Stanley entered. The head gate-keeper walked before him until he reached the King. He knelt, and announced Stanley's arrival.

The King was sitting on a four-cornered platform, with many chiefs attending him on both sides. He nodded to Stanley and motioned him to a seat opposite him, at the end of two parallel rows of chiefs. Through his interpreter, Stanley proceeded thus: "Your Majesty, I have come to visit your country, and at the same time to search for a friend. His name is Livingston. He left Europe a long time ago to come here to Africa. Neither his people nor myself know his whereabouts. If you or your people have heard of him, and can give me news, I shall be very grateful. And also, I have a present for you." Speaking thus, Stanley offered the gun to the King and explained that it could kill quicker than a spear.

Africa Answers Back

The King laughed in appreciation. Calling one of his pages, he said, "This is a weapon which has been given to me by the Muzungu, the white man. He says that it can kill quicker than a spear. Go out and try it on somebody and see if it works."

The page was then instructed as to the use of the gun. He immediately left the King's palace and went into the courtyard. Here he saw many slaves who were just coming from work near the Prime Minister's estate. Walking up to one of these, he said, "This weapon has just been given to His Majesty. It is supposed to kill quicker than a spear. Stand still now, so that I can try it on you and see if it works."

The slave trembled slightly—not knowing whether to be flattered or afraid. "I am glad to be of use to His Majesty," he said.

The page walked up to him, awkwardly placed the point of the gun over the heart and fired. The man fell over, killed instantly. Elated over his success, the page rushed back to the King and knelt before him, smiling. "Your Majesty, I have experimented with this new weapon and it works. I just shot it at a slave out there, and he fell dead on the spot."

At this the King smiled with appreciation, and turned to thank Stanley for the gift. The chiefs who attended the King looked at the gun with wonder and whispered so confusedly that Stanley asked for the cause. When his interpreter told him that the page had shot a man to see if the gun worked, Stanley was amazed. "Tell the King," he said, "that in my country we don't kill people. Even our Kings have no right to do so."

To this the King answered, "Do you mean to tell me that when you have a war, you don't kill the enemy? What do you do when you fight? How can you protect yourself?"

Africa Answers Back

Stanley smiled, and said, "We kill people in war, but not in the way you've just had this slave killed. We don't kill men offhand like that."

But the King said, "He would have died anyway when war broke out. A man should never be afraid to die. I thought you were bringing me something new to use in time of war, so I had to try it out to see if it worked." The King was silent for a moment and then continued, "But enough of that. How did you happen to come here, Muzungu?"

"I wanted to go to Kakyama," said Stanley, "to look for a friend of mine that came to your country a long time ago. I am far out of my way now, but I still hope to find him."

After Stanley's remarks had been translated, one of the chiefs who took care of ceremonials knelt down before the King, and said, "Your Majesty, it is time for the stranger to go. This is his first visit. He must go and return to-morrow."

"Oh, no," said the King, "let him stay and tell us more about his travels."

But the escort indicated to Stanley that it was time to depart. As Stanley rose to go, the King thanked him for the gun and told him to come back the next day.

Stanley returned to his camp, very much impressed by his visit to the King. The next morning the messenger came from the King and asked him to come to the palace. So, with his interpreter and Bible, Stanley set out. As on the day before, he was greeted by many messengers, and had to go through the separate gates at the palace.

When he arrived before the King he spoke as follows :
"Your Majesty, I should like to read you something from my country which will be interesting to you and

Africa Answers Back

your chiefs. I have been here a long time and I have observed your actions. Many people are sentenced to death every day. My book, however, and my religion, tell me we are all brothers and should not kill each other. Your Majesty, couldn't you have mercy on these poor people who are sentenced to death?"

The King answered "It is not within my power to sentence people to death, nor is it my duty. There are principles and laws which guide our society and country. They are official, and are the powers which dictate the sentence of death. Our forefathers laid down these principles, after having received them from the Gods, who were the sons of the Creator. So you see, these people who are taken away and killed are so treated for a reason. Our decisions are guided and directed by the ideas of the great Creator. His authority rests in me and I follow his commands."

Stanley's interpreter had much trouble in translating the King's remarks. When Stanley finally understood what the King had said, he knew that for the time being it was useless to discuss the matter any further. So he indicated that he was prepared to read from the Bible.

The King and his chiefs waited expectantly for Stanley to begin. Stanley ordered his interpreter to listen intently, and read as follows, from the first chapter of the Gospel according to John :

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made through Him ; and without Him was not anything made that hath been made. In Him was life ; and the life was the light of men."

When the King heard these words, he asked, "What is that, your mythology?"

Stanley said, "This is the guiding book of our religion."

Africa Answers Back

The Prime Minister spoke up, "A very nice religion it would seem. Tell us some more."

Stanley was not very well versed in religion, but he did his best. He told the Prime Minister he could read a different verse of scripture for every day of the year.

Then the King said to Stanley, "You may come and read to us every day after Parliament is out."

At that moment the escort whispered to Stanley that it was time to leave. So Stanley returned to his camp, glad to have achieved a measure of friendship with the King and his chiefs. That night many chiefs visited him, and on subsequent nights he returned their visits, so that all became very friendly. He was impressed greatly by the deference which all the chiefs showed him. All of them offered their services free, and none asked for payment of cloth—as in the case of the other African peoples that he had met. Moreover, the King was no petty monarch, but wielded his power over a large territory. His retinue was well trained and treated Stanley with great consideration.

Every day the King sent for Stanley to read the Bible and to tell biblical stories. The King and his chiefs asked many questions. One day he told them the story of the children of Israel crossing the Red Sea.

One of the chiefs said to the King, "Hm, that's just like our story, because when the Gods came from the north they reached the River Kira and the waters stopped flowing, so that they could get across. Isn't it strange that his story and ours should be the same?"

Stanley was anxious to know more about their story, but it was too complicated. The interpreter could not give an exact translation to many of the words. So Stanley continued his reading of the Bible to the King and his chiefs.

In the meantime Stanley was gathering supplies and

Africa Answers Back

preparing for departure. His reading of the Bible pleased the King so much that he asked him to stay a little longer. Stanley demurred at first, and said he had neglected his mission too long. But the King requested him to read the Bible to him a few more days and Stanley finally consented.

When Stanley was ready to depart, the King said, "Muzungu, on return to your own country I want you to send us some men who can read the Bible to us as you have done."

Stanley promised the King to send to Europe for a missionary, a man who could read the Bible to them, and teach his religion, and tell many other things.

CHAPTER THREE

JUST before leaving, Stanley went to the Prime Minister and asked if any of the chiefs had heard of a white man living anywhere in Central Africa. The Prime Minister inquired whether the white man was the one who had married an African woman.

Stanley said, "We have heard rumours that he died, and I wish for a confirmation or a denial."

The Prime Minister pointed out a chief who could answer Stanley's question, because he lived near the territory where Livingston was supposed to be.

The chief said, "I shall ask some of my relatives who live in that country and who know all about the Muzungu. I shall let Stanley know about it when he comes to see us to-morrow."

On the following day Stanley returned for information about the rumours that had circulated all over Europe that Livingston had married a native woman. As usual the Prime Minister's house was open to visitors. When he entered, Stanley tried to use one of the native words he had learned: "Otyano, how do you do." But he said *ochano* instead of *otyano*, and all the people smiled.

The gate-keepers knew Stanley and he was quickly admitted to the Prime Minister's presence. With the Prime Minister was the chief who had volunteered to provide some information about Livingston.

The chief began, "One of my relatives said that the white man married a princess and then the princess asked him to marry two more women. She was not

Africa Answers Back

accustomed to hard work, and she needed someone to help her. Moreover, the white man travelled often and left her alone, so she wanted someone to talk to. That's what one of my relatives said, sir."

"Were there any other reports," asked Stanley.

"Yes," answered the chief. "Some of my other relatives say that all this is just a rumour. The Muzungu never married among our people. Just because he was seen being kind to women, some people think he married them. Then I asked one of my cousins, and he got angry because I asked him about it. He said, 'He may have married. What difference does it make? Why should people worry about it? He is an old man—a good one—and a gentleman. He needs someone to look after him. Why do you come and ask us about a man—whether he is married or not? If the almighty Creator created him as a man, I see no reason for your coming to ask me whether he is married or not. A man can always do what he wants to a woman. He marries her, then deserts her. Don't ask me another man's business. You mind your business; I'll attend to mine. It's his business as to whether he's married or not.'

"So, sir," continued the chief, "you see what a hard time I had trying to gain this information. And we still do not know whether the white man is married or not. We have to have three witnesses to prove anything in our country and we haven't got them."

The Prime Minister turned to Stanley and said, "Since the witnesses contradict each other, it is time to use the drug on them, to determine whether they are speaking the truth."

Stanley answered quickly, "Oh, no, no, no, don't use poison on your people. Let me find out by searching further."

Africa Answers Back

"It's only a weak poison," said the Prime Minister, "and it will make them talk. But if you don't want us to help you, we won't put them through the ordeal."

Stanley thanked the Prime Minister, but asked him not to use the drug on the witnesses, since it was not fair to them.

While they were thus talking, a messenger arrived from the King's palace and informed them that His Majesty was waiting. This was to be Stanley's last visit to the King, for he was to continue his journey the next day. So he set out. He had to undergo the usual ceremonies: the gates were opened; the bells were rung; the drums beaten; and the greetings offered by the King's messengers.

When Stanley came into the King's presence, he said, "Your Majesty, this is my last visit to you and my last chance to read you the Bible."

"Yes," replied the King, "I realize that this is to be your last visit. I wish to give you a present, in consideration for all you have done for us. Here are three slaves to take home with you. They are to serve you as long as they live. You gave me a present and now I give you one."

Stanley looked confusedly at the three strong fifteen-stone men who stood near him. He did not know what to do with them and yet he could not very well refuse the King's gift.

While he was wondering what to say, the Prime Minister whispered, "When the King gives you a present, you must thank him in this manner: kneel on both knees and swing your hands up and down in front of your chest three times, and then up in front of your chest and down on your right side three times. Then do the same thing on your left side."

While Stanley was following these instructions, the

Africa Answers Back

Prime Minister and all the chiefs knelt too and joined Stanley in thanking the King for the gifts—saying in unison, "Tweyanze, Tweyanze, Tweyanze." After that, all sat down, each in his respective position.

Then Stanley said to the King, "I have thanked you for your gift. But in my country we don't have slaves. Our religion does not permit us to have them. We are all brothers in my country."

The King asked amusedly, "You say you get that idea from your religion?"

"Yes," replied Stanley, "I can't take fellow-men as slaves."

The King was greatly surprised at this, and he and his chiefs discussed just what kind of a religion it might be that prohibited people from keeping slaves. Some of the chiefs wished they were in Stanley's place, and had been given three slaves as healthy and perfect as those that Stanley had refused to accept.

"Since you do not take my gift," said the King, "what can I give you that you will accept?"

Stanley answered, "I want only a guide to aid me in finding my friend, Livingston."

The King commanded the Prime Minister to place at Stanley's disposal all the guides that he needed. Then he said, "I am sure that the man you seek is south of Uganda, in Tanganyika. But apart from that, remember, I want you to send a man who can read the book to us every day. We want to know about this religion that prohibits slaves, and how to make guns like the one you gave me."

"I will send you a missionary," said Stanley. "Not only will he read you the Bible, but he will also teach you and your chiefs how to read it."

As Stanley took his leave, the King said, "I hope you find your friend. Peace be with you."

Africa Answers Back

The next day, accompanied by guides and a sufficient number of men to carry all of his supplies, Stanley left Uganda. He was provided with paddlers to take him round the lakes ; and orders were issued that he be supplied with milk and food. He began his trip northward, expecting to find Livingston in Tanganyika.

CHAPTER FOUR

AFTER Stanley left Uganda, he wrote a letter, asking that missionaries be sent to that country. The letter was entrusted to a young Belgian called Linaut de Bellefonds, who was with Stanley in Uganda, and was about to march northward towards Europe. On his way north his party was ambushed by members of the Bati tribe. De Bellefonds was murdered and his body was thrown aside in the jungle.

Some time later his body was found, still clad in the long boots he had worn at the time of his death. In one of his boots, thrust in at the last moment, was Stanley's letter, addressed to the *Daily Telegraph* in London, and challenging Christian England to evangelize Uganda. The letter was forwarded to General Gordon at Khartoum, and from there it was sent to England.

Stanley's challenge was accepted, and in a short time a group of missionaries set out for Uganda. They reached Africa in the middle of 1876, and immediately marched into the interior. When the party reached Kagei, numerous messengers came to them from King Mutesa of Buganda, bearing invitations to his kingdom. With hearts cheered and encouraged they hastened forward to the capital of the country.

During the first few years there they suffered misfortune. Some of them died from disease, and others were butchered by the Arabs, who resented their activities against the slave-trade, and therefore lay in wait for them as soon as they got out of Ugandan jurisdiction.

Africa Answers Back

In a few years, however, the group of missionaries had grown to a large party, and all the sects were represented. There were now four Protestants, three Catholics, and about ten of Muwalimu's Mohammedan priests. Each of these three groups insisted that only its own doctrines were true and the others were wrong. The natives were in a quandary, not knowing which to choose. Finally the King ordered each party to present its claims, and the reasons for them. Muwalimu Abdul Ali, the Mohammedan leader, was the first to meet the King ; next came Father Laurdel, the Roman Catholic leader ; and finally there was the Reverend Mr. Mackay, representing the Protestants. Each man had one day to present his claim. There were two-day intervals between each interview.

When King Mutesa had heard the claims of the three missionaries, he called his chiefs to discuss the matter. Sitting in their regal places, the chiefs listened to the King's report.

"I have talked with the missionaries, and I find that each believes in his own God. I do not know which one to believe—which of these men is telling the truth. The Mohammedan priest told me that a man called Mohammed was prophet of God and that all people should believe in the Supreme God who sent Mohammed. The French—Catholics—told me that they also believe in God. They say that many years ago the Protestant and Catholic Churches were all one. But the former disobeyed in some manner, and then formed a separate branch of the Church. Their words do not sound true. The Englishmen say they believe in Jesus Christ as the Son of God, and not in the Pope as the head of the Church. The French say the Pope is King of the religions of the world, and they regard him as infallible. They say the Pope is the only authority to teach the

Africa Answers Back

truth ; the Pope sends his messengers to teach that the former are not teaching the truth." The King paused. "These," he continued, "are the results of interviews I have had with each of the leaders of the several so-called religions. Now what are we going to do? We see that every white man seems to have his own religion, and thinks it is the only true one."

Mutesa and his chiefs discussed the matter, but they could not come to any agreement. The old prophet of the native religion had great influence with the King. When he heard of these discussions, he told the King that all the missionaries—both the Arabs and the whites—were speaking falsehoods. The old prophet said that they could not be trusted, and would lead the natives away from their ancestral customs.

The King listened to these accusations, and agreed with them. So he called his chiefs and said, "We must assert our strength. We shall have nothing more to do with either the Arabs' religion or that of the whites. We shall return to the religion of our forefathers. Each of the missionaries calls the others liars, and our prophet has found that none of them is correct. We must decide now what to do."

The first thing that was done was to expel all the Arab traders from the country. But before any action could be taken against the missionaries, King Mutesa died, and the problem was left to his successor.

CHAPTER FIVE

THE Mohammedans acted quickly, now that Mutesa was dead. They promised a certain Prince—Kalema by name—that they would have him elected King if he would side with them in a war against the French and English. With the help of this Prince they collected an army of exiled traders, and prepared for the struggle.

The English and French heard of these preparations and collected another army. They had on their side five thousand natives and a few Europeans, all well-armed. The Mohammedans, on the other hand, were ill equipped, and most of them had nothing but spears and sticks.

Three messengers were sent by the English and French to the Mohammedans, with plans for a peace. But the Mohammedans were smarting under the indignity they had suffered when the King had exiled their traders. They felt that the English and French were responsible for this, so they killed one of the messengers, and sent the other two back.

Upon hearing that one of the messengers had been killed, the English and French immediately attacked the Mohammedans. There was hand-to-hand fighting among the banana groves, and many men were killed. The natives fought on both sides ; and since they had no uniforms, the battle became a wild haphazard butchery. After a week of fighting, however, the superior force and equipment of the French and English gave

Africa Answers Back

them a victory over the Arabs. Along the fields and jungles lay the bodies of five hundred natives who had been killed in the war.

Now that the Arabs had been defeated, the French and English started a quarrel among themselves. They tried to get into the good graces of Mwanga, who had, in the meantime, been chosen King by the Royal Clan. The King fell ill, and one of the French missionaries gave him some medicine. Instead of making the King better, it aggravated his condition, because the King drank it immediately after having taken some native medicine. A cry immediately arose that the Frenchman had tried to poison the King. Because of this, the French were hated by the King and his chiefs. The English gloated because they were now in the most favourable position.

Events were now rapidly moving towards a war between the English and French, or, more exactly, the Catholics and Protestants. There was an English Government official present, and he tried to pacify both sides, but the Catholics and Protestants were resolved to wipe each other out.

When the English officer, Fredrick Lugard, had talked with various individuals and discovered that his hope for peace was in vain, he thought it best to call a meeting of the representatives of all parties. Kati-kiro, the Prime Minister, was the representative of the natives ; the Reverend Alexander Mackay represented the Protestants ; Muwalimu Abdul Ali, the Mohammedans ; and Mon-Pere, the Catholics. They met under a large tree in the centre of the English fort. Lugard talked long to his visitors, trying to dissuade them from violence. He said that it was shameful for the two Christian sects to enter into a religious war. He also wished to lessen the antagonism between the Christians and Mohammedans.

Africa Answers Back

But it was in vain. The representatives of the various faiths acted as if Lugard were not talking to them at all. The Muwalimu kept his eyes cast upon the ground. He despised the others as sinners, and bemoaned his forced association with them. The English missionary stared at the sky with great composure. His face was frigid, and he seemed dead to the world. Near him was the Prime Minister, who represented the natives. He knew little or nothing about the religious ideas of the white men, and could naturally not appreciate the need for entering into a war. The French bishop, known as Mon-Pere, or Papa, sat next to the Prime Minister, calmly smoking his pipe and meditating.

Lugard tried sincerely to avert the impending war, but he was doomed to failure. In spite of all his persuasion, the various missionaries refused to co-operate. Not only was there a religious antagonism, but also a political one. The Catholic priests in particular tried to spread French ideas among the people, so that France could eventually lay claim to the country. The natives murmured against this, and said, "If only the Pope, the King of the Church, knew that Mon-Pere was forgetting his religion, he would be angry with him."

All this time both parties were recruiting an army of natives for the coming strife. The natives on both sides were inoculated with the requisite hate for their opponents, and were provided with guns and spears. Both the Protestants and Catholics denied that they wanted to fight, but they waited impatiently for an emergency to arrive. The Mohammedans, having been defeated once, were wary. They remained strictly neutral, and hoped that the outcome of the war would weaken the Christian sects. In that case the Mohammedans might again come into power.

One day a native who had joined the Protestant faith



TALKED LONG . . . TRYING TO DISSUADE THEM FROM VIOLENCE.

Africa Answers Back

was murdered on the street. The English missionaries accused the French of instigating the crime, and demanded that the murderer be punished. The French refused, and made arrangements to attack the English forces. This was strictly a religious quarrel. Lugard and the other English Government officials tried to avoid the conflict ; but when they saw it was inevitable, they offered the protection of the fort to both sides. The French, however, refused this hospitality.

Three days after the native had been killed, the French attacking forces, consisting of three hundred men—of which three were French—swooped down upon the English forces in a surprise attack. The Protestants had five hundred men, under the direction of a native chief. The only English present were two missionaries, who did not actively take part in the fighting.

Charging down a long slope, the Catholics fell upon the Protestants with great fury. For a moment, the Protestants seemed on the verge of disorderly retreat, but the leader managed to rally the troops. They began a slow movement up the slope, bearing the Catholics before them. Dead bodies littered the ground among the banana trees. The men fought in groups and hand to hand. Spears whizzed through the air. Bullets padded into the trunks of trees and into the bodies of men. Some of the natives held out soft cane shields in protection against the gunfire, but the lead went through easily and bore them down.

The Protestant forces chased the Catholics to the very top of the slope and down into the next valley. Behind them lay about a hundred dead. The Catholics retreated farther and farther, up one slope and down the other, running cautiously among the banana trees. By the time they had gone a mile and a half, most of the guns either lacked ammunition or were out of order.

Africa Answers Back

But the Protestants pressed forward, driving their opponents relentlessly and expecting an early victory.

But suddenly, as they dashed up one of the hills, a large mass of Catholics, about seven hundred, appeared at the brink and charged down upon them. The English were now outnumbered two to one ; most of their ammunition was gone ; their men were almost exhausted. In despair, the Protestant forces turned and retreated. They dropped their guns and spears, and dodged among the banana trees. But the long slopes were interminable ; the fleeing men were soon overtaken and shot. The Catholics had plenty of guns and ammunition. They fought savagely, dispatching any of their enemies that lagged in the retreat.

Only about a third of the Protestant force of five hundred men survived the rout. Harried by the Catholics, they dashed desperately down the last slope and took refuge in the fort commanded by Lugard and the British officials. The fort became a bedlam. The exhausted soldiers lay gasping on the ground, or picked up guns and shot at the enemy through loopholes in the wall of earth. Outside, the Catholics tried vainly to get in, but the drawbridge had been lifted up. They therefore surrounded the fort and camped out of range of the gunfire.

CHAPTER SIX

THE Catholic forces were jubilant over the rout of their enemies. "When we win the war," said Mon-Pere, the French bishop, "we will bring French culture to your people, and they will learn French and become Frenchmen."

"How can an African become a Frenchman?" asked one of the chiefs, who was fighting on his side. "Your body is not like mine."

"We shall not change your body. We shall bring you new learning and new ways of doing things. You will enjoy the French sort of life, and you will be Frenchmen."

Another chief interposed, "But if we are to be Frenchmen we must leave our country and go to your country. I don't think I'd want to. I have my land here and all my relatives, and I'm not going to leave them and go away with you to be a Frenchman."

Mon-Pere smiled patiently into his beard, and said, "You don't have to go anywhere. You can stay here and be a Frenchman."

Both chiefs looked dubious. Mon-Pere continued, "After we beat the English, we will get your King to see that our cause is right. So far he has been doubtful of our religion and culture. But he will see the truth and then you'll be Frenchmen."

Mon-Pere left the chief and made a visit to the King. He tried to argue the King into joining his side against the Protestants, and the King finally agreed to do so.

Africa Answers Back

So Mon-Pere returned to the Catholic camp near the fort, and informed his men that the King was on their side. Everybody was overjoyed at this news, and some of the leaders advised that they wait until the King's soldiers arrived, and then storm the fort.

While they were waiting for the King's men, however, a certain powerful chief by the name of Ati was busy recruiting a large force of men for the Protestants. These men had originally offered to fight on the Protestant side, but the French had attacked before they could be mobilized. Now Ati, working in secret, gathered fifteen hundred men and prepared to attack the Catholics surrounding the fort. Ati himself was not a Protestant, but his dislike of the French Missionary, Mon-Pere, brought him into the war.

During a very dark night a spy crept through the Catholic lines and entered the fort. He told the men within that Mon-Pere had convinced the King of the justice of his cause. As a result the King was sending his soldiers to combine with the Catholics and attack the fort.

When Lugard heard this he knew that he must act quickly. Inside the fort, besides the one hundred and fifty men who had survived the retreat, he had a force of five hundred Sudanese soldiers. These men were part of the regular British army in Africa. They were there to prevent French and German exploitation of the country. Thus far Lugard had refrained from using them in the war, because the fighting was not official, but was merely an outbreak between independent religious groups. But when he heard that the Catholics had persuaded the King to join them, and were about to attack the fort, Lugard acted. The five hundred Sudanese were prepared for an offensive. Their object, however, was not to attack the Catholic forces surround-

Africa Answers Back

ing the fort. They were to try to rescue the King from his French advisers.

Early one morning Lugard raised the British flag over the fort, and ordered a volley to be fired to warn the besiegers that his men were coming out. Lugard hoped that the Catholics would refrain from opposition, since he had no special quarrel with them. Besides, he did not want to kill any of the natives.

Followed by the one hundred and fifty survivors of the first battle—whom Lugard refused to rearm—the five hundred Sudanese left the fort. At the first appearance of the British soldiers, the Catholics turned and fled. Lugard refused to follow them and ordered his men to march towards the Prime Minister's home. He wanted to see the King.

Just as Lugard's Sudanese were disappearing among the banana trees, the Chief Ati, with his army of fifteen hundred fighters in the Protestant cause, suddenly arrived on the scene. Before them lay the Catholic forces, still disorganized and scattered after Lugard's march. With fierce shouts Ati and his Protestants bore down on their enemies. The defeat which their men had suffered before still rankled in them. Around the fort and among the banana trees of the forest the battle raged. The men fought with spears and guns and knobsticks. The sticks were powerful weapons at short range, and many men with smashed skulls lay on the grass in the field of battle.

The attack was a foregone conclusion. The Catholics, outnumbered and demoralized, fled farther into the forest. Ati and his men harried them continually. Shots rang among the trees, and smoke rose. The tiny white-breasted birds that live among banana trees fluttered terrified in the air, and the gold-and-black-coloured birds stopped their singing.

Africa Answers Back

For two days Ati chased the survivors of the Catholic cause. Their dead bodies lay scattered in many places. Ati's men sometimes separated and roamed in bands, visiting destruction on the stragglers found in the forest. Then after two days of slaughter, with more than five hundred men slain on both sides, Ati's troops began their return.

Upon reaching the capital, Ati discovered that the King had disappeared. Just before the march of the Sudanese from the fort, Mon-Pere sensed defeat. So he had advised the King to flee. Both had boarded swift canoes and were now hidden in the royal island on the Lake Nalubale. When Ati and his men heard this they were furious, and an order was given to burn all the houses belonging to the villages of the chiefs that had sided with the Catholics. Destruction and ruin was spread over the countryside. Many villages were razed to the ground. The French mission station was destroyed and the missionaries fled.

This marked the end of violence. The many wounded men from both sides were cared for by the British officials under Lugard. The bodies of the dead, whenever they could be found, were buried. They numbered about one thousand, with not one Englishman or Frenchman among them.

CHAPTER SEVEN

THOUGH the Protestant forces were now victorious in the field of battle, their position was still dangerous because of the escape of the King. In his island on the lake, the King was directly under the influence of the French missionary, Mon-Pere. The people of Uganda were very loyal to their ruler, and if he decided to exert his forces actively in the Catholic cause, the Protestants would be outlawed, and a civil war might result. As long as the Catholics controlled the King, they really held the upper hand.

When Lugard and his British officials learned the whereabouts of the King, they made strenuous efforts to persuade him to return to the capital. Lugard even offered to help reinstate the members of the French party in their former offices. But Mon-Pere smiled into his beard, and refused the English offer. He knew the strength of his influence with the King and he had no intention of giving it up.

So some of the chiefs who had fought on the Protestant side got together and devised a plan for getting the King away from the French. One of the chiefs, in whom the King always had great trust, was sent to warn him of the political designs of Mon-Pere. When the King heard the reasons behind Mon-Pere's actions, he was very angry, and decided to return to the capital. The journey from the island was made with such speed and secrecy that the King was back in the capital before the French found out what had happened.

Africa Answers Back

The return of the King was timely, for in his absence the country had been in a turmoil. There was universal distrust, and all men greeted each other suspiciously. As soon as the King became aware of these conditions, he decided to call all his chiefs together, so that their differences might be smoothed over.

The high chiefs congregated in the throne room, and the King asked them, "My chiefs, what shall we do about religion? The Arab priests tell us that the Mohammedan religion is best; the French say that Catholicism is best, and the English say the same thing about Protestantism. Which shall we choose?"

The head-brewer, a fat, serious-looking man, spoke up, "The old King Mutesa always thought that religion should be left to time. The best religion will always outlast the others. That's the way I feel, so I have never worried very much about any of them."

The King seemed dissatisfied with the head-brewer's hands-off suggestion, so he asked the Prime Minister for his ideas. The Prime Minister said, "Your Majesty, I feel that a man over twenty years of age should be allowed to select whatever religion he wants. If he wants to be a Mohammedan, or Protestant, or Catholic—let him be so, as long as he is grown up and can judge for himself."

The King turned to the head-steward and asked him if he had anything to say. The steward answered, "If our King chooses to be a Mohammedan, I shall be one too; if he wishes to be a Catholic, I shall follow him; if he decides to become Protestant, I shall also be one. Your Majesty, everything is in your hands; we will agree with whatever you decide to do."

The King was not duly responsive to the head-steward's ingratiating remark, and spoke with irritation, "It seems, therefore, that I shall have to come to a decision without

Africa Answers Back

any co-operation at all. You have left everything to me. Very well, I shall examine the merits of all three religions, and then I shall call a meeting to tell you about it."

The next day the Mohammedan priest was called. The King promised him two valuable elephant tusks if he told the truth about what religion was the best. The priest, who cared more for the elephant tusks than he did for religion, thought he might be doubted if he said his own religion was the best, so he said, "As far as I can see, those other religions are better than ours." Before he could say anything else, the King ordered him to take his ivories and go.

The King called his council again, and said, "I have found out that the Mohammedan religion is not the truth. The Muwalimu told me so. I have given him some ivory and have sent him away. We don't have to discuss him and his religion any longer, so let us turn to the other two."

The Prime Minister spoke first, "Your Majesty, the English have come here three times, Grant, Speke, and Stanley. No one of these accepted slaves from us; instead, they told us all men are brothers. Their actions commend them to us. For that reason I like them. Moreover, they tell us to pray to God, not to His Son. Every man can pray directly to God, the Creator. That is another point in their favour. Your Majesty, I have been thinking this thing over the last few days, and if you ask my suggestion, I prefer the English—the Protestants."

Another chief spoke up, "Your Majesty, I think the French are better. They tell us to pray to the Mother. She will speak about it to the Son, and he will bring the prayers to God himself. I think it is a good thing to go through this procedure. I am sure you can obtain

Africa Answers Back

a favour easier by going first to the Mother and Son, and letting them bring your plea to God himself. God would listen to them quicker than he would to us, because they are in his family. Moreover, Papa, the French missionary, is always smiling and happy. God is good to him. The English missionary is always scowling. He is very lean and unhappy. I don't think God likes him."

Another chief spoke up, "Your Majesty, I hate Arabs. Every Arab that comes here wants to buy slaves or ivory. He is dishonest. His smile is so deceitful that I agree with you in not discussing his religion at all. All the Arabs are thieves, and I think they do much harm to the country."

"We have already decided to discuss the other two religions only," said the King. "As to which one of these two is the better, we can't tell. If we can't come to a conclusion about it, we will worship according to our old religion. For the present, each chief can choose whatever religion he wants. For my part, however, I must take time to consider what is best for myself and the country as a whole. I want you to do your best to help me, and some day we will choose one of these religions as the true one, and reject the others."

CHAPTER EIGHT

DURING this period of inaction the missions grew stronger and stronger, until they threatened to dominate the absolute power of the King. He saw his danger and began to resort to violence. At first half-way methods were used against the natives who had fallen under the missionary influence. Some were banished and others were imprisoned or flogged. When these methods failed, a few men were put to death. Many of the mission boys were tortured; their arms were cut off, and they were tied to a scaffolding under which a fire had been started—thus being slowly burned to death.

All these activities frightened the followers of the missions, and they either gave up their new faith or worshipped in secret. The King heard of this, and decided that stronger action was necessary, since the mission influence was slowly strangling his power. Maddened by what he considered an insult, the King made plans for the wholesale destruction of all parties: Protestants, Catholics, and Mohammedans. He gave instructions that all the members of the new religions should be taken to an island on the lake, where they were to be closely guarded until they starved to death. This plan, however, could not be carried through, and so the King became more savage than ever.

While he was in this mood some Arabs approached the palace and asked for an interview. They said that they had some important news regarding an impend-

Africa Answers Back

ing danger to the King himself. They were immediately ushered into the royal presence. The King was sullen, but condescended to listen to the Muwalimu, the Arab spokesman.

The Muwalimu said, "Your Majesty, we bring you very important information. We have just received news from Zanzibar telling us of a great white man who was there some time ago. He is coming to Uganda to drive you from your throne, and he expects to become King in Your Majesty's place. We thought it was best to tell you this, so that you can kill him before he reaches Uganda. Even now he is coming through the Wansanso—the back gate. All other Bazungu—white men—come through the front gate, but he is so great that he thinks he doesn't have to enter Your Majesty's country by the right way."

When the King heard these words he was very much disturbed. He called the chiefs and informed them of what the Arabs had told him. Orders were issued immediately to kill the white man as soon as he reached Busoga.

The English missionary Mackay heard that the white man was to be killed, and went to the King with a request that the orders should be cancelled. "Your Majesty," he said, "this white man is the Bishop Hannington—one of the finest Christian men in this country. He will be of great assistance to you."

The King replied with a scowl, "How so? That man wants to deprive me of my throne and kingdom—and you tell me he can be of assistance to me. Remember, when you entered our country you came by the front gate—from the south-west. This man is sneaking in upon us by the back gate—from the north-east. When I heard about that, it was the greatest surprise in my life. What sort of man would want to visit

Africa Answers Back

you by coming in the back way? He'll get what's coming to him!"

"He's not coming to usurp your kingdom," said the missionary. "All he wants to do is to teach the word of God. He should be left alone. If you kill him you'll get in trouble with our Queen."

The King answered in surprise. "What? Have trouble with a woman? All Europe couldn't beat me. I'm ready. I've told you. I've got a plan to keep this country peaceful and happy, and I'm going to follow my plan. From now on the missionaries must stop spreading their ideas among our people—let them work in their own countries. We don't want to have them enter this country any more. We will stay together and not interfere with the white man—let him keep away from us."

Mackay saw that there was no hope for saving the life of Bishop Hannington. He left the King's palace down-hearted, knowing that the bishop would be killed for trying to open a new road to Uganda. The bishop was taking a route which was tabooed by the natives. There was no way of communicating with him and warning him to turn back. The bishop was a doomed man.

Mackay went to the Prime Minister's house, hoping to engage his services in preventing the death of the bishop. As he entered the enclosure, he found the Prime Minister talking to many Arabs. The Arabs turned and greeted him: "Good afternoon, clergyman."

The missionary nodded to them, and then spoke to the Prime Minister. "The King has issued an order to kill Bishop Hannington, who is coming into the country by the back gate. Can't you use your influence to prevent this catastrophe?"

The Prime Minister replied, "Well, I don't know."

Africa Answers Back

You know how difficult a man the King is to deal with. You know him as well as I do. I'll do my best, but it may be too late."

At this the Arabs started laughing, and said, "The King couldn't kill so great a man as the bishop. He must have been joking." The Arabs were inwardly rejoicing at the success of their plan.

The missionary felt hurt at the unsympathetic attitude of the Mohammedans. He did not know that they were responsible for the bishop's danger. Turning to the Prime Minister, he said, "I hope you do your utmost to save the man. If he is killed, we may as well all leave the country. We ourselves may be killed next."

At this the Arabs laughed again, and exclaimed, "Oh, no one would think of killing the bishop. It's a huge joke. You stand in the favour of the King, and you'll never have to leave the country. Go home and rest. The bishop will be here in a few days."

The missionary took his leave of the Prime Minister, and departed with a sad countenance.

In the meantime, Bishop Hannington had reached the outskirts of Uganda. When he and his bearers reached the first village, they were greeted by a large group of chiefs. They had with them many spearmen. One of them spoke to the bishop's interpreter. "We have orders from the King to put the white man to death."

When the bishop heard this he said with surprise, "But why should I be killed? I came here to teach the faith of peace."

The leader of the natives answered, "This matter does not rest with us. We have orders from the King to kill you. These orders must be carried out."

The bishop bowed his head and waited for the end.

Then the head-chief said, "Do you want to put on any of your ceremonial clothes before your death?"

Africa Answers Back

The bishop put on his robes—the cassock and surplice—and his white mitre. His native bearers had been taken away. Around him stood the chief and their savage spearmen. He spoke bravely, “I die, but the Christian faith will continue.” Then he knelt down in the short soft grass and began to pray. An armed man walked in front of him and drove a spear through his heart. He toppled over, the spear protruding from his blood-stained robes.

This was the end of Hannington, the first Bishop of Uganda. As the news of the death filtered out, the Arabs became jubilant. They felt that now at last they were definitely coming into the King’s favour. Muwalimu said to the King, “Your Majesty, it is best to order all English and French missions to leave Uganda. Let no white man come into your country for two years. We do not want any European boats on the lake, and we do not want a mission teacher back in Uganda until we have converted the whole country to the Mohammedan faith.”

But the King became cautious after the death of the bishop, because he began to suspect that it was an Arab plot. So he decided to pacify the various religious elements in his country. There was a fresh distribution of chieftainships. The Protestant chiefs were given additional villages, as were the Catholics and Mohammedans. The net result of the rearrangement, however, was a gain for the Protestant party.

With the resettlement of the chieftainships, and the return of the King to power, the country became quiet. All the men and chiefs who had gone to the wars returned to their villages, and peace once more came to the war-torn country. The three missions continued their divine task.

PART II

CHAPTER ONE

CHIEF ATI and his retainers plodded along the forest path towards their own village. The sun was already setting, and as twilight encroached upon the jungle a chill wind began to sweep down from the mountain. Ati and his men hurried onward, for most of the path was already in shadow, and only occasionally did the last oblique shafts of sunlight penetrate the forest roof. Soon the woods became thinner; fires appeared between the trees, and among them moved the shapes of the villagers, gathering firewood.

Ati hurried eagerly up the clearing between the banana groves which led to his own enclosure. Through a rift in the trees rose the vague conical outlines of his house. The drums were beating joyously to mark his return, and many young men came down to meet him and to escort him to his gate. There he was welcomed by the old men and the representatives from other villages. But Ati only smiled at them, and acknowledged their greetings as briefly as he could, for he was most anxious to see his wives again, and to find out how they had fared in his absence. He entered the Kigango—the reception house. As he appeared on the threshold, all the wives knelt down in welcome. There was a chorus of voices : *Kaije, Kaije, Kaije, greetings.* Ati answered : *Kasangwe, I am glad to find you well.*

Ati smiled benevolently at all his wives, who were

Africa Answers Back

ranged in their regular places around the wall. Suddenly the drums started beating again, and the chief and all his wives trooped out to the courtyard, where a feast was being prepared. People were already passing out plantains, sweet potatoes, meat, banana-beer, and wine. Many townsmen and visitors wandered about the courtyard, anxious to take part in the celebration. Ati sat down at the threshold, eating his meat with satisfaction, and drinking long draughts of banana-beer. The wives sat before him in a large semicircle, smiling, eating, and talking excitedly. Suddenly one of them started to sing. A few others joined in. Others clapped their hands, and chewed in unison. Finally one of them arose and began to dance, weaving her body slowly and gracefully. When she finished and resumed her place, Ati and the other wives clapped loudly.

As Ati glanced proudly around the circle of his wives, he noticed to his surprise that one was missing from her usual spot. It was Aboki—one of his favourite wives. The chief called his senior wife to him. "My wife," he said, "where is Aboki? Does she not know I am back from the war?"

The senior wife smiled mysteriously, "Perhaps she is sick."

"Is she with child?" asked Ati.

"Perhaps," said the senior wife slowly. "You know, my lord, I cannot tell you such things now."

At this Ati became very nervous, and asked if he might see his wife Aboki, but the senior wife told him to wait. All night Ati paced nervously back and forth, and early the next morning he decided to visit his wife Aboki.

He entered her house and asked one of his wives who was staying with the sick one how she was feeling and if he could see her.

Africa Answers Back

The wife replied, "Yes, my lord, you may see Aboki, but not now. You have mingled with strange people, so I cannot let you see my co-wife. I know you are our husband, but you must abide the rules of our society. You have forgotten the laws of our country. I am very sorry, my lord, but you must do as I ask you. Will you come back to-morrow?"

"Very well, my wife," said the chief meekly, "I always listen to my wives' advice and abide by their rules, as they always listen to me. I will be back to-morrow to see her. But how does she feel? Won't you tell me?"

"She feels a little pain, but she will soon be well."

"What did the doctor Omuzalisa say?" asked the chief.

"The doctor Omuzalisa said she will soon be well."

"What did he say about the child? When will it be born? What will it be," continued the chief anxiously, "twins or single?"

The wife answered him with impatience. "My lord, please do not ask me so many questions. You know the doctor never tells me the answers to questions like those which you asked me. You have completely changed since you went away. Did someone teach you those habits while you were at war? Where did you get the idea of asking embarrassing questions? I know you are just like the rest of the men. You are anxious to know just what will happen. But I think you have had bad associates while you were away at war." The wife stopped. "My lord, will you pardon me if I have said more to you than I should have?"

The chief was submissive. "My wife, I realize I have done wrong. I have asked you too many questions which I should not have asked, and I have asked to see my wife, whom I should not see. I know you

Africa Answers Back

are right when you say that I have had bad associates. When I went to war I had evil all around me. I can't tell you what I saw or heard. What did we go to war for? It's a pity we didn't know what we were doing. A few men were killed, but not so many. It was just a minor war; we didn't even bring slaves back home with us. But I'm afraid I learned bad habits. Will you pardon me for all the mistakes I have made in your presence? You know all these mistakes came from my association with other people from other countries. If I come back to-morrow will you answer some of my questions? I am anxious and eager to know some of them."

The wife smiled at Ati, "My lord, I will try to answer some of those questions which are important, but you know yourself I cannot answer all of them, and the doctor will not answer them or permit you to talk to your wife in bed. Even if you say *good morning*, it is useless, since your wife can't talk to you anyway. You know as well as I do that a pregnant woman must not speak to her husband. I will try to talk to her before you return to-morrow, and then I will tell you what she has to say. You know that when she is suffering, she does not want to show you how she suffers. She wants to be brave. She will smile at you when you speak to her, but she will never answer you. Her smile is her answer. You can stay only a short while. Well, my husband, I shall see you to-morrow when you come back to visit us. Peace be with you all day and night. Wait before you go! I'll tell her you have come to see her." The wife went into the little house in the back yard. For a moment she watched the sick woman, who lay silently among the bark clothes and whiled away her time making lengths of fine string.

Finally the visitor spoke, "He has come to see you,

Africa Answers Back

but of course I could not let him in. You understand all of that, and I don't have to explain to you."

The wife Aboki answered, "Yes, I understand. I am glad you did not let him see me. Why did he come to see me? He knew our laws, didn't he? Does he want me to suffer or does he want the child to die? Doesn't he know that if he comes to see me on this day I shall suffer?"

"I don't know what is wrong with him," replied the other wife. "That is not the only thing he has done. He asked me embarrassing questions, though he apologized afterward. I know there is something wrong with him. He learned bad habits during the war. He hinted about all the bad things he saw and heard at the war from the bad people he associated with. I only hope he doesn't take to those bad ways, as they don't fit with us."

"What did he say?" asked Aboki.

"I couldn't tell you what he has said to me. Let me go back and talk with him so that he can go. The people are waiting for him. I'll tell him that you said you were feeling all right and that you hope to be better in a few days. Will that do to tell him?"

"Yes, that will be enough. But after you have told him, come back and tell me what he said to you about his friends at the war."

The wife Abwoli went back to see her husband. She knelt before him and said, "My lord, your wife told me to say she is feeling all right, that she will be all right in a few days."

"Thank you for the message," said the chief. "I am glad to hear that she is well. Did you tell her I would return to-morrow to see her?"

"Yes," said the wife. "She will be waiting, and is very, very anxious to see you. She congratulates you on your heroic part in the war,"

Africa Answers Back

The chief coughed timidly. "I hope you will remember those questions that I asked you before. If you don't know, will you ask the doctor Omuzalisa, so that you can tell me?"

"I don't want to ask the doctor," answered the wife, "because if I do, it will embarrass him. I know that he will not tell me."

"But you are one of my beloved wives," said the chief, smiling. "You will tell me all about the questions that I have asked you. But for the present, peace be with you and your co-wife. I shall come back tomorrow. If you want something, send the maid to tell me about it. I will do everything in my power to help you out."

CHAPTER TWO

THE following day the feast ended, leaving the chief very tired. He had not really rested since his return from the war. Now he went to the house of one of his wives and told her that he was very tired. He wanted to rest without being disturbed. Not only had physical fatigue overtaken him, but he was in a state of continual worry because of the condition of his pregnant wife.

"I don't care to see anyone," said Chief Ati to the wife he was visiting. "I feel worried about the illness of my wife. I wish the day and night were short. To-day has seemed long. How can I rest? I know I cannot sleep. I want to see my wife before the child is born. What shall I do? I cannot ask God to make the time short. I realize that God made the earth and taught us what we know and I am sure He gave doctors the wisdom to know how to care for the sick."

"Do not worry, my lord," said the wife. "You go to sleep now and rest. You are very tired. I'll keep in touch with my co-wife during the night and I'll wake you if there's anything important."

"Thank you, my wife," said the chief, "I will do as you say. But I should like some of the medicine to soothe my nerves."

The wife objected, "You know that it is too late and too dark now to go into the bush and look for medicine. But I will smoke your quilt with the fumes from the fragrant wood, and if you breathe it in deeply, you will fall asleep. I myself will watch over you and call

Africa Answers Back

you in the morning. And I will call three other wives, so that we can be sure that you do not breathe in too many of the fumes and sleep late in the morning."

The chief nodded, and the wife began to set the fragrant wood in the dish. Then she said, "Remember, my lord, before you see your sick wife, you can have no food but cold milk. You men have a habit of forgetting such things."

"I will do as you say, my wife."

"It isn't what I say. It's just supposed to be done. I didn't make the rules."

"I have been among foreign people," said the chief, "and it is because of them that I have forgotten these things. I hope you will excuse me. Anyway, it is the duty of my wives to remind me of these matters. Women remember them better than men do."

The maid now prepared the bath. While Chief Ati was taking his bath, the wife fumigated the bark-cloth blanket and saw that it was time to make the bed. She sent the maid to call three of her co-wives so that they could help her prepare the things for their chief and husband.

The chief finished his bath, and then his wives helped put him to bed. They watched over him until he had inhaled enough of the fumes to make him sleep. They then took off the fumigated cloth and supplied new covering. They changed the covering twice and took turns watching him. One of his wives sent the maid to bring a cow during the night so it could be milked.

While the maid was bringing the cow, the wives were busy fumigating milk vessels. One of the vessels was used for milking, the other for drinking. After the milk was prepared, some slept, while others watched their husband, the chief. About midnight they sent for three other co-wives to come and take turns watching. The

Africa Answers Back

other wives were glad to share the privilege of watching over their husband. The watch was changed again at cock-crow.

Finally, when the morning came, one of the wives on watch said, "It is time to wake our husband and make the fire. Tell the maid to prepare water to wash off the night."

The wife whose house it was went to wake her husband. The water was ready. After the chief had washed, his wife gave him milk. The other wife was preparing the root of a tree for him to chew on after he drank his milk. But the chief rushed quickly through his breakfast, because he was still anxiously awaiting a chance to see his wife who was with child. When he had finished the cold milk and had chewed the root, one of the wives dispatched a servant to inform the pregnant wife of the coming of the chief.

When the chief entered the house of his wife he found her sitting on beautiful skins of many colours. He spoke to her, saying, "Good morning."

But she did not reply, she merely smiled.

He spoke again, "I hope you feel well and that the child will soon be born."

She smiled again.

The chief sat down and they looked at each other silently. He told her he had worried about her all the day before, also the night before. He had wanted to see her before the child was born.

She continued to smile.

When Chief Ati was going, the wife Abwoli, who nursed the pregnant woman, said to him, "You have seen your wife and now you know that all will be well in the future."

The chief replied, "I am glad to see that she is well. But I don't think I shall feel tranquil until the child is

Africa Answers Back

born. Have you the answers to those questions I asked you yesterday? What did the doctor say?"

"The doctor gave me some of the answers, but not all of them," said the wife Abwoli. "Of course, I didn't tell him I was going to tell you. In that case, I wouldn't have got anything out of him. He says he has examined our co-wife's breasts and nipples, and he finds from them that the child will be a boy. It will be born within two days."

These were the only answers that the nurse-wife would tell her husband. She had already broken the rules of her society by giving him the doctor's answers. Now she began to cry. The chief embraced her and told her not to cry. He was her husband and he would never divulge what she had told him.

"It hurts my heart to think that I have broken the rules," she said to him. "Do not say good-bye, go along without saying a word to me." The chief left the house. He was wondering about his wife and the child that she expected.

He went to see other wives and had them comfort him. He intended to stay with them until his wife brought the child into the world. He was very restless with them, being unable to sleep or sit still a minute.

CHAPTER THREE

THE chief sent messages to the nurse-wife, but she did not answer. After the ninth message reached her, the nurse-wife sent word to him that everything was well. She hoped he would understand why the other messages had not been answered. She did not want him to come till the next day.

After the chief received the message he felt relieved and ordered a wife to bring him roast meat and banana-beer. When he had finished he told the maid to bring water to wash his feet and some butter for a rub down. He went to bed ; but he could not rest because of the worry about his wife.

The next morning, as the chief was pacing back and forth across his enclosure, one of his younger wives rushed up and said excitedly, "My lord, the child has been born. It is a son."

"How is the child? How is the mother?" asked the chief excitedly. "Are they well?"

"Yes, my lord."

The chief immediately hurried towards the house of the wife who had just given birth to the child. As Ati approached the house, he heard a great hubbub. A large number of the wives were rushing back and forth, each one trying to be useful and getting into the other's way. Ati's appearance at the door of the house horrified all the wives that were present.

"Our husband, what are you doing here?" said one. "Do you not know that you must not come here now?"

Africa Answers Back

Another said, "What is the matter with you, our husband? Have you forgotten all the rules of our tribe? You aren't allowed in here till nine hours after the childbirth."

And then some of the other wives started to criticize Ati. They spoke among themselves. "Can you imagine! His coming here at this time! That's just the way of a man. Lets his feelings run away with him."

Ati heard these remarks without daring to say anything. His wives understood this, and took advantage of the opportunity to criticize him. At least this one time they held the advantage over a man.

At that moment, the wife Abwoli came out of the inner chamber to hear what the hubbub was about. When she saw Ati she opened her mouth, but Ati, anticipating the nature of her remarks, very quietly edged out of the doorway and slunk away. As he walked off, he heard the wives talking all at once and explaining to the wife Abwoli the reason for his appearance.

Upon his return to his house, Chief Ati ordered a billy-goat killed, so as to provide soup for the mother of his child. He also ordered that three cows be set aside to supply his wife and child with milk. As was the custom, he selected an old lady to be the child's nurse and two maids to help her with the work. The nurse was immediately dispatched to look after the child.

After giving these orders Chief Ati resigned himself to the nine-hour wait. The child had been born about the time the cows are first taken to pasture and so Ati knew that he would have to wait till the time the cows were watered. Only then would the nine hours be up.

Finally the time came. He hurried over to see his wife and child. His wife smiled when she saw him. He sat down near her and asked her how she felt.

Africa Answers Back

The wife said, "My lord, I am well and the child is well."

The chief wanted to stay a while, but the old woman who was the nurse came in and told him that he ought not to stay long, since it was best to let the mother of the child sleep.

Taking leave of his wife, Chief Ati went back to his house. All the way home he thought about the possible names he could give the child. He knew that the mother of the child expected to use some of the old names that had appeared in the family—names of heroes and famous men. The chief, however, wanted to give his son names that had never been used before. This was against the custom, so he did not tell anyone about his plan.

It was not until the third day after the birth—when the navel cord of the child had dried up—that visitors were allowed to see the child. All the friends and neighbours came. They looked at the child and at the mother who held it proudly. They asked the mother the name of the child, but she did not know. The father's family always chooses the name. The other women of the chief's family therefore met to discuss the names for the boy.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE chief and his relatives conferred and decided that the praise-name of the child would be Abala. Ati told them that he would select the second and third names himself.

One of the older ladies said to the chief, "Are you losing your mind, asking to name your child yourself!"

Chief Ati answered, "My relatives, my wives, my wives' brothers, my wives' sisters, and all my relatives! I want to bring new names into our language and family. That is why I want to choose two of the child's names myself."

The chief cleared his throat and continued: "A white man came into Uganda about fifteen years ago. He was seeking a friend who had been lost in this country. He was well received by Mutesa, King of Buganda, and the impression he left with him was very favourable. Mutesa asked this white man to send him men who could read from a book he always carried with him, and who could make guns. This man's name was Stanley. He was a very good man, and that is why I want to name my child after him. Of course, the men who came in answer to Stanley's invitation were not all like him. These men called themselves missionaries. They go from one place to another, and never settle down. That is why we call them roamers. And since Stanley was their greatest man, the boy shall be named after him. His family name will be Mujungu, after these people that roam. When my son grows up,

Africa Answers Back

he will learn all about these people, and will know even more than they do."

He continued : "When a child is born to these strange people, they say they wash off the sins by pouring a little water on top of the child's head and making two lines on the child's forehead—from right to left and up and down. They call it a cross. We use a different method, as you know, and our method is better than theirs. We always cleanse the child of its sins as soon as it is born into the world, but they wait until the child has become a sinner, then they wash off his sins.

"I want my child to be washed of his sins twice. I want him washed by our method. Then, when he grows up, I wish him to be washed by the strange people's method. That will make the child clean both ways. That is why I wish to name him after these people. His first name Stanley, his praise-name Abala, and his family name Mujungu. These, my people, are the names of my child.

"I want my child to go among these strange people and learn their ways. I give him these new names, so that they can be remembered in years to come."

At this an old man spoke up. "Very well," he said, "he is your child. We are your relatives. You have started a new custom in our family and you must ask all of our relatives if they agree. If they do not agree, we will have the names changed. We have many names in our clan, and I personally can't see why you had to choose new ones. We don't care for new names. For the present I won't raise any objections ; but if the other relatives don't agree, you will have to alter your choice."

CHAPTER FIVE

THE meeting left everything in confusion, because the names were not yet settled.

Three days later the relatives returned. The drums played a greeting and a large feast was prepared. The mother of the child looked on from the threshold of the house.

People brought gifts. Two bulls were killed for the feast, and the village people presented large jugs of wine to the chief. Everyone celebrated the arrival of the child and hoped that it would soon become a human being. For before a child is named, it is not thought of as a person, but as a thing.

Before the crowd came in, the mother brought the nurse and child into the large house and sat with them on the platform. The chief entered and all the people gathered around. The trumpets and small drums began to play, along with many stringed instruments. Everyone listened to the music. Suddenly the chief ordered the instruments to cease playing. He asked the herdsmen to bring the cows to be milked, so that the milk could be given to the child's mother. After she had drunk, the vessels were cleared away.

The elder brother of the clan then stood up and made a speech, saying, "My young people : we are gathered here to-day not only for pleasure, but to perform the duty of our social organization. Our chief has had a child born to him. This child will some day fight for our country, when the rest of us have left the East and

Africa Answers Back

gone West. Our chief's child, who will be left behind in the East, will look after our flock, our people, and our land. We come to-day to receive him into our life, as he has become a part of our body and a member of our clan. We come, not only to welcome, but to honour him. All our ancestors used the third day to honour those who have come into the East, or are gone into the West. This member of our clan whom we are honouring now doesn't know what we are doing for him—and when he goes to the West, he will again be honoured on the third day by those who remain in the East. That honour also will be beyond his understanding. Now we will continue our ceremony. Our elder sister will now speak."

The elder sister spoke as follows: "It is our custom to say little, and do more than listen to what other people have to say. I feel sure that our elder brother has said all there is to be said. I can add nothing more. It is time to continue our celebration."

The elder brother called on the child's father, the chief, and asked him to say something to the people. The chief rose and the people applauded. The drums sounded the rhythm of joy.

When things had quieted down, the chief started his speech. He said, "Our elder brother, our elder sister and my people: I welcome you to my home. We are three hundred and seventy-eight in this home—with three children and three hundred and seventy-four wives. We hope some day to increase our number to seven hundred and five; with four children and seven hundred wives—or to eight hundred and six; with five children and eight hundred wives. In all our country there are small homes and large homes. Ours is one of the small ones, but, just as in the large homes, we celebrate our activities with feasts. Our principles are the same. We were created by one God; we believe in one

Africa Answers Back

God ; and all our customs are the same. I welcome you again in your home. I will now let our elder people perform their duty." The chief sat down.

Again the drums sounded, boom, boom, boom. They were voicing the rhythm of congratulation.

The elder brother rose and said, "We come on this occasion to give the child different names from those our brothers had. This time we will not go back and name the boy after the old heroic men of the clan. We will let the father of the child name him. We do not all agree on the names—that is true—but we can try them and see how they are. If they do not fit, we will change them. It is our custom to give the child three names. The first is selected from the twelve praise-names ; the second from God's action ; the third from God's will. I shall now permit our elder sister to pronounce the names of the child. You must remember, my people, that we have selected only one name—the praise-name. The other names were chosen by the child's father."

The elder sister spoke in a trembling voice, "My people, the child's praise-name shall be Abala. We are all familiar with that praise-name, but the father has brought new names to us. The first name of this child shall be Stanley."

When she pronounced the name Stanley, a few women cried out, "Our customs, our customs, our customs !"

"The second name shall be Mujungu."

Again the women cried out, "Our customs, our customs, our customs are gone !"

The drums sounded softly, showing sadness at the change of the customs.

After the elder sister sat down, the elder brother arose and said, "We have now finished welcoming our new-comer. Let us drink and enjoy ourselves. Let us celebrate our new child."

Africa Answers Back

The music played and the people started dancing. They drank wine and ate meat, each person cutting his own portion of the meat which had been roasted on the heated stones ; and then salting it to suit his taste.

The feast lasted for two whole days and nights, while different crowds of people came and went. At the end of the third day everybody left, and the mother of the child resumed her regular work of housekeeping.

CHAPTER SIX

AFTER all the excitement of the celebration was over, the husband and his wives settled back to their regular routine.

One day one of the wives came to the chief with a request. While he was away she had visited a near-by village and found a pretty girl—the prettiest girl she had ever seen. She thought that the chief ought to marry the girl. It would be an honour for him to do it. The girl was well built, and both her parents were well-bred people. Her father's clan was the Black Cows ; her mother was an Antelope. "You can see she is beautiful, and all her relatives are beautiful. I wish you would marry her," the wife said.

The chief asked his wife where he could find the girl, and whether her father was one of the sub-chiefs of that village. Just then another wife entered, and bade them good morning. The chief returned her greeting ; then he asked her what she wanted.

The wife seemed very excited, and acted as if she had made a big discovery. "My lord," she said, "in the village of Buhesi I saw a beautiful girl. I knew you would want to hear about it. I want this girl to share the privilege and honour of being your wife like the rest of us."

The chief replied, "It is very good to have nice-looking wives ; but really, I——" The chief's tone seemed doubtful.

As the chief faltered, a look of deep disappointment

Africa Answers Back

came into the faces of the two women. The chief saw this and said quickly, "All right, I'd be glad to marry them. Thank you, my wives, for telling me this."

The wives looked at each other coolly, for each grudged the success which the other had won in presenting her choice to the chief. As they were leaving the house, another wife entered. She told Ati about an old lady who was very poor and had one child. The woman's husband had gone to work on the high chief's fence. The old lady did not have salt to put in her food. The wife wanted the chief to give her some salt and some bark-cloth to protect her child.

Chief Ati immediately sent a message to the keeper, commanding him to put aside a bundle of salt, and a bark-cloth six hand-measures in length. These were to be sent to the old woman.

And so, for the next two hours, many wives came to the chief with requests. Some of them wanted him to provide food for destitute families. Some asked him to send help to men who had been injured. Some told him about pretty girls they had seen, and suggested that he marry them. To all these requests the chief listened patiently, though as more and more of the wives offered their choices for marriage he became slightly irritated.

After the wives had put all their requests before him, Chief Ati called an old man and sent him to see the parents of the girls whom his wives had mentioned. The old man had strict orders to watch the girls closely—to see if they were as beautiful as they were said to be. He was also to notice how the girls conducted themselves in their homes. Carrying these orders, the old man took his leave of the chief.

CHAPTER SEVEN

CHIEF ATI thought it best to have his child baptized in the so-called Christian way. He told his wives that the boy was now old enough, and that he would ask the English missionary about it on his next visit.

To this the mother of the child said, "He doesn't need to be baptized twice. We can call him Stanley, as we agreed, without his being baptized by the missionary. One baptism is enough."

But Chief Ati insisted on the point. And two days later, when the missionary—the Reverend Jeremiah Randolph Hubert—came to his house, the chief said to him, "I want to talk to you about my son. I want him to be baptized into your Christian religion, and I wish to name him after our friend, Stanley. Of course, I have named him already, but I want you to do it again in your way. Now his names are these: The praise-name is Abala; his first name is Stanley; and his family name is Mujungu. When can I bring him up to you for this purpose?"

The missionary looked at the chief for a moment in silence, and then he said reproachfully, "My dear sir, I cannot baptize a child whose father is living in sin. You are a sinner!"

"How am I sinner?" the chief asked in astonishment.

The Reverend Mr. Hubert said, "I cannot baptize your child because you have broken one of the rules



"I CANNOT BAPTIZE A CHILD WHOSE FATHER IS LIVING IN SIN."

Africa Answers Back

which is abided by in our religion. You have too many wives. If you let all but one of your wives go, then I am willing to baptize your child."

"Do you mean to tell me that because I have many wives, I am a sinner?" asked Ati.

"That's exactly what I mean. You send away all of your wives save one—any one, it does not matter which—and then come back, and I will baptize your child." And the missionary looked with embarrassment at the many women who stood about.

The chief spoke up, "Do you mean to tell me that I should let all three hundred and seventy-four wives return to their parents except one? Are you human? Could you do that yourself if you loved them as much as I do?"

"You can't love them all," said the missionary. "You can have love for only one. Keep her only."

Chief Ati answered with irritation, "Oh, no, I beg your pardon; you are mistaken. What kind of a man are you? Do you mean to tell me that you marry only one woman in your country? Who does all your family duties then—you or your wife? Who looks after the poor people? Do you yourself go out and find the poor people, or does your wife? If she does that, then her time is so taken up that she can do nothing for you; and on the other hand, if you do it, you are performing an office your wife should be filling—and are hence unfair to her." The chief stopped a moment, and then said, "Above all, is there any man in this world who could be satisfied with one wife? If the people of your country are satisfied with one wife, I feel sorry for the men and I sympathize with the women."

During this long speech the Reverend Mr. Hubert had seemed impatient, and now he answered quickly, "Our principles of Christianity say that you must have

Africa Answers Back

only one wife ; and by so doing we are abiding by Christian doctrines."

"What kind of a doctrine is that?" said the chief testily. "You teach us that God made woman to be married by man ; but when we do it, you condemn us as sinners? Of course, my friend," Chief Ati continued, "you will pardon my asking all these questions, but I believe you are as human as we are. According to our African doctrine, in a man's blood there is an element which gives us the instinct for war. Do you have that in your country too? Do you declare war against other nations? I presume you do."

The missionary replied, "Yes, we do have war sometimes."

The chief said, "Ah, yes, I thought you were as human as others in that respect. When you have war do your women fight? Ours don't."

"Oh, no!" said the missionary. "Our women never fight."

"Well, if your women don't fight, what do you do with the women captured from the enemy, and the surplus created by the death of warrior-husbands? Do you let them remain without a male companion? Or do you kill most of the women and leave just a few? Theoretically at least, in our wars we kill all the men and take the women for wives, and little boys and girls for servants. As the boys grow up we train them to become warriors, and the girls become maids. Now I've told you our practice. What is yours in this respect?"

The Reverend Mr. Hubert answered, "It is written in the Holy Scriptures that a man may have one wife ; to have more would be to commit adultery. Our wars are not frequent enough to kill off our men, and the balance stays even. By following the will of God, it is

Africa Answers Back

only natural that He should make it possible for us to practise monogamy with the least hardship."

"Do you mean to tell me that you are limited to one wife during a lifetime?" asked Ati incredulously. "I thought your men had a variety of everything."

The Reverend Mr. Hubert replied with much heat, "We have variety only in the things which are good. A man may have only one wife during his lifetime, unless she dies, or commits adultery. For that awful crime, divorce is permitted."

The chief again asked, "Do you have kings and rich people in your country?"

"Yes," said the missionary.

"Do you mean to tell me," said the chief, "that they have only one wife?"

"That's right," replied the missionary.

Then Chief Ati said, "I regret with my sincerest apology that your words are not true. It is impossible. What does a rich man do with his wealth?"

"A rich man," answered the missionary, "keeps his wealth for his family and children; or, if he is a good man, he gives part to the poor or raises the wages of his workers."

"Well, I think those people are selfish," said Chief Ati with finality. "They don't fit into our community."

The missionary hastened to correct the chief. "They fit into our society, but not into your terms of thinking."

The chief scratched his head, "If a rich man or a lord marries a princess, do you mean to tell me that she works for him, and cooks, and labours, without other wives helping her? Oh, yes, I do remember a countryman of yours. I'm sure that that man married one of our native princesses in the country where he was—Tanganyika. After he had married the princess he discovered that she would not live with him unless he

Africa Answers Back

married some other women. She was lonely, and had too much work to do by herself. And so this man took a few other wives. At the same time I think he was your countryman and had your religion—I expect he did—because he was a white man like yourself.”

The Reverend Mr. Hubert answered frigidly, “Such a man, even though he is white, is unworthy of being a Christian. He is an insult to his race and his religion.”

The chief continued, “Of course that man didn’t come into *our* country, but his friend, Stanley, who came in search of him did. And I know it for a fact—for I have some relatives who lived in Tanganyika when this man was there—that he had three wives at least.”

At this the Reverend Mr. Hubert became very much perturbed. A horrible suspicion flashed upon his mind. But he refused to think of it, and said quickly, “If that man was a Christian, he did not do it. It sounds like a heathen myth to me. If he had no respect for his race or religion, he might have done so.”

Then Chief Ati said, “I don’t think there are any rich people in your country. I don’t believe it. Whenever you come to us, you come alone with no servants, maids, or cows. Always alone except for papers and books. When Stanley was here with us he had the same kind of book you’ve been reading to us. Our King gave him slaves, but he refused them, saying, ‘No, we are all brothers.’ How can we all be brothers? When God created us, he divided us into three groups: the ruler, herdsmen and agriculturist—and lastly the slaves of war. But do you mean to tell me that you are all rulers? No one higher than the others?”

The missionary answered, “The Kingdom of God has but one Ruler, and He is God. We are all brothers, living together in an organization which should follow

Africa Answers Back

the will of God. There is no place for kings or slaves, only for brotherhood."

Then the chief said, "When we entered the war, I was on the side of the English. I thought the English were the better people. And yet, though I fought on your side, you now tell me I am a sinner. You think you are *not* a sinner, but I can call you one too if you marry only one wife, and don't marry or enslave those whom you capture in war, and keep your wealth selfishly to yourself. If your work is not benefiting society, then *you* are a sinner."

The Reverend Mr. Hubert was superior to this insinuation, and ignored it. Then he asked, "You have three hundred and seventy wives; how many children have you?"

"Only three," replied the chief, "two boys and one girl."

The missionary said, "How is it you have only three children and so many wives? Are you sure you haven't got any more?"

The chief seemed to misinterpret the question for a moment, but then he smiled, "Oh, no, that's all I have, for we know how to control birth. It is simple to us. We select the women who have a high mentality, good heritage, and sound bodies. Then we permit to have children. There's no sense having a lot of children from each wife, as the Arabs do, because you only bring trouble on yourself and all your family. We don't want sick or crippled children. We want strong men who can fight for our country and be leaders."

The Reverend Mr. Hubert looked aghast. "Do you mean to tell me you practise birth control?" Then he said suddenly, "What kind of medicine do you use?"

The chief smiled. "Well, our religion, which tells us to marry many wives, also provides the knowledge

Africa Answers Back

of controlling birth. But you don't need birth control ; and moreover, your religion forbids your having it. At the same time you will produce crippled and deficient children, since, as you say, you are all brothers and sisters, and you let even the weak bear children."

The Reverend Mr. Hubert answered quickly, "Life begins with conception and when life has begun, no one, except God Himself, has the right to take away life. If a man has one wife, he is responsible for all the children she bears. If they are cripples, they are still the children of God, with a soul, and they must be allowed to live."

As the Reverend Mr. Hubert spoke these words, Chief Ati grew impatient and referred again to the baptism, "Stanley was kind and was a good friend to us during those few days when he was in our country. That's the reason I want to name my son after him. But of course you refuse to baptize him into your religion, and I don't think I have enough courage to tell my wives to go away and leave me only one. We can still be friends, and I'll always buy some cloth from you and guns. But I will never, never, accept your religion. I think my religion is good enough for me, and I'm going to call my son Stanley despite the fact that you have not baptized him as a Christian. He's the one who will learn your method and not I. He will learn whether you have told me the truth concerning the way your religion works in your own country. He will read your Bible, your books, and translate to me the truth. I hope it coincides with what you have given to me. Then only will I believe what you say."

To this the Reverend Mr. Hubert replied, "I hope your son grows well and comes under the missionary influence, reads the Bible, and is able to understand our beliefs. Then he will tell you about our religion—as I

Africa Answers Back

have—and he will lead you into a better understanding of us.”

The chief said, “ Good-bye, we are friends, though I keep my son unbaptized, and my wives, and my religion. You keep yours. *Nyamuhanga akulinde* : God bless you till we meet again.”

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE departure of the missionary left Chief Ati downhearted, and he worried much because he had been called a sinner. He wondered whether the missionary was telling the truth. He knew man was created for women, and women for a man to marry. To be rich was to be a sinner, to have more than one wife a sinner—but why? As he walked around his courtyard, his wives tried to talk to him, but he answered abstractedly, and mumbled to himself. Then the wives began to wonder what the missionary had done to the chief. They whispered among themselves, until the chief noticed them and charged them to say what they wanted to out loud, since there was nothing wrong with him. But he would not be comforted.

After dinner he took a walk through his large estate, continually lost in thought. He clasped his hands behind his back, head bent forward, thinking deeply, and worrying because he had been called a sinner. How could he have become a sinner? He had distributed his wealth among his people and had done his part for the poor. What kind of a God could call a man who was doing such great things a sinner? While he meditated thus, his senior wife followed him in the distance and when she finally caught sight of him and saw him walking so depressed, she hurried to his side. She approached Chief Ati from behind and finally she overtook him and knelt before him. He looked down surprised and questioned her as to why she followed him.

Africa Answers Back

She said, "My lord, I have come to see you, not because I wanted to, but because I must."

As she stood up he inquired as to what was wrong. She said, "Something has happened and I want you to know about it immediately. I wanted you to know of it as soon as I did. My lord, one of your wives in the third group has come and told me she is pregnant."

"Pregnant?" exclaimed Ati incredulously.

The wife nodded.

"How long?" he asked.

"Three months."

At that the chief exclaimed, "Three months! Why, didn't she know she's not supposed to have children?"

"I don't know."

"Well," said the chief, "what can we do? Three months is a long time. It's a shame it went so long. What can we do? These young girls always want to get married but they cannot take care of themselves. Someone has to care for them all the time and manage their affairs. Everything goes wrong. I don't know what to say. A man must always be ready for trouble."

So the chief and his senior wife turned back and went into her house together. Chief Ati then told the gateman to call a messenger. When the boy entered and knelt before him, he said, "Go and call the doctor Omuzalisa, the doctor of women."

The boy ran out quickly to do his bidding.

When he had gone the chief said to his senior wife, "This is terrible, three months have passed and she never said a word till now. What can the doctor do?"

The wife replied, "Well, I presume the doctor will know what to do."

The gateman announced the doctor Omuzalisa, and the chief said, "Bring him in." The doctor entered and was seated by the chief. The wives saluted the new-

Africa Answers Back

comer and then left him and their husband alone to talk.

Chief Ati began thus, "I had to call you in for an important matter. One of my wives is three months pregnant, but she is not supposed to have children. I don't know what you can do to remedy the situation, but you must do something. She is not to bear children. Only the highest type of woman is permitted this honour."

The doctor said, "I am fully aware of our custom and principle. I am sure I can be of service to you, and can stop this. It is very simple."

The chief said, "Do you realize that three months have already gone by? If it were only one month it wouldn't be so serious."

The doctor replied, "Well, sir, you don't need to fear. Three months to us, or one month, or seven months, are the same. Our aim is to perform an abortion and I'm sure it is better to do it at three months than at one. Therefore you needn't worry."

"What? You mean you can take care of her? Well, if you say so, I believe you. Go ahead and see what you can do."

With politeness, the doctor arose. "Thank you, leave everything to me. I must go now."

The chief called the gateman and told him to have one of the wives escort the doctor to the girl who was pregnant. When the doctor left, the chief was worried. He didn't know what was going to happen to this wife.

Early the next morning the gateman came in to the chief and announced Omuzalisa, the doctor of women. The chief said anxiously, "Bring him in, bring him in." The doctor entered, and was seated at the chief's request. The women greeted the doctor, and then left the room.

The doctor smiled proudly, "Well, sir, everything is

Africa Answers Back

over. Your wife is doing fine. You may go and see her if you wish."

"What, she's all right now?" asked the chief in surprise.

"Yes, she has a slight fever, but she's well on the way to recovery."

The chief was visibly moved and said, "It's hard for me to express my gratitude, Omuzalisa, but I am very thankful to you for your services."

After assuring Chief Ati that he would be ready for any emergency, the doctor of women left the house.

When the doctor left, the wives re-entered, and the chief was again happy with them, because his wife was well and he was going to see her in a short time. The wives visited her too, and did all the work for her.

On the next day the chief went to see her and to discover how she was. She lay on a couch, covered with a quilt of bark-cloth. At the entrance of the chief she seemed embarrassed, and averted her eyes. But Chief Ati was gentle, and during the few minutes that he sat near her he did not mention the occurrence of the previous day.

After leaving the women, Ati had the gateman call his head-herdsman, and said, "Head-herdsman, go and select one of the best cows. Take it to the doctor of women and thank him for his services to my wife. Give him my regards and tell him that I hope to have him visit me some time."

The herdsman did as ordered and gave the chief's message. When Omuzalisa saw the present he was very pleased. A little present was expected, but not so valuable a one as a cow. So he felt that he had served his chief and community well and that they appreciated what he had done. Two days later the doctor went to the chief to thank him for the gift. All the people

Africa Answers Back

praised him and spoke loudly of what a good doctor he was. The chief said oratorically to Omuzalisa, "We fight for life and love and ideals—moving up until we can be worthy of land, property, and children. But we must have the best children from the best mothers. This is what life really is, a place where we can co-operate with women to make the world better and better. That is the reason we have mind, consciousness, intelligence, mercy, love. All life is an infinite co-operative scheme with an infinite purpose." Everyone was impressed by the chief's oratory. The young lady was now quite well, and she was able to be present in the chief's home on the day the doctor came to thank the chief, so he knew that his work had been successful and the praises of the community were justified.

CHAPTER NINE

A FEW days after the doctor had been paid, a messenger came to the chief and told him that the day after next was his wedding day. "Twelve months will then have elapsed," the messenger said, "since your last marriage, and you may not wait any longer. Your prospective wife has acquired a beauty she formerly did not have. You will soon have a new father-in-law."

He answered the messenger, "I have been looking forward to the time when I would have a new father, and another beautiful wife. I have already paid her bride-price. I am ready to receive my wife and father."

The messenger said, "You have been a faithful suitor. You have given all the presents we desired ; your character and your wish to become a son have met our expectations. The genius in your literary composition, as shown in the message you sent your prospective wife, was well received." The messenger then returned to his village with a greeting from the chief to his prospective wife. This was Ati's message : "My moon, my beloved, my flower, my milk ; I want you to know that my heart reaches forth for you." The chief, together with all his wives, immediately began preparations for the wedding ceremony.

The chief sent a message to the head-herdsman to select enough bulls for the feast. He also inquired of the several villages as to the size of their supply of wine and beer, since he wished to make sure that there would be enough for the wedding-day feast.

Africa Answers Back

To the bride, twelve months of seclusion were now coming to an end. During this year she had not gone out of the house once ; and no man, not even her relatives, had looked upon her. Some elderly matron had been her adviser, instructed her in the mysteries of married life, and told her how to treat her husband and how to manage children. For twelve months the girl did not have her hair cut, and wore no ornaments. She was fed up and made as plump as possible. Her body was rubbed with cow-butter twice a day, until it became as soft and smooth as a jelly-fish.

On the wedding day the bride went to the well and drew a pot of water for her mother ; gathered a bundle of firewood ; and cut and brought in a bundle of sweet-smelling grass, such as is used for carpeting the floor. These were her last acts for her parents, rendered to them as their due ; for after her marriage she was regarded as the property of another man. After this the sister of the bridegroom came to bathe the bride. It was her duty to see that the bride had no disease which would mar her marriage. Then the bride was brought to the old people of both parties. She stood naked, but she folded her hands in front of her in a gesture of modesty. The adults inspected her figure and shape so that they might discover for themselves whether there was anything wrong with her. A thin old lady took the girl by the arm and peered very closely at her skin. Then two women who were aunts of the bridegroom stood apart from the others and whispered ; and the bride lifted up her eyes from the ground and looked at them nervously. The rest of the group stood around apathetically, and waited for the end of the examination. Soon it was over, and the girl was approved by all the relatives.

After this examination, as is the case with all the girls

Africa Answers Back

who go through it, the bride became very proud of her beauty and health, for she had stood naked before many people and had met their approval. This ceremony was a public honour from which she would derive the appreciation and admiration of the people of both sides, and others who come to the ceremony.

After all this she went to bed and rested until the hour of parting from her parents, relatives, and friends. Towards evening the bridal party assembled at the house of the chief, and the girl was decked out with ornaments. She was veiled in bark-cloth—which hung over her head and came down to her feet—and she was carried in a litter made of cow-hide. Her father chose those who formed the party to conduct her to her new home. The most important member of the group was called the elder; next came the messenger of the bridegroom; then came the elder mother, an old lady who went with the bride to instruct her in all the duties of married life; then a young sister or little girl, decorated with ornaments. She was to go with the bride and stay with her for some days after the marriage so as to let the bridegroom's family understand that his wife had relatives who cared for her. Last of all came two strong men who were to carry her on their shoulders to her new home.

When all was ready, the messenger of the bridegroom came, and the elder arrived to receive the bride from her father. Then the father of the bride pointed out two men who were to go with the party and act as her witnesses. The bride first took leave of her mother, sitting upon her lap, and then sat upon the knees of her father. Then her father presented her to the elder as follows: "My daughter is going away from me; she is a virgin, healthy, good looking, pure, and perfect; and must be well treated." He then mentioned her

Africa Answers Back

secret clan-name which was unknown to members of other clans, and which could never be changed. Should anything displease her husband and cause him to divorce her, she must be returned to her home with this name. Having heard these words, the elder knelt and kissed the hands of the father—this being a sign that the bridegroom accepted the girl. Then the party moved slowly, while the bride, as usual, was in tears, sobbing softly at leaving her home. When about half-way to the chief's house they were met by friends of the bridegroom. From this place grass was laid on the road for a long distance and a member of each party gathered a handful of it. That picked by the bride's friend was given to her mother, and the bridegroom's to his mother. Both handfuls of grass were put away with the fetishes in the respective houses. Then the bridegroom's friends stopped the other party and took their spears from them; and the bridegroom, who carried a spear, fell in behind the bride and her conductors and showed them where to go. At this moment the bridegroom's friends scattered cowrie shells all over the place; and while the bride's party was picking them up the other party carried off the bride, dropping shells as they went along. Soon the bride's friends followed them.

When they got to the chief's home, the bride was handed a small basket of millet. She scattered some of the grain all over the ground to insure fertility in the homes and among the village people. The bridegroom then directed her to the house which was to be her own. Here the bride's elder mother presented her to the foster-father of the chief, who received her in his lap like a child and embraced her; and then the foster-mother did the same. The bridegroom stood outside the door and did not enter until his bride had thus been received into the family. After this, the bridegroom

Africa Answers Back

entered, while the bride refused to sit down until her husband gave her some presents. So he gave her some household utensils, and they both sat down.

The milk from a healthy young cow that had a living calf was put into a special wooden vessel, and the bridegroom's mother brought it in and handed it to the chief. He drank a little and handed it back to his bride, who also drank. This constituted the covenant of marriage.

While all this was going on, other people who were friends of the bride and the bridegroom were drinking beer and feasting. They were singing and dancing in every part of the chief's enclosure. Soon the bridegroom joined his friends of both parties and they remained drinking beer until early in the morning.

The bride's people were now ready to depart. All the men of both parties came together and the elder made a speech. First he turned to the bride and said, "You have now a new father and mother, and other relatives." Then he said to the bridegroom, "I am giving you my daughter, virginal and pure, clean and healthy. Her name is Kamata. My daughter has a new father and mother, and she knows that. Should you both ever have anything come between you, call us all, your fathers and mothers. We may help you adjust the matter. Both of you are my children. I wish you a happy married life."

When the bridegroom heard these words, he became very nervous, because he knew he had to make a speech—as is usually expected from the bridegroom. First, he told his guests that his heart was full of joy, because he had drunk freely and smoked his pipe ; but then he altered his tone and said that his spirit quaked, his body trembled and words failed him, because of the great fear he had of his father-in-law. Whereupon the old man rose and replied, "Cheer up, my son, have you

Africa Answers Back

not a wife to comfort you? Dismiss your fears and be merry."

The marriage party then broke up, and those who had accompanied the bride from her home were given a big cow to take with them in order to celebrate the occasion on their return. The elder mother remained until the bride was settled in her new life, and the little girl stayed also and waited upon her mistress as long as she wished.

For four days after the marriage the bride did not leave her room, but remained in seclusion, and did not speak in a tone which could be heard outside. On the fourth day her mother-in-law came into the room, bringing her son's milk-vessel. She handed it to the bride, who had to wash and fumigate it; and when the milk-vessel was cleansed, the mother-in-law brought a churn and explained its use. She explained to the girl all the other duties of the housewife. The young wife was considered fully trained now and was allowed to leave her seclusion. Then many of her friends came, bringing her presents which she might use in her new home. All the other wives of Chief Ati were glad to see one of them become adjusted in her new married life, and all of them wanted to help her in every way.

The next day the elder mother went back home, with all satisfaction that the marriage had been accomplished, and that the bride was settled in her new life, prepared to love. The chief made some gifts to the elder mother. She also took with her the bark-cloth on which the marriage had been consummated.

The day after the elder mother left, the bride was initiated by the older women into her duties, which were :

- I. To fear and respect her mother- and father-in-law.
- II. To remain faithful to her husband.
- III. To be industrious.

Africa Answers Back

IV. To show hospitality to strangers.

V. To be kind to the poor.

VI. To relieve visitors of all their things when they arrive, and have milk or beer and pipes always ready to offer them.

VII. To collect the household utensils every evening, clean them by boiling them over the fire, and then smoke them.

VIII. To await the demands of the husband after he has finished the evening meal.

About three months later the bridegroom's family decided that it was time for the little girl to go home, since the new wife was satisfied with the home of the chief. So the little girl went back to her home with joy, taking all the presents which she had received in the three months' time. Every one of the chief's wives gave her some sort of present—all three hundred and seventy-five—and the chief himself gave her beautiful things which she never had before. The marriage concluded, all the women celebrated with their husband, and everything was going well in the separate homes. All wives felt it a great honour, privilege, and advantage to be a wife of the great chief. So now he had three hundred and seventy-five wives, and he himself felt proud to have all these beautiful wives.

CHAPTER TEN

THE chief called one of the council-wives and told her that in three days' time he was going to have a meeting of all the wives. The wives were very glad to learn of the proposed meeting, for it would give them an opportunity to bring forward their grievances.

Due to the large number of wives, Ati could not see them all at once, but had to divide them into three groups : the senior, intermediate, and junior. A committee was chosen to arrange the programme of the meeting, while one wife was appointed as chairwoman of each group.

Everything was arranged. The house and yard were selected. The wives were all warned to get up early on the day of the meeting, so as to set the house in order, and prepare the food, and be ready to meet their husband. The meeting was to start in the morning, at the hour when the women usually go to their banana-gardens, and the shepherds take their flocks to the pastures.

The house of the senior wife was chosen as the place for the first meeting. This house was one of the largest and most beautiful in the chief's estate—being about twenty-five feet in diameter, and fifteen feet high. Its framework was of timber and reeds, thatched with grass. The house was conical in shape and externally it was covered with thorn-tree branches, so as to keep the goats from nibbling away the walls. The interior of the house was divided into rooms by curtains of bark-cloth, which hung from the roof.

Africa Answers Back

At the time when the shepherds were leading their flocks to pasture the meeting began. The chief entered first and sat down on his couch. The senior wife sat at his left and acted as chairwoman. She had two baskets, woven in many colours and filled with coffee beans. The beans were passed round to the other wives—about a hundred of them—who sat and reclined on the floor in all parts of the room.

While the coffee beans were being passed around, the senior wife began as follows, "Our husband, we welcome you in our meeting. We love you—you know we do—and we know you love us. We have many things concerning ourselves to talk over with you. Some of us have been ignored by you and have not been getting the proper attention; others of us have not had enough servants and maids. Some of us have not had sufficient food. Some of us have been personally maltreated by you; while some have maltreated one another. Each of us will now bring her grievances before you in the presence of our fellow-wives. Before we begin, however, I will give you an opportunity to speak to us."

The chief stood up, and seemed somewhat nervous at the prospect of facing the grievances of all these wives at one time. He cleared his throat and began: "My wives, you all know that I love you. I do not have to tell you that. I know you all love me too."

All the wives answered in chorus, "Yes, we love you."

The chief continued, "Now, I want each of you to tell me your grievances, so that we may arbitrate the matter instead of letting them result in family conflict. I am ready to receive any complaints." With these words the chief sat down.

There was a slight commotion in the corner and one of the wives rose. There was a slighted expression on

Africa Answers Back

her face. She said, "My beloved husband, I have a single grievance which hurts my heart. A long time ago I suggested to you that there was a pretty girl in that village which you well know. I told you her parents' name and I wanted you to marry her, but you never sent anyone there to make the proper inquiries. She is a beautiful girl, well proportioned, having a very attractive face, fine teeth, small fingers and feet, graceful ankles. She comes from a good family and she is an industrious young lady. I wanted her to have the privilege of sharing you and your beautiful home with us. Now, my beloved husband, do you see how it grieves me to mention this matter once more to you?" As she finished her complaint, the wife began sobbing very quietly.

The chief arose and said, "Oh, my beloved wife, please do not cry. I love you. I love you so. I am very, very sorry that I forgot all about it. I apologize to you, my wife, for my neglect. I shall send some of my investigators to her village immediately to see the young lady's parents and I assure you with all the affection I bear towards you that I shall marry her as soon as arrangements can be made. My wife, I love you." With this declaration the chief seated himself again.

Another wife rose and said, "My husband, you have not been in my house for a long time. That's my only grievance."

The chief answered her apologetically, "Oh, my beloved wife, I've been so busy that I have not been able to come to your house, but I assure you I shall visit you to-day."

Before he could sit down again a third wife arose and said, "My husband, one of my slave-maids has run away and I need another one to take her place. Also, the villagers appointed to furnish me with food have

Africa Answers Back

been very slow in the performance of their duties. I am not the only one who has this complaint to offer. Many of us have it in common, and I speak for the rest—so that each of us won't have to take time to make the same complaint. The situation is terrible, we must have what food we desire!"

The chief again rose and said, "My wife, I shall replace your absent slave-maid, and I promise all of you that from now on the villagers shall supply you with all the food you need. Each of you must let me know what particular food you like. I shall send an order to every village demanding that the food be sent as you request."

The wives joined together in "Thank you, our beloved husband," repeating the tribute three times.

Then the chief suggested that wine and food be served before any other complaints were heard, since they had plenty of time, and he would listen to them all patiently before the final adjournment of the meeting.

During the intermission, the hostess asked the junior wives to wait on the senior ones. Wine and roast beef were plentifully served to all the senior wives and the chief.

While they were eating, one of the wives said, "My co-wives, we love our husband and our husband loves us. Why do we have to complain? Let us enjoy this feast with him. I am satisfied with things as they are, and I know that you all feel the same way."

"Good," they all cried. "Good, we're all satisfied."

The chief quickly arose and said, "I am very glad of that. You are all wonderful wives."

One wife then arose and said, "I have just one thing to complain of."

"If it is within my power to do it," said the chief, "I shall be glad to put the matter right."

Africa Answers Back

The wife said, "I want you to marry some more wives, about two hundred more. I don't think three hundred and seventy-five are enough for a man of your reputation and wealth. When you do that for me I shall have no further complaint." She then turned and addressed the other wives, "My co-wives, is that right?"

They all replied in unison, "Yes, we agree with you."

The complainant turned to the chief and said, "You see, all your wives agree. Go then and take more wives so that we all may be satisfied."

The chief saw that he was overwhelmed by force of numbers, and answered meekly, "I will be glad to marry all the beautiful girls that you have found and recommended to me."

At this all the wives shouted, "Yes, we will pick out the ones for you to marry."

While they were thus shouting, a gateman entered and said, "My lord, the messengers you sent out have returned. It is the ninth day. They are ready to report."

The chief told the gateman to lead the messengers into the room. While the gateman was gone, the chief said to his wives, "I've got good news. These are the men whom I sent to look over some of the beautiful girls whom you suggested I marry. Let us hear their report."

They all awaited the entrance of the messengers. Finally two men came in. They knelt down before the chief and one of them spoke thus, "We have returned from the place you sent us to. Both of us found the two girls very beautiful, but we must give our reports individually."

The other then proceeded, "My master, the girl was wonderful. She is most attractive, very industrious, and I am sure my master will agree with me when I say she ought to be your wife."

Africa Answers Back

The wives applauded.

The other messenger then spoke, "My master, all things are yours, and this girl too should be your wife."

All the wives applauded again.

The senior wife said, "Will you give the good messengers some wine and let them go? It is better for them to retire to the gate-house with their food and drink while we are meeting." She turned and thanked them for the good news they had brought. The chief nodded assent to her suggestions.

Before the messengers left, the gateman entered announcing a third messenger. He too had waited till the ninth day. The chief ordered him to enter and make his report. He entered, knelt and said, "My master, I know you like good things and beautiful wives—for all of yours are beautiful. The girl whom I went to find out about is very pretty, and she makes a very favourable public appearance, but when at home she is most untidy. My report therefore is one of disapproval. But I leave the decision to you."

All the wives then murmured among themselves and said, "Who wants such a girl as a wife?"

"We cannot have her," said Chief Ati in a tone of relief; "my wives do not want her."

The wives agreed, saying, "That's right, we do not want her as a co-wife."

The hostess then said, "Thank you for your report. You'll find food and drink near the gate-house." With this the three messengers left the council.

One of the wives rose quickly and said, "Those were very good reports. When will you marry the girls? You do not need to wait a year. I want to take charge of the wedding ceremonies; they shall be performed at my house."

"I shall do as you say," said the chief. "As soon as

Africa Answers Back

I can make an agreement with the families, I shall marry. One of the weddings will take place in your house if you desire it." When the chief said this, one of the other wives quickly jumped up and offered to take charge of the second wedding. The chief accepted her offer, and many of the other wives looked at her enviously.

The senior wife now arose and spoke thus, " We thank the members of the committee who arranged this meeting of the senior wives. We have seen our common husband and have put our grievances before him. No longer do our heads swell with the grievances we could not express. We have cleared our minds. I am sure we have more love for our husband now, and he has likewise more for us. The meeting is ended."

Thus the meeting of the senior group of a hundred wives was brought to a close.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

AFTER Chief Ati got through meeting his senior wives, he thought he needed some recreation before meeting the other two groups. So he decided to go on a hunting trip. He ordered the short trumpet to be played to announce his intention. The drums played the hunting rhythm and informed everyone that the hunt would be for small game only.

As soon as people heard the sound of the drums, they began to make their preparations. They prepared their fibre nets and fed special medicine to the dogs to increase their range of smell. The iron-headed spears were sharpened and the dogs were tied up. The wives had to return early from the fields on the day of the hunt, so as to feed the men before noon. In the meantime, men were sent out into the woods to notice the movement of the animals that were to be hunted. This was comparatively easy, since all the animals went down to their watering-places a little after the midday.

About one o'clock in the afternoon the men who had been in the woods returned to the village to acquaint the people with the whereabouts of the game. The chief divided the people into two groups: those who followed behind the net and those who chased the game with the dogs.

Before they left, every man's wives came out to review the hunting husbands as they passed, and to wish them good luck. As the men marched by, they were very proud of their wives, who stood there watching them.

Africa Answers Back

This was especially true of the men who had five, ten, twenty or more wives. Those who had less than five wives looked very apologetic and felt that they were very poor. Each man who marched was supplied with two spears, a stick, a net, and a dog tied to a leash. This comprised the individual hunting equipment.

At about two o'clock, when the sun was a little past the zenith, they knew that the animals were asleep in the beautiful woods, resting after their journey to the watering-place. The small trumpet was again sounded. The scouts who knew where the animals were, led the men to the place. Just before they arrived at their goal, the chief ordered them to divide themselves into the two divisions which he had designated beforehand. The dogs were held in leash, and muffled bells were tied to them. The net men took their places at intervals of ninety feet, and formed a circle with a radius of about half a mile. When everything was ready, a signal was given; and the net, which had been lying flat in the bush, was held up by the guards until it reached above their heads. At the same time, the dogs, famished and keen of scent, were let loose on one side of the circle. They immediately dashed into the bush and chased the hunted animals to the spear-men, who were waiting at the opposite side. The spear-men worked a long time and speared many animals.

As soon as the game was killed, the dogs were put in leash again and the skinner began his work. It was his task to divide the meat between the chief and the hunters. The chief got the choice parts—the skin and the hind-legs, while the rest was divided equally among the men.

As darkness came on, the men had to bring their hunt to an end and return home. They picked up their spears and nets and trudged back, singing loud hunting songs

Africa Answers Back

to celebrate their success. When they reached the chief's estate, the wives served large quantities of beer and wine, which the men immediately consumed. Again they sang songs and went through the first stages of intoxication.

Soon it was time for the married men to return to their homes. They carried with them a share of the meat for each of their wives ; and, if they had a mother, they saved part of the liver and back for her.

The unmarried and homeless men, however, did not go away, but had supper with the chief. First of all, the chief's wives set down basins of water, so that the men could wash themselves. Then the food was brought. The men sat on the ground in circular groups, and each one received his share of the game and also part of the meat that had already been cooked. The chief gave up his portion of the food to the men who had distinguished themselves on the trip.

When the eating was over, the men washed their hands and mouths again and gathered into a large circle. Then wine and beer was served. As the drinking continued, the men loosened their tongues. There was telling of stories, and riddles, and incantations. Soon many of the men began to sing. At this point a few started to leave. And so they departed, one by one, until midnight—when the last one was gone. Only then could the chief return to rest.

At the departure of his guests, the chief decided to spend the night with one of his favourite wives. He immediately sent a messenger to announce his intention. The messenger returned with the wife's regrets that she could not accommodate him, since she was not prepared for his coming. The chief expected this answer, since the wives had a peculiar antipathy to receiving him on the night after a hunt. They

Africa Answers Back

wanted him to rest up after the day's work, so they said.

After he had been rejected by six of his wives, the chief became slightly irritated and decided to bring matters to a head. He therefore walked into the house of one of his wives and announced, with a tone of finality, that he was there for the night. The three other wives who lived in the house immediately began their preparations. They fumigated the bark-cloth quilt with the vapours from aromatic wood. Then they began to give the chief his rub down, since he was very tired and stiff after his hunting. Using a mixture of butter and sweet-smelling powders, the three massaged his body all at once. Two of them massaged a foot each, while the third massaged the trunk and arms. When this was completed, the three wives tucked the chief into bed with his chosen wife. Then the others retired to their separate rooms.

CHAPTER TWELVE

A FEW days later the chief decided he had strength enough to call the second—or intermediate—group of wives together. He asked one of the junior wives to make the arrangements. There were one hundred and twenty-three in this group. The junior wife selected the committee to make the required preparations. Two servants were sent to notify each wife of the coming meeting, which was to be held the next morning, at the time when the herdsmen take their flocks to pasture.

All the wives accepted the invitation. Of course, they understood that they had to come anyway. The invitation was merely a concession to their self-respect and dignity. As soon as the wives received notice of the meeting, they reported to the head-wife, who assigned them various tasks. In the meantime, some of the wives met in a committee, and discussed the general complaints and grievances which should be set before the chief.

The time of the meeting arrived—a beautiful morning. As in the case of the senior wives, one home had been selected as the meeting-place and had been decorated for the occasion. The chief entered and sat on a chair covered by a beautiful skin and bark-cloth. The head-wife passed him some coffee beans.

While she was doing so, the chief said deferentially, "My wife, would you permit me to smoke a pipe before the meeting begins?"

"Yes, my lord," she answered. She went over to the corner and picked up the pipe. It was one of the

Africa Answers Back

chief's larger pipes, since it had a bowl four inches across, and a stem two feet long. Opening a little pouch, the wife filled the bowl with tobacco. The tobacco was mixed with the red clay of an ant-hill and had a reddish colour. When the pipe was filled, the wife quickly picked up a piece of glowing charcoal and put it in the bowl. Then she puffed assiduously at it, so as to light the tobacco. Finally, when the smoke began to drift up, she knelt down before the chief, grasped the pipe at the juncture of the stem and bowl, and—with a movement of the arm from left to right—handed it to him. The latter received it politely.

After all these preparations, the chief had little time left to smoke. The wives were coming in all the time ; and when they were all present, the chief put away his pipe in deference to them.

The meeting was called to order by the hostess, who acted as chairwoman. She turned to the chief and said, "Our lord, you do not need an introduction to us. We want to talk things over. We want to thresh out our grievances with you ; and, on the other hand, if you have anything to say—if we have wronged you—we will be glad to hear of it."

The chief arose and said, "My wives, I am happy to be with you in this family meeting, to discuss what differences have occurred between us. I think we have been living a wonderful life. We all have our health, our homes, and everything to enjoy. Of course, I'm a little bit tired from the hunting trip I had a few days ago, but I'll be rested in a short time. It was an enjoyable trip and I am sure you were all glad to see us return. Now, I do not want to say any more, for I fear I shall have a lot of questions to answer—I hope I shall not."

He sat down, and the hostess then asked, "Anyone got anything to say ?"

Africa Answers Back

One of the wives arose and began, "Our husband, you are rich and we are rich also. You are poor and we are poor also. A few months ago, when you returned from the war you told us one thousand people were killed, all men. You told us that you fought for nothing, you didn't know the reason. The men that died had some beautiful young wives."

At this mention of wives, the chief steeled himself for the inevitable.

The woman continued, "Many of these wives have returned to their parents. You are poor. You have only three hundred and seventy-five in all. Couldn't you add more wives, and thus gain something from the war? You did not know why you fought. I think, and all my co-wives will agree with me, that you should marry the good-looking wives of those dead warriors. Take fifty more, or even a hundred, if you can. Your resources are ample enough to make even one hundred and fifty new wives live as comfortably as we do together. This is the complaint I wish to offer in the presence of my co-wives."

Another wife arose and said, "I think we should applaud what our co-wife has just said. Our husband must uphold his reputation. He needs more wives."

A third wife arose before either the husband or hostess had time to speak, and said, "Our husband, don't forget the proverb, 'Men will always be what the women make them.' We want you to become rich and we want you to use your wealth for the benefit of others."

During the speeches the hostess noticed that the chief seemed nervous. So as soon as the woman stopped, the hostess said quickly, "It is now time for our husband to speak. We've said enough."

The chief rose, glared for a moment, and assumed a tone of intense cordiality: "My wives, I thank you for

Africa Answers Back

all your love and kind thought towards me. We have shared our wealth. We have kept the infirm with us ; we have brought up other people's children as though they were our own. As for the widows of the thousand men who were killed in the war—may I say that I shall immediately send men to look them over and choose those who are eligible to enter our family. I shall do my part in marrying as many as possible. I know our proverb very well. Yes, woman makes a man as she wants him to be. I love you. Love makes a man do many things to please his wives. I will act on your suggestion as quickly as possible."

Everyone clapped.

A note of cheerfulness now crept into the chief's voice. "I'd marry as many wives as you want me to," he said, "but there's this difficulty. It's about the poems I will have to send to these women. I'm right out of poetry. I can't find the words when I try to compose. And then again, there's the flower language. Even if I did find the words for the poem, I couldn't find the flowers on account of the drought. So I'll have to put the matter off for a while." He sat down.

"Has anyone any remarks?" asked the chairwoman.

"Yes," said one of the wives, "I have something to say. We can help our husband to collect the flowers. A woman always appreciates the language of flowers. Why, before we were married, I used to put our husband's flowers under my pillow, and I'd dream of his great love for me."

Another wife rose and said, "My husband—I mean our husband, do not worry about not being able to write the poetry, we will help you in that too."

At this there was a general murmur of assent among the wives, while Chief Ati said in a monotonous voice, "I thank you, my wives."

Africa Answers Back

The chairwoman now suggested that the subject be changed, since there were other important matters to be discussed. The wives then reported on the many unfortunate people they had seen who needed help. One spoke about a woman whose husband had been injured while chopping wood, and who needed someone to help her in the heavy labour. Another mentioned children who did not have any milk to drink. Another told of an insane man who needed wooden blocks on his feet to keep him from moving any distance. As the chief heard each report, he gave immediate orders to remedy the situation.

Finally the hostess rose and said, "I think we have talked much more than our senior co-wives. We have asked more of our husband than they. Could we not let him rest now, or has someone still something to say?"

At this one of the wives got up and said, "We don't mind what our senior co-wives do, we have equal rights; we love our husband and we have the right to say what we want to. Therefore we have the right to continue this meeting with our husband. That's the kind of a husband we want, one who does not say he's tired or thinks we've talked too much. Let's talk! We know we love our husband. Let's continue our meeting."

Chief Ati spoke cautiously, "My wives, do you remember what our Ekikoikyo said? *The small house built near the road attracts the attention of passers-by.* Why is this so? The answer is this: Because a beautiful girl lives in that house. You know this proverb of ours also: *Love is blind.* So, my wives, I love you. Go ahead, continue with your conversation. Do not think that I am tired. Let's talk; that's what we need in our home."

Africa Answers Back

Then another wife rose and said, "My husband"—she turned to her co-wives and said, "Oh, I beg your pardon, our husband, don't you think we should now have something to eat and drink? Let's have a recess."

But a wife who sat near her spoke up, "I think it's time to go home. We've been here too long. Our husband is tired; and moreover, two of us have children to take care of. Even if we have a nurse for the children, they are too young to be left all day. I think we should bring this meeting to a close."

"No, no," said the chief, in a doubtful tone. "The children are being looked after. Let's continue the meeting if there is anything more to be said."

The hostess asked: "Anyone have anything more to say?" All remained silent. Three times the hostess put her question, but no one answered. It was evident that the women had tired even themselves out. Since there was no reply, the hostess ordered the junior wives to bring in the refreshments.

Now that the business part of the meeting was over, the chief felt a little better. As the refreshments were being passed, he said, "My wives, it is a good thing to be a rich man, and have all these pretty wives; and it is a pity to be poor and have only one wife who is ugly. I am happy to say that I have helped our people and distributed my wealth among them through you, my wives. Let us eat, drink, and be happy because our good fortune has blessed those people whom we have helped."

All the wives began to clap their hands, saying, "We are happy with our husband, we are happy with our husband, we are happy."

After the refreshments had been served, the wives returned home full of joy. They spoke to each other

Africa Answers Back

about the goodness of their husband, and how glad they were they had married him.

Thus the meeting of the intermediate group of wives came to an end.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

A DAY after his meeting with the second group of wives, the chief fell suddenly ill. The senior wives took command of the situation. The wives were divided into units of fifty each, and they took charge of the patient in turn. Each group clamoured to be the first to serve the chief, but the committee of senior wives controlled the matter. However, they tended to monopolize the care of the chief, and finally the younger wives rebelled. They too wanted to help as nurses. This led to such a clamour that the committee was finally forced to admit some of the younger wives into the groups as nurses.

One group was on duty from early in the morning until noon, another group from noon to evening—and so on until all the groups had participated. In this way all of the three hundred and seventy-five wives served their husband faithfully in his time of sickness.

When the patient needed a bath, three or four would wash each arm and leg, while five were occupied in washing the rest of his body. The other wives busied themselves by holding the soap, or the wash-cloth, or the basins of water. Though they got into each other's way, all managed to participate in the activity. After the bath, the body of the chief was dried with bark-cloth towels. Then the numerous wives began to massage him with cow-butter mixed with aromatic powder. The patient did not dare to say a word while all this was going on. The wives were very sensitive about the work

Africa Answers Back

they were doing, and Ati knew they would feel slighted if he said anything.

The bath concluded, food was brought for the chief. One of the wives offered her lap for his head to rest on, another fed him; a third talked to him; a fourth held the calabash while he drank. Every one of the wives did something. When the duties of one group were completed, the next group took control. The wives that were not on duty did the housework for those that were, or went into the bush to look for medicinal herbs.

After a few days the chief's condition improved, and he was taken out into the sun. His wives sat around him and tried to make him forget his sickness. One day, as he tried to answer them, he fell into a faint. This happened again the next day, though the wives tried all the medicines they knew. Finally, the doctor had to be called.

Soon the doctor appeared—an old man with a long white beard and a wrinkled face. He was accompanied by a youth, who was his apprentice and helper. The doctor, whose name was Mufumu, hobbled up to the chief, and after a short examination, diagnosed the case as malaria. He immediately asked for a new clay vessel. They brought him one that had never been used before. He filled this up with a medicine made from herbs. When the medicine was completed, the doctor handed the bowl to one of the chief's wives. The chief put his head on her lap and then the wife was ordered to drink the medicine. There was about a gallon of it, but since her husband's life depended on her ability to drink it, the wife finally swallowed the whole bowlful.

The doctor was pleased and said, "That's enough for the patient for one day. I'm sure he'll feel better for having taken his medicine."

Africa Answers Back

The treatment administered by Mufumu, the old doctor, seemed to have taken effect, for the chief began to get well ; though, for some reason or other, the wife who had acted as proxy for the chief in drinking the medicine, became ill. Everyone was mystified at this, for she had drunk a whole gallon of medicine and therefore there was no reason for her being ill. At any rate, the chief was improving, though he still had a fever. To get rid of this, the doctor decided to give him a sweat-bath.

Some of the wives were immediately dispatched to the woods to get the necessary herbs. The herbs were put into pots half filled with water, which were then heated to boiling-point. In the meantime the chief was set on a chair and was covered with numerous layers of bark-cloth. At last only the head of the chief appeared above the coverings. At this point the pots were pushed under the layers of bark-cloth. The steam from the pots caused the chief to sweat freely. After a few moments, the coverings were removed, the patient was given a cold bath, and the sweat treatment was repeated. Finally the chief was dried with bark-cloth towels and was given a rub down. He was served warm milk and put to bed.

In about a week the fever was entirely gone, and in a few weeks more the chief had regained his strength. As soon as he was well, he sent two goats and a cow to the old doctor Mufumu as a reward. All the wives were very glad to see their husband well again.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

HIS experience in the meeting with the intermediate group of wives did not leave the chief very anxious to meet the third group. He deliberately forgot the matter and neglected to speak to the senior wife about it. She, in her turn, did not care to call the third group together. This was the group composed of the youngest wives. The senior wife knew that this group would ask all sorts of embarrassing questions and make all sorts of peculiar requests. So nothing was done about it, though the junior wives grumbled among themselves and plagued the older wives with questions as to when the meeting with the chief would take place.

In the meantime, other interests occupied Chief Ati. After his recovery from illness, he went on a long tour of inspection over his estates and the surrounding towns. The most important matter that concerned him, however, was his son. The boy was now nearly two years old, and it was time to send him to one of his relatives to be brought up—for children of chiefs are not usually brought up by their parents. The chief finally decided to send the boy to his mother—the boy's grandmother.

The chief went to see the grandmother, and when he had greeted her, he said, "My boy is growing. I want him to leave his mother and come to you, so that you may educate him. Will you accept him?"

The chief's mother said, "My son, it is a pleasure for me to have my grandson—a pleasure to have my son's son. Let him come. He will receive good in-

Africa Answers Back

struction. I shall find the best tutor I can get. He will be taught the proper manners, the history of our country, and all the things a boy should know."

"Very well, mother," said the chief. "I shall send him to you with all his things." The chief stayed with his mother three days, and then returned to his own home.

Next morning, after he had arrived at his own estate, he went to see his wife—the mother of the boy—and told her the time had arrived for the boy to leave his home and go away to be properly trained.

She said, "Very well, my husband. But where is the child going?"

"To my mother's home," said the chief.

"So this boy goes to his grandmother? Do you think she'll train him well? She may pamper him."

"No," said the chief, "she'll know how to train him. It will be about two years before he understands about talking and eating."

The mother replied meekly, "Very well, my husband, when will he be leaving?"

"The day after to-morrow," said the chief. "Have the servant, the maid, and the boy's things ready."

The appointed day came and the boy was taken with all his things to the grandmother. When she saw them all, she showed the nurse a specially built house where the boy was to play during the day. At night he was to sleep in the main house with the grandmother. Besides being the daytime home of the child, the little house was the permanent residence of the maid, the servant, and two old ladies who were connected with the grandmother's household.

The little house was circular in shape and had six rooms. The largest room was the playroom. It was furnished with many mats, and playthings such as

Africa Answers Back

coloured beans and stones. There were also bedrooms for the maid and the two old ladies, and other compartments for the storing of various supplies. This was the house in which the boy Mujungu spent the years of his childhood.

The mother was very lonely for the first few days following the departure of her son ; but because this was the custom of the country, she soon adjusted herself to his absence. Every two days she sent a messenger to the grandmother to learn of the progress of her son. The report always informed her that he was growing larger and stronger and that the grandmother was taking her responsibility seriously, and was careful to see that everything went well with the boy.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

THE time finally came when Chief Ati saw that he could not put off his meeting with the third—or junior—group of wives any longer. His failure to hold the meeting had already caused discontent among this younger group. The chief spoke to his senior wife about it, and she decided that it would be best to meet the one hundred and fifty junior wives all at once. She argued that the younger wives all held the same view-points and should all be talked to at the same time. This would prevent any of them from accusing the chief of having said something to one group that he did not say to another. The chief agreed to this. It was better to talk over all the elementary procedures of married life with them in common.

On the appointed day, the wives were assembled and the time came for the arrival of the chief. They were all very anxious to talk with their husband. Before the meeting was called to order, two baskets of coffee beans were passed around so that all might help themselves. The young wives sat round, laughing and chatting. Suddenly the senior wife arose and motioned them to silence. The chief entered and walked with very sedate steps to his couch. When he was seated, the senior wife began, "Our husband, we welcome you to our meeting. Some of us have never met you before in such a gathering. This youngest group of your wives has the same rights as the senior and intermediate groups. Only age and want of time for the making of a

Africa Answers Back

greater friendship separates the junior group from the other two."

She turned to the chief and continued, "Our husband, I welcome you here on behalf of your younger wives."

At this all the women clapped and cheered.

When the chief heard the cheers and clapping he arose and began to speak. His speech was fluent, as he had memorized it for the occasion. He spoke: "Up from the earth's centre, through the ninth gate, I arose to come here to meet with you, my wives. Of course all knowledge for the success of marriage cannot be based on an understanding of the sex side of life alone. Perhaps it is the most important thing, and in this treatment of marriage problems we are emphasizing it. But I feel that there must be a background of moral values, in order to ensure the proper ideal of the dignity of the marriage vow, and to maintain the proper relations between the men and women of our country. You all know that reconciliation and marriage unity are the two elementary expressions of that love which we keep at the highest level of our lives."

The chief had expected this to impress his young wives, but the one who rose now had evidently not listened at all, but had waited for her own turn to speak. She began, "My lord, you have honoured us by coming here. I have been waiting very long to see and talk with you. I arose this morning even before the cock crowed and stood before the Kigango—the meeting-house—shouting, 'Open the door now, for you know how short the time of our staying has to be, and once our husband had departed, it will be a long time before we shall have the privilege of another meeting.' The Kigango-keeper told me I was too early—that I should still be in bed—but I persisted in staying there, and he finally opened the meeting-house for me. Thus you can

Africa Answers Back

see, my husband, how great is my affection for you. As our proverb says, '*Omutima nambere gurara noho amaguru gazindukira*—where the heart sleeps there your feet go in the morning.' So you can see that my heart was with you." Then she sat down, flushed with joy at the impression her speech had made.

The chief said, "I am glad to hear that my young wives are so loyal to me." All the wives smiled to hear their husband express something they all knew anyway.

Another wife arose during the continuation of the laughter and said, "It has been a long time since I composed for you. May I do it now?"

"Surely," answered the chief. "Why not? We are always glad to hear something new."

So the wife continued, "Those whose husband shines on their minds like Birika—the glacier; those whose husband flits through their minds like clouds before the wind would like to know the life philosophy of their husband in relation to the senior, junior and younger groups."

At this, all clapped and voiced approval.

The chief wondered just what they wanted to know and just what they were driving at by this last remark. He thoughtfully replied, "It is our philosophy of life to have co-operation between men and women so that our country may become more perfect, stronger and greater. All this is for the betterment of our people. You must remember that it is the duty of the men's wives to back up our philosophy and our ideas and our practices."

Then he seated himself, and all the wives appeared unsatisfied. For although he had mentioned the point of co-operation, the full background of his ideas had not been even indicated. The wives wanted to learn more.

But one of the wives interrupted. She turned to the chief and said, "Oh, moon of our delight who knowest



"MY WIVES, I LOVE YOU ALL."

Africa Answers Back

no wane—in whom the moon of the heavens is rising again—tell us how often hereafter shall we look for you ? ” She continued, “ My husband,” then she stopped and, turning to her co-wives, begged their pardon and continued, “ *Our* husband, how long is it since you’ve been in my house ? Why don’t you come and see me ? It is a long time since you visited me.”

Chief Ati looked nonchalantly at his beautiful young wife with the naked breasts and said, “ Let me see, I’ll ask my senior wife when your turn is.” Meanwhile she waited and smiled at her husband vivaciously, tossing her head and small breasts.

Soon the chief said, “ My senior wife tells me you’re ninth on the list. So I’ll see you to-morrow, then.”

“ Very well, my husband, I shall be eagerly waiting for you.”

At this speech, many of the other wives admired the young wife for her audacity. After she had sat down, a lot of mumbling continued on her account, many expressing how fine, how pretty, how beautiful she was.

Then another wife arose to say, “ Lo ! you whom we love most dearly and best, this meeting together with you suits us admirably. Let us now drink our wine and no one will remain silent any longer. We shall all talk with you then.”

Another wife rose hastily and said, “ Oh, no, not yet, first let me say something.”

All exclaimed, “ Yes, say something, say something ! ”

“ Ah, fill the calabashes, all is ours, for it is with sadness that we realize how fast time flees away and how soon you, our husband, will return to your other wives. We are young, we like to have you with us longer than the older wives do. Could you remain with us longer than they expected you to ? Couldn’t you visit us at our homes more often ? ”

Africa Answers Back

Smilingly he replied, "I have to perform the duties and orders of my family. It is the regulation of our society that makes me do what I do all the time."

One of the wives who was not expected to say anything arose next, and all the wives waited expectantly for her remarks—for she was known to have strange and radical ideas. She said, "Our husband, we all have to complain against the custom of allowing only a few selected women to have children. Some of us are beautiful, and some of us are exceptionally healthy. Why can't we have children? The greatest happiness is to be a mother."

As this remark was concluded, there was much nudging and mumbling among the rest of the wives. First they had been afraid; but now that the wife had spoken these words and nothing serious had happened to her, they put on an air of defiance and awaited the outcome.

At this point the senior wife, who was presiding, interrupted sternly, "But this question was not on the docket. That isn't our main topic of the day. So let us continue. We all know that men will agree with men, and women with men, but women will never agree with each other. So let us leave the subject here."

But the husband broke in and said, "Please let her talk. Let her express herself. That is what we came together here for—to thresh out our difficulties and problems. Let the young wife say all she wants. Continue!"

The other wives mumbled, and agreed among themselves that it was good to be in the presence of their husband and to be able to speak.

When the young wife heard her husband express himself as he did, she became encouraged and said, "Thank you, my husband, thank you, our husband,

Africa Answers Back

that's the way to be with your wives ; that's the way we should be with you—perfect mutual freedom of speech and action. We are the youngest wives. We want equal treatment with those wives who are our seniors. We want to be permitted to have children the same as other women are. We are the young group. We should be given even more opportunity than those old wives who are permitted to have children. That's all we want. Every sensible woman will agree with me on this point."

All the other wives nodded and mumbled agreement.

"I realize that some of us are not fit to have children. But on behalf of those young wives of yours who are fitted, I ask for equal opportunities for childbearing with the rest of your wives. The customs and habits of one generation change in the next, and I'm sure we can and should change ours too." She bowed gracefully, smiled, and continued, "My husband, and my co-wives, and senior wife : if I have said anything wrong, I trust you will pardon me. But I have had this matter on my mind so long, that—at this opportunity—in the presence of our husband, his senior wife, and my co-wives—I could continue no longer in silence. If I have made a mistake, I beg your pardon. For my part I do not feel it has been a mistake, for I feel that it is the right and duty of a housewife to say what she thinks. I don't think any wife can be free and in love with her husband if she is not ready to speak at length on troublesome subjects. These subjects will then be smoothed out to make a more peaceful home. Peace depends on trusting each other, and home life is built on harmonious relationships between husband and wife. I thank you."

All the women clapped their hands as the wife sat down, and different views were expressed. Some said,

Africa Answers Back

"She surely can talk." Some said she was wrong; others that she was right. Some said that they would not have her as a friend. Some asked what clan she belonged to. Some made disparaging reflections upon her upbringing, and others said they agreed with every word she had spoken—and she was perfectly right. Finally there were many who were so impressed that they wanted the young wife to be the future spokeswoman of the whole group. The senior wife felt embarrassed because the subject had been brought up in spite of her opposition.

While all this was going on, the chief rose and stretched himself. He spoke nonchalantly: "I appreciate my wife's words. We need more people with her sincerity. I'm glad she said all she did. I heartily agree with her. But you all know that weak reproduce weak and the strong produce the strong. Thus we must beware lest we supply our country with the poorer stock. If you and I practise contraception, it will be a valuable instrument for our social betterment and the elevation of our country. This idea founded by our forefathers for controlling conception has come to stay with us all."

After the chief had thus spoken to the wives, the senior wife said, "We'd better have something to eat and drink. The best philosophy we can have for life is founded upon that of our forefathers."

While the refreshments were being passed around, the chief suddenly got up and walked out. His departure was not noticed for a time, as the young wives were chattering and laughing among themselves. And when they finally did notice that the chief was gone, they did not feel insulted. They just laughed to think that they had spoken openly to him and that they had expressed themselves in spite of the chairwoman—the senior wife.

PART III

CHAPTER ONE

WHEN the boy Mujungu was about ten years old, the Reverend Mr. Hubert made one of his rare visits to the chief. Everyone was glad to see him. All the young wives flocked around, for he could talk their language. This annoyed the Reverend Mr. Hubert very much. He could not understand why the chief had so many wives. So he turned to Chief Ati and asked him to make his wives stay away. But the chief replied that he could not think of doing that, because the women were so glad to see the Reverend Mr. Hubert, whom they had not met for a long time. The chief said, "By and by they'll get tired of you and then you'll be left alone."

But the missionary persisted, "Please, please, have them go away now. They annoy me, I'm tired of them."

After a while the wives began to leave, one at a time, until the missionary and the chief were left to themselves. Then the missionary said, "I have come to see you for this one urgent reason: we have started a school at which children are taught up-to-date ways of living. I want you to let your son attend the school too, so that he may understand the countries that are far from you. You know little; he will know more. I also want to teach him to read and write as I do myself. If I can secure your permission, I shall be delighted to have your son among my pupils."

The chief replied, "Yes, you may have my son, but

Africa Answers Back

remember—you refused to baptize him. How is it that you now permit him to come to your school ? ”

The missionary said, “ Well—let us forget the past. I will teach the children to the best of my ability, and make them more valuable to Africa than they are to-day.”

“ All right,” said the chief, “ I’ll let him go.”

Then the Reverend Mr. Hubert asked, “ Do you think you’d be willing to let him go with me in a day or so ? ”

“ No,” said the chief, “ I’d rather he waited and went after you had gone. I must ask the relatives to permit him to go. I hope they’ll let him.”

The Reverend Mr. Hubert left, overjoyed at his success.

Nine days after the missionary’s departure, the chief assembled his elder relatives and asked their consent to his plans for the boy. They all agreed with Chief Ati, and so he began to prepare for the boy’s departure. As was customary, the missionary school was to be opened on Friday. Clothes and supplies were gathered ; and some money was sent ahead with a messenger, who was to tell the missionary the boy would arrive early on the morning of the thirteenth. When the missionary received the message he exclaimed, “ Oh, oh, it is a pity to let a boy arrive here on the thirteenth. All our boys arrive here on the twelfth and we just use Friday as ‘ get acquainted ’ day. It is bad luck for anyone to arrive on the thirteenth.”

The messenger asked in surprise what was meant by “ bad luck.”

The missionary said, “ Ah, you do not know Western ways. Friday the thirteenth is a day of ill portent.”

“ Excuse me, sir,” said the messenger in a superior manner, “ I didn’t know you people from the Western world had such superstitions. To us the date doesn’t matter at all.”

The Reverend Mr. Hubert ignored this remark.

CHAPTER TWO

ABOUT seven o'clock in the morning, the Reverend Mr. Hubert was awakened by a knocking at his door. It was the arrival of the newcomer. The missionary hastily donned a bathrobe and went to the front door of his house. He opened it a little and said testily, "Please, please don't disturb me at my rest." Then he closed the door without so much as recognizing the chief's son. He returned to his bed, but the knocking on the door grew louder and louder, and finally the Reverend Mr. Hubert decided to dress and go out to see who was making all the noise.

At eight o'clock, when all the boys went to school for their first meeting on Friday, the missionary took the newcomer with him into the schoolroom and made him sit on the floor behind the rest of the boys. Everyone but he had a regular seat, and he was most embarrassed by the side-glances and whispered references to himself. He saw many children he had never seen before, and was full of amazement. After a hymn had been sung, the scripture read and interpreted, and a prayer said, the missionary called the attention of the boys to the fact that a newcomer was among them. His name was Abala Mujungu, and they were to treat him in a friendly way. Then he asked Mujungu to rise so that the others might know him and exchange greetings. The boy got up and said "Good morning" in a scared voice, receiving a chorus of "Good mornings"

Africa Answers Back

in reply. Some of the boys recognized him, and he began to feel a little more at ease.

The meeting was then adjourned, and the Reverend Mr. Hubert took the boy to his home in order to tell him the rules and regulations and to show him round the school and dormitory. The latter was a one-roomed structure with beds for forty-six boys in it. It was built like the ordinary hospital ward, except that it was very narrow—there being just room enough to pass between the beds. Mujungu's escorts were very much surprised to see so many beds crowded under one roof, and made quiet comments to each other about the situation. Finally they began to make a bed for Mujungu.

When the missionary saw this, he said, "No, no, let the boy make the bed for himself. We can't afford to have servants here. Each boy must do exactly as the others."

The leader of the escorts said, "One time won't hurt him. He knows how to make a bed, because all our children are taught to do many things themselves when they are young. We are just making it pleasant for him on the first day."

The missionary turned to the prefect of the dormitory and said, "Take care of the visitors and help the newcomer to adjust himself." He then said good-bye to the boy's escorts.

While the escorts were talking with the prefect, the drum was sounded for dinner. The other boys came back from their classes. The escorts and the newcomer were seated at the prefect's table. The food was divided into each boy's plate and there was nothing extra on the table. Before going to the table, all the boys went outside to wash their hands. When they returned, all stood up at the table until the blessing was said. Then they sat down to eat. Mujungu noticed that the boys

Africa Answers Back

did not have gravy or vegetables with their food. He asked his escorts in a whisper, "How can you eat without vegetables?"

One of his escorts said, "Sssh." So the boy kept quiet until the lunch was over.

The prefect then came to the escorts and said, "School starts at one-thirty. It is time to say good-bye."

So the escorts said to the boy, "We must leave you. You are on your own feet now. You are in a strange place. You must act like a good child; be a good boy; obey as you always do. Adjust yourself, play with other boys; don't hurt them or let yourself be hurt. We'll tell your father everything we saw while we were here. Good-bye and good luck."

The boy said, "Well, give my regards to my parents, my aunts, and my other relatives, and tell them I like the place." The escorts left the school, and the boy was left on his own.

At one-thirty, the first bell rang. As the students entered the school, they formed lines according to their height, the tallest in front. The newcomer did not know what they were doing. But the prefect went with him, showing him what to do and where to go. After one-thirty, the second bell rang and all marched into the school to their individual classes. The Reverend Mr. Hubert stood by the front door, watching how they marched in. He called the new pupil and took him into his own class, the first grade. This, like the highest class, was in a separate room—not in the large room where the other classes were.

In Mujungu's room there was an alphabet-block and a blackboard. On the blackboard the teacher wrote down certain letters for each student to find. After the student became familiar with these letters, the teacher gave him small blocks with only one letter on each. The

Africa Answers Back

teacher wrote again, and the boy matched the teacher's letters by selecting the proper blocks. When they were all familiar with the game of blocks, the teacher exhibited letters to the class, and called on each pupil to name certain ones as quickly as possible. After this, the teacher pronounced long words, usually their names, which the pupils pronounced after him. Then he spelled them out and had the pupils do the same.

After this, the pupils repeated these lessons by themselves. Meanwhile the more advanced pupils had been reading quietly, that is, if they had not gone to sleep, which they were likely to do if there were no pictures in the books. The teacher would box a sleeper's ear, and confusion would result. The pupils who had been slapped would wake and cry; the other pupils would chatter excitedly. Some would begin to cry, saying that the teacher had stepped on their feet as he was slapping the boy who was dozing. The teacher would make the latter stand in a corner, face to the wall; and gradually the class would become quiet. But usually, the one with his face to the wall would laugh to himself and unsettle the class.

On his first day Mujungu burst into laughter at such an occurrence. The teacher, who was sorry for Mujungu because he was a newcomer, asked him to stand up, and said to him, "I want you to remember that you are not at home any more. I want you to be a good boy, and not be silly like those boys. If you laugh again, I will punish you by slapping your wrist."

The recess bell rang while he was still talking. The pupils went out to play and the older boys surrounded Mujungu, telling him how bad the teacher was. They told him that it was all right to laugh and that when the teacher lectured him the best thing to do was to say nothing and just laugh.

Africa Answers Back

Then, as the bell rang again, they formed lines and marched back to classes. The next class was writing. The monitor passed out slates and pencils to the pupils, while the teacher was writing on the blackboard. Mujungu did not know how to hold the pencil, and the teacher showed him. While the teacher was doing this, one of the boys made his pencil squeak. The teacher turned sharply and said, "Who did that?"

One of the boys raised his hand. "My pencil did it, I didn't do it." Amid the laughter of the class, he was sent to face the wall. Mujungu had joined in the laughter. The teacher made the boy apologize for disturbing the class. But the boy said: "Fellow pupils, I am sorry. My pencil did wrong."

Then the teacher said, "I am going to make an example of you. I shall cane your hand five times." To the class he said, "All of you know that if you do wrong you will be punished. You hear!" he said, and the class replied, "Yes." And ritual-like it was repeated "You hear!"—"Yes," "You hear!"—"Yes," "You hear!" three times.

When the writing period was over, it was ten minutes to four and the teacher asked them to pass their slates to the end of the room, where they would be collected. At five minutes to four, the class was dismissed for the day.

Some of the pupils went to their dormitories and took Mujungu with them. They told him to put on old clothes that he could use for playing. He did this and they went to play. About five-thirty, they came back from playing and were told to take a bath, change their clothes, and be ready for chapel service.

When they finally arrived in chapel, they all sat down and kept quiet. One of the teachers read the psalms, which the boys repeated as loud as they could. When

Africa Answers Back

the Reverend Mr. Hubert came in, they stopped their reciting, and arose. He walked in, and when half-way to the platform, he stopped and said, "Good evening, boys." They all replied loudly, "Good evening, sir!" Then everyone sat down. The Reverend Mr. Hubert announced the number of the hymn and he hummed the tune. All rose up to sing. After this, he told the story for the day, and led the prayer. Then he called, "Stand up," and all the boys stood up. "Turn!" he said, and they all filed out down the centre of the room.

They went straight to their dormitories, because, as Reverend Mr. Jeremiah Hubert was never punctual, they were already late for dinner. The Reverend Mr. Hubert made Mujungu wait after the prayer-meeting to instruct him in the daily routine. When Mujungu got to the dormitory, he found not only that the other boys were already eating, but that he had no share. They had forgotten him. Mujungu went to the prefect to complain.

The prefect said, "Where have you been? You're late. We can't waste your food. We have just enough to keep us barely alive."

But one of the older boys called Mujungu, and Mujungu went over to him while the prefect was still talking. The prefect called the boy back, but he would not come. "I'm going to see you after dinner," said the prefect angrily, amid the tittering of the boys.

The boys whispered that they would share with Mujungu; and presently—when each had given a little, Mujungu had enough to eat. A few minutes later, the prefect sent Mujungu some food. This Mujungu sent back. "Tell him I don't want his food; I have plenty," said Mujungu haughtily.

After supper was over, the prefect looked for Mujungu. He found him outside and told him to come in. "You

Africa Answers Back

have broken the rules," he said, "therefore you had no supper."

Mujungu replied, "I was with the Reverend Mr. Hubert. If you are higher than the Reverend, I'll obey you. If you are not, whom shall I obey? Or, if you want, I'll ask him not to keep me after the meeting."

The prefect said, "Oh, that's all right, never mind, never mind. Don't ask him." The prefect was afraid of the missionary too. "Now, if the Reverend Mr. Hubert keeps you another time, get someone to tell us to keep supper for you."

Mujungu said, "You're the prefect. You are supposed to know. Do you want us to tell you everything you are supposed to do? I'll ask the Reverend to get us a prefect who can do the right things."

The prefect became very, very angry.

Mujungu said, "Well, I'll see the Reverend to-morrow. Good night, sir."

The prefect said, "Never mind seeing the Reverend Mr. Hubert to-morrow. I'll do the seeing."

Mujungu went into the study hall where the other boys were. About nine o'clock the bell rang for bed. All the other boys came back, ready to go to bed. But Mujungu thought, "I'm not sleepy." So he went outside, where the moon was shining beautifully. He asked some of the others to play outside. The other boys kept quiet lest they be blamed. They kept walking towards their beds. The prefect heard the noise; he came to Mujungu and said, "Hurry up, it's time for bed."

Mujungu said, "I'm not sleepy. Why do you want us to go to bed so early?"

The prefect said, "That's the rule of the Reverend—to go to bed at nine o'clock. It's not my rule."

Mujungu said, "I'm not sleepy. I'll see the Rev-

Africa Answers Back

erend to-morrow. I thought that we were all free to do what we wanted to."

"Did the Reverend Mr. Hubert tell you that?" asked the prefect.

"Yes."

"Well, you had better see the Reverend to-morrow."

"Yes, certainly," said Mujungu. Then he got ready and went to bed. When he lay in bed, he started talking to his neighbour.

The prefect said sharply, "Don't talk when you get to bed! Keep quiet!"

Mujungu said, "My goodness, so you treat people like slaves? You don't let them talk, uh?" The prefect was very angry. The boys tittered. Finally Mujungu went to sleep.

At five-past six, the rising-bell rang, but Mujungu lay asleep. The prefect came to his bed, "Six o'clock. Get up, get up!"

"What for?" said Mujungu.

"For prayer-meeting," said the prefect.

"I don't think I'll go to prayer-meeting. School is at eight o'clock. I'll sleep till then. You go ahead and pray for me."

The prefect was irritated but saw he was wasting his time arguing with the boy. He went off.

After the prayer-meeting, he told the boys, "Don't wake him up. Let him sleep. He'll get what is coming to him." But, as usual, the boys refused to listen to the prefect. They sat waiting on the veranda till a quarter to seven. Then they came in to make their beds. One boy pushed another on to Mujungu's bed in order to wake him up. Mujungu awoke, startled, and the prefect was furious at the two boys who had wakened him. Mujungu got up without a word, and made his bed with the rest of the boys.

Africa Answers Back

At about a quarter to eight, everyone went to his class. Those who had done wrong were forced to sit on the platform. The prefect told Mujungu to sit on the platform with the other bad boys. Everyone was surprised to see the newcomer sit on the platform in his first week in school. A few minutes later, one of the prefects read the Bible. The Reverend Mr. Hubert came in. All stood up. He greeted them, "Good morning, boys."

The boys all replied, "Good morning, sir."

They sat down, and the Reverend Mr. Hubert announced the number of the hymn. He hummed the tune in a large droning voice, while all the boys tried to look serious. The hymn over, he read from the scriptures, and led a prayer. Then everyone filed out to go to class. When they had all filed out, the Reverend Mr. Hubert turned to the three boys on the platform. He called the prefect of each boy. Each had a different fault. He caned the hands of the two other boys. Mujungu was surprised to see that they did not cry.

He came to Mujungu, "What is the matter with you? Your first week in school, and you come to the platform! Are you trying to be a bad boy?"

"Don't get excited," said Mujungu to the Reverend Mr. Hubert, "you don't know what happened. You should wait and ask me. My father never called me a bad boy."

The Reverend Mr. Hubert got very, very angry. He had never heard a boy talk back to him like that. "Don't you dare talk back to me!" he said sharply. "I know you're wrong. I don't want to hear you say another word."

"Why did you ask me, then?" said Mujungu. "If you didn't want me to talk back, why did you ask me? I'm very sorry I hurt your feelings, and I hope you will pardon me."

Africa Answers Back

The Reverend Mr. Hubert seemed slightly mollified at these last words. So he relented, and said, "All right. You state your case. What have you done and why have they brought you up on the platform? Only bad boys come up on the platform and not good boys."

So Mujungu said, "I'd rather not say anything until my prefect has told you why he put me here. Then after he has finished, I'll say what I have to say, sir."

The prefect told his story; how Mujungu came late to supper; how he acted foolishly, then didn't want to go to bed at nine o'clock; and how he didn't get up from his bed until seven o'clock.

"Is that all he has done?" asked the Reverend Mr. Hubert.

"Yes, that's all."

The missionary turned to Mujungu, asking what he had to say.

Mujungu said, "Sir, you know that after prayer-meeting was over, you kept me here. When I got to the dormitory, they were at supper. I went to the prefect to ask him where my supper was. The prefect just jumped on me without any reason at all. I tried to explain that I was with you. He said he didn't care where I was, that I was breaking the rule just the same. For that reason I didn't get any supper. So I walked off. Some of the boys collected some of their own food, and gave it to me. While I was eating what some of the boys gave me, I suppose the prefect realized that he was in the wrong, so he sent me some food himself. I refused, saying, 'No thanks, I have enough.' Then he got angry with me because I refused his food. He said he wanted to see me after supper. He didn't wait till supper was over. He came up to me and said, 'Come on outside, I want to see you.' Then he told me what a bad boy I was. I told him that I would see you

Africa Answers Back

to-morrow about him and tell you that he is not a good prefect, that he is cruel and doesn't know much. When I said that, he got angry and slapped me—slapped me twice—and all the boys were there. They saw what he did and heard everything he said. Then at a quarter to nine, he came and told me I had to go to bed. I told him I was not sleepy; I wanted to stay up. But he said, 'No, you're going to bed at once.' So I went to bed. Then at six o'clock in the morning he came and woke me up. I asked why, and he said to go to prayer-meeting. I told him I didn't want to go to prayer-meeting. So I didn't get up. These are my reasons. When we came up here this morning, he told me to sit on the platform."

Both the Reverend Mr. Hubert and the prefect were overwhelmed by Mujungu's long speech. The good missionary answered, "My boy, some of your reasons are good, some are wrong. You know that the list of rules says, 'First of all is obedience; you should not argue with your prefect.' I will not punish you this time. I want you to obey from now on. The prefect is my representative. He carries out my rules and regulations in my absence. Be a good boy and try not to be bad. Now you may go to your class."

Mujungu walked off without saying a word to the Reverend Mr. Hubert.

The missionary called him back, "Mujungu, Mujungu," with a hushed voice. "You forget one thing."

"What did I forget?" Mujungu asked.

The Reverend Mr. Hubert said, "Think! Think, yourself."

Mujungu replied after a bit, "I can't think of anything I forgot."

The missionary said, "You're silly. Don't you know I didn't punish you? You should say, 'Thank you.'"

Africa Answers Back

Mujungu replied, "I haven't done anything wrong. Why should I thank you? Your prefect should thank you."

So the Reverend Mr. Hubert said, "All right, off you go."

As Mujungu walked away, the missionary said to the prefect, "You'll have to watch that boy. He's a very sensitive boy. You heard what he said. Most of your complaints were undeserved, except that he refused to go to bed and prayer-meeting. When you find a boy like that, come to me and talk it over before you punish him. That's the kind of boy we like to have. We can't treat boys from good homes as we treat ordinary boys. We have to change some of our rules, and regulate them according to the boys' attitude. From now on, you will be with the boys more than I; and you will know their reaction. Act accordingly. Bring this matter up at the next teachers' meeting. We may change some of these rules."

CHAPTER THREE

SIX months later, Mujungu had become familiar with the school and had learned to read and write. The Reverend Mr. Hubert came to examine him. Mujungu passed successfully, and was selected as a member of the reading class that was supposed to be baptized. They had to learn the Catechism by heart and read the New Testament. After learning these, they became candidates for baptism. A holiday intervened, however, since the students received one month of vacation every half-year. But one day, as Mujungu was talking about going home, the Reverend Mr. Hubert informed him of his decision to keep him at school during the vacation. The missionary wished to avoid having Mujungu influenced by his father ; and feared that if the boy went home, he would become a sinner like his father. But all he said to Mujungu was : " You are going to live with me and learn more, so that when the examinations come, you will be ready to be baptized."

A few days later the recess began. The other boys went home. Mujungu worked every day from eight till twelve cutting grass, and in the afternoon the Reverend Mr. Hubert gave him his lessons. A month later the boys returned. Mujungu took his examination with the other boys, and passed. When he was about to be christened, the missionary sent a messenger to the chief to inform him that his son had passed the examination, and to find out what name he wanted for Mujungu. The father replied that he wanted him called Stanley—

Africa Answers Back

in memory of the friend who visited his country. He suggested the names of the two men and one woman who were to be godfathers and godmother. The old missionary agreed on the name and the godparents.

On the second Sunday of the month, they were ready to be baptized. All the candidates were given a hair-cut and were decked out in new robes. At two o'clock, the time chosen for the ceremony, all the boys in the school marched in procession to the small church. Mujungu's father arrived to see his son christened. The church was filled with visitors ; and those to be christened sat in the back row. The nine boys were baptized. After the baptism, Mujungu was known by his Christian name, Stanley.

Then they had a great feast in the school, as the Reverend Mr. Hubert had arranged, to celebrate the coming into a new life. The boys who were baptized were given more food and were waited on as though they were strange guests. After their feast, all were congratulated. Mujungu's father went back to his home. Mujungu's father's wives heard the news, and all three hundred and seventy-five were glad to hear that Mujungu had been baptized.

Mujungu got on nicely in his school work for the term. One day the Reverend Mr. Hubert went to inspect the boys in the swimming-pool to see if they could swim. All the boys were waiting for him. Mujungu was scared, because he couldn't swim. "Surely," he thought, "they'll throw me in the pool and drown me."

At that moment, the Reverend Mr. Hubert arrived at the pool. "All the boys who can swim come to this side of the pool," he said. "Those who can't swim go to the other side." He ordered all the boys who could swim to take off their clothes and go into the pool. Mujungu had gone to the side with those who could

Africa Answers Back

swim. Now he was trembling. He had hoped to be safe there, but the Reverend Mr. Hubert caught sight of him.

"Mujungu," he said, "you are the first. Can you swim?"

Mujungu replied in a trembling tone, "No, sir, I can't swim."

The missionary said, "What are you doing there? Come over here!"

All the boys started laughing, "He knew damn' well he couldn't swim."

Mujungu had to pass by all the laughing boys on his way to the Reverend Mr. Hubert. At last, he faced the missionary. Mujungu had made up his mind that he was not going into the pool. The Reverend Mr. Hubert watched those who could do the various strokes and dives. After he had selected the best as instructors for the others, he turned to Mujungu. "You who couldn't swim: you, Mujungu, come here."

Mujungu said, "I don't want to swim. I don't know how. I'll learn it later."

The missionary laughed. He saw Mujungu was afraid. That made Mujungu angry. He was so angry that he couldn't say a word. Tears of anger trickled down his cheeks. Then he broke out crying. So the Reverend Mr. Hubert walked up to Mujungu, calling one of the prefects to him. "We don't want a boy crying over nothing," he said, taking both of Mujungu's hands. The prefect then took his feet and they swung him back and forth and, clothed as he was, they tossed him into the pool.

In the pool Mujungu didn't know what to do. He howled and cried. He swallowed water. All the boys laughed, because they had undergone the same experience on their arrival at the school. After Mujungu was

Africa Answers Back

taken from the water, the missionary said, "How do you like that pool?"

Mujungu replied, "This is your first and last time that you throw me in the pool like that. You've disgraced me, and made all the boys laugh at me and got all my clothes wet. Now I'll have to walk home all wet. All right, sir, I'll never let this happen again. I guarantee that next time I'll know how to swim."

The missionary sent everyone into the shallow part of the pool. Those who could not swim held boards and kicked their legs. The good Reverend Mr. Hubert told Mujungu to take off his clothes and squeeze the water out. In about half an hour, he called everyone out of the pool, and prepared to go home. The boys left the pool, still laughing over Mujungu. Mujungu said haughtily, "Yes, I'll laugh at you when I can swim and you can't."

He was very cold when he got to the dormitory. He changed his clothes. While he was doing so, one of the elder boys challenged four of the younger fellows to a kicking game.

Mujungu said, "If you'll let me play in a kicking game, perhaps I'll get warm."

"Come on," they said, "we'll take you."

The kicking game was played barefooted.

First of all, the challenger kicked one of the boys on the thigh. He sat down, saying, "I'm through." Then another was kicked on the shins, and he sat down. The challenger knocked the third boy over. Poor Mujungu was left alone to face this grown person. The latter turned to Mujungu, and Mujungu started running. Both were running at full speed. As he came to a slight slope, Mujungu threw himself forward; and, bracing his hands on the slope, he kicked backward. The challenger was caught on the chest and bowled over unconscious. The

Africa Answers Back

students gathered round, and the Reverend Mr. Hubert was sent for. He poured water on the boy and took him to the infirmary, where he was put to bed.

The Reverend Mr. Hubert gave the boy some brandy. When he began to feel better, the missionary left him and called one of the prefects. "Ring the bell for assembly," he said angrily. He didn't know what had happened. It was just six o'clock, the hour for chapel services. The Reverend Mr. Hubert, noting this, said, "We'll start out as usual, then I'll tell you why I want to talk to you boys. We therefore won't have any scripture-story to-night."

After the prayer and the hymns, he announced the end of the service, and faced the boys. "Prefect," he asked, "what happened to that boy?"

The prefect told him that they were playing a kicking game and that Mujungu kicked the boy in the chest.

"What! Mujungu kicked him in the chest? Is he crazy?" exclaimed the Reverend Mr. Hubert.

"No," replied the prefect, "it was just a game."

The Reverend Mr. Hubert called Mujungu to sit on the platform, and turned to the students. "I have told you, often," he said, "to stop playing your own games. I have taught you new games which are played in Europe. But you are so ignorant, you cannot stop playing these barbaric games. I make it the rule from now on that no one shall play African games. I'll give all my time every afternoon to teach you Western games. I am going to make Mujungu an example for all of you. You must know that no African games may be played in this schoolyard, even your way of wrestling."

All the boys murmured.

The Reverend Mr. Hubert momentarily lost his temper. "Be quiet!" he shouted, "you ignorant, impudent

Africa Answers Back

Africans." So they all kept quiet. Then one of the boys raised his hand.

"Yes," said the Reverend Mr. Hubert, "what do you want?"

"I want to ask you——" said the boy. "You say our games are barbaric, that they are not good games. My brother, who attends the other school, broke his arm while he was playing football. That was not an African game. It was a Western game. How can you judge about that, Reverend? If our games are bad games, yours must be, too; because my brother broke his arm. Do you see what I mean, sir?"

The missionary replied, "I don't want to discuss the matter with you children. I'm giving my order and if you don't obey, you'll be put out of school. Now I'll deal with Mujungu. What have you to say, Mujungu? Do you know that you have done wrong?"

Mjungu replied, "No, sir, I haven't done anything wrong. You may think so, but I don't think so. We were playing. He is the one that challenged us, and I thought I'd warm up—I was so cold—by playing that game. I didn't mean any harm by kicking him in the chest. He knows how to play that game. We play it every day."

The Reverend Mr. Hubert said, "You, all of you are being trained away from your African habits, and towards Western ideals. But my labour seems to be in vain. As soon as I'm not there you're in mischief of some kind. As I have said, I'm going to make an example of you to-night. And from now on, no more African games shall be played on this playground."

As always, the missionary had a cane on his desk. He arose from his chair, grasped the cane, and taking chalk in his hand he drew a line on the floor. He told Mujungu to stand there with his feet on the line and

Africa Answers Back

his hands on the chair. In this posture, Mujungu presented a ninety-degree angle to the good Reverend Mr. Hubert, who whipped him ten times.

After Mujungu was whipped, he was very angry, thinking he was unjustly treated. He said not a word to the Reverend Mr. Hubert ; and even the prefects, as never before, sympathized with him. The whole playground was quiet. All the boys came to see Mujungu, telling him not to be afraid, and saying that they would play the African games anyhow. "He's old and can't understand anything but European games," said one. "I think our games are better."

CHAPTER FOUR

BUT five days later a beautiful moon was shining one night. The boys were running and chasing each other, playing another African game called Bali. Nine o'clock came without their noticing it. The other boys went to bed. Those who were playing were so occupied that they didn't come back till ten-thirty. Then they found the doors locked. They forced the door. Mujungu was leading the group. There was a prefect standing with a light. "Why did you break the door?" he asked Mujungu. "Didn't you know you were to be here at nine o'clock?"

Mujungu replied, "Do you expect us to stay out all night? We knocked and you wouldn't open. That's why we broke the door."

"You all go to bed," said the prefect; "but you're all going to see the Reverend Mr. Hubert to-morrow."

The next morning all those boys were asked to sit on the platform. When the Reverend Mr. Hubert came in, he was surprised to see so many boys on the platform, and all from the same dormitory. He was very anxious to finish the services. "Let's sing the first and last stanzas only," he said. He read the scripture and led the prayer, and dismissed the boys. And then he turned and asked for the prefect who was responsible for the boys on the platform.

The prefect presented himself. "I brought these boys," he said, "because last night they were playing Bali. And while they were playing, the bell rang; but

Africa Answers Back

they didn't come in. About ten-thirty, they came in. They found the door locked, and they broke the door. When they got in, they found me standing there. But I didn't think they were going to break the door. I thought I would let them wait a while before I let them in. They knocked only once ; and then without waiting, they broke the door. They nearly injured me. I jumped back from the door just in time. When I asked them why they did it, all the boys kept quiet. But Mr. Stanley asked me, 'What do you expect? Do you expect us to stay outside all night?' So then I told them all to go to bed. I took their names and told them I'd bring them to you. Mujungu told me I needn't take down their names, that he'd be responsible and see that they all sat on the platform. And all the boys jeered. This morning I told Mujungu and all his friends to sit here."

The Reverend Mr. Hubert said, "Did you call them when the time came?"

"No, I didn't call them. I thought they could hear the bell."

"Did you inspect their beds before putting out the lights?"

"I did."

"Did you note the empty beds?"

"I did."

"H'm, I see! When they knocked once, did you realize that they were going to break the door?"

"No, I didn't realize they'd do that."

"When they knocked once why didn't you open the door?"

"I didn't open it, that's all."

"H'm, I see. Well, go to your class," concluded the Reverend Mr. Hubert. Then he turned to the boys: "You were all playing together, weren't you, boys?"

"Yes, Reverend," said Mujungu.

Africa Answers Back

"Stanley," said the Reverend Mr. Hubert.

"Yes, sir," said Mujungu.

"Were you responsible, as the prefect said, for the boys playing the game?"

"No," said Mujungu. "I said I'd be responsible for their sitting on the platform. We were all playing together."

The missionary then turned to all the boys. "Do you boys all know you have done wrong? First, you've played African games, which I forbade. Secondly, you stayed out late. Thirdly, you broke the door."

Mujungu replied, "Sir, we realize that we did wrong; but not all that you've said. We broke the door. We didn't mean any harm or to break it. We are very, very sorry, sir. We stayed out late, but we didn't mean to. We were playing. We didn't notice the time. Our prefect should have called us if he knew the time. He just wanted to make trouble for us. He locked the door, knowing we were out. Did he expect us to live outside?"

Another boy spoke up, "Sir, will you be kind enough to excuse us this time for those two things which we did wrong? I'm sure we'll never do it again."

And all the boys echoed, "Yes, we'll never do it again."

The Reverend Mr. Hubert became angry, "Be quiet, you silly boys," he shouted.

All the boys laughed as he called them silly. Mujungu said to the Reverend Mr. Hubert, "We are very, very sorry, sir. Excuse us, please."

The missionary said, "You have spoken of only two faults. How about playing Bali? I have told you not to play African games. I am trying to teach you European ideas. How can you learn if you do not obey? Don't you want to be like Europeans? You—" he

Africa Answers Back

said, pointing to Mujungu, "you—I've had trouble with you before about these savage games. I won't tolerate those games any more."

Mujungu tremblingly answered the missionary, "Sir, you don't understand our ideas. You never teach us European games, good games, which we can enjoy more than ours. We are learning only one game. That one game is not enough for us. That's only football. Give us many games, as many as our own. Then we'll play them all, and take the ones that please us best."

The Reverend Mr. Hubert shouted, "Be quiet. I don't want you to tell me what to do. I'm not going to tolerate any impudent boys like you."

"Sir," said Mujungu with insistence, "you don't understand this Bali game. It's not a bad game at all. It's a good game. If you try to play it with us, you'll enjoy it. It's a good game."

The missionary answered impatiently, "Well, go ahead and explain it. What is it anyhow?"

"Sir, in the beautiful moonlight, nine of us stand on one side, nine on the other side—with about sixty yards between the two groups. Two of us from one side start running and try to break through the other line without being touched and at the same time they try to touch fellows there. And then——"

"I can't make any sense of what you're saying," interrupted the missionary. "Anyway, I don't care if the game's as good as European games. You are not going to be permitted to play those savage games."

Another boy said, "Sir, may I ask you a question?"

"What!" retorted the missionary, growing red. "Ask it."

"Why do you call us savage?"

"Because," said the missionary, "you are not living in a European manner. Therefore you are savage."

Africa Answers Back

"Oh, then if I learn to read and write, then I'll not be a savage."

"Yes, that's it."

At this, Mujungu spoke up, "Then I'm not a savage any more. I can read and write."

The Reverend Mr. Hubert said, "Silence! I don't want to hear one word from you."

Stanley replied. "I'm very sorry, sir. Please pardon me."

The Reverend Mr. Hubert said, "Now, you're all guilty. You've done wrong. I'm not going to whip you. But I'm going to write to your parents and tell them how bad you are. I'm going to make you cut grass for two days as working men, instead of going to school. That will be your punishment. Because there are eighteen of you, I can't whip you all. I'd break my arm, and your bodies are too hard."

The boys broke out laughing in loud guffaws, and that made the Reverend Mr. Hubert very angry. He increased their two days of work to four days. "That's your punishment, and if you get into more trouble, I'll increase it. You, Stanley—I don't want you to be the leader of any more trouble. If you're bad yourself, don't spoil the others. And I don't want to hear a word from you, even that silly, 'I'm sorry, sir.'"

But Mujungu couldn't keep his mouth shut. "All right, sir," he said, and the boys all laughed again.

The Reverend Mr. Hubert therefore decided to make that very day a working day. The boys left, happy that they hadn't been whipped.

So they went to work on the playing-field. They laughed and talked as loud as they could, to disturb the classes. They imitated the missionary and his manner of speech. Mujungu acted as the Reverend Mr. Hubert, and another boy took Mujungu's part. They carried

Africa Answers Back

on the conversation as it had just occurred. The missionary heard the imitations. He got very angry, and coming to the window of his classroom, he shouted, "Silence!" The echo of his voice was heard all over the school. The boys laughed aloud at the echo, not even knowing who was talking.

After a while they quieted down. The next day the Reverend Mr. Hubert announced that they need not work any more—that they should come back to school because it was getting near examination time.

Every teacher was revising previous lessons. All the boys were studying hard for the examinations and were looking forward to the holidays. The one who was looking forward with the most anticipation was Mujungu, as it would be his first holiday of the year. He had been away from home a year. Then, too, he could read the Bible very well. He could write. He wanted to show his playmates and his father's wives what he had learned in the school.

After the examinations were over, all the boys started to pack their things, Mujungu among them.

On Sunday morning the Reverend Mr. Hubert preached the sermon of the end of the year. He told them not to go back to their old habits, but to keep the modern customs which they had learned all the year. He told them he hoped they would be strong in resistance to temptation.

On Sunday night the last prayer-meeting was held. The Reverend Mr. Hubert announced that he would send the marks to the parents, and hoped that the boys would be in good health through the holidays. He said that he hoped to travel all through the country and meet some of his students. Then they could introduce him to their parents. "Now," he said, "we'll sing 'Home, Sweet Home' as our last song of the year. I know some

Africa Answers Back

are leaving early so I won't see you to-morrow. So, God bless you, till we meet again."

The pupils answered with a loud voice, "God bless you, sir, until we meet again." Thus ended the school year.

CHAPTER FIVE

THAT night all the boys were full of joy because they were to go home the next day. No one thought of going to bed. But Mujungu was the most pleased of all, for it was his first holiday. About twelve o'clock at night, even before he finished packing his things, the men came for him. The men helped him pack. About one-thirty Mujungu and his men left the school. They travelled all night and all day. The travelling was very slow. The roads were not smooth and many rivers were unbridged.

As they were crossing a river with a very strong current, one of Mujungu's men slipped from the log on which they were walking and fell into the water. But, as always when crossing water, they had all stripped and carried their clothes in a bundle on their heads. The man who slipped held his bundle with one hand and saved it from getting wet.

Instead of feeling pity for the man, Mujungu started to laugh. The man asked Mujungu, "Why do you laugh, my boy? You never did that before. You used to have pity for everyone who suffered misfortune. What kind of learning did you receive in school? I'm sure we never taught you that—to laugh at anybody who gets in trouble over an accident."

But another of the men spoke up, "That's all right. Let him laugh. He's been in school all this time. In school they never have a good time."

After a while, Mujungu said, "Oh, pardon me, I

Africa Answers Back

didn't mean any harm laughing at you. I couldn't help it."

That night, about fifty miles from the school, they were going through short grass about three feet high—far from any village or house. It was a dangerous place. All the animals prowled there at night. They saw some zebras running. The men knew right away that a lion must be chasing the zebras.

They heard the roaring of the lion. All the men stopped for a short while ; but finally they decided to go on, since the lion was quite a distance away. The zebras followed the men, thinking they were good protection from the lion. The roaring increased. The lion seemed nearer and nearer. Mujungu was scared stiff. But he felt sure that his father's men knew their job, and he was confident that if a lion attacked them, they would kill it without trouble.

Mujungu asked the men, "How far off do you think the lion is?"

"Oh, just near by."

They kept on their journey, and arrived at a river that was deeper than the others they had crossed. Mujungu was unable to cross the river by himself. So one of the men carried Mujungu, who sat on his neck, with his legs dangling before each shoulder. When they finally got across, Mujungu had to be massaged to ease the cramps which the carrying had given him.

At last they arrived home. His father, his men, all his father's wives and all the relatives were waiting for him, just as if he were a hero coming back from victory. Mujungu could not understand why so many people were waiting for him. Everybody embraced him. Then he went into the house.

According to custom, he sat first on his father's lap, then on his mother's and then on the laps of his father's

Africa Answers Back

wives. He would have sat on the laps of his relatives too, only he could not get through all of his father's wives at that time.

His father said, "That's all right. Let him come over to see you at your houses some time."

As Mujungu was very tired, he asked his father to let him sleep first, before visiting them. So Mujungu went into his mother's house.

First he was given water for a bath, and then some plantains to eat. But he didn't care to eat, he wanted some sweet wine.

His mother said reproachfully, "You can't have sweet wine. First we must give you some medicine. You have been away, and until you move your bowels, you cannot eat good food again."

Mujungu wanted sweet wine very much, but his mother would not let him have it. She told him, "I don't want you to talk back. I know what is best for you. You didn't go to school just to argue with your mother. You went to school to learn something, not just to argue."

Mujungu said, "All right, mother. I'm not arguing with you. I just thought I wanted a drink. If you don't want me to have it, that's all right." Mujungu had his little lunch and went to bed.

All his father's wives came to ask his mother when he was going to see them. Each wanted him to have dinner or breakfast with her. His mother did not know how to arrange it. She left it for Mujungu to make his own plans.

Before Mujungu got up, all his old playmates came round and asked for him. When told that he was in bed asleep, they started playing, and made so much noise that Mujungu woke up. He got up and called, "Who are those people making all that noise?"

The boys heard him talking and then no one could

Africa Answers Back

stop them. In they ran to Mujungu's bed. Mujungu said, "Go to my house, I'll be up there."

As is the custom, Mujungu had his own house, nurse and servant, in his father's enclosure. So the boys went to Mujungu's house and waited for him. Mujungu got dressed at once and went to his own house. Then they started telling him what they had been doing all the year. While they were talking, his father sent for him.

On his way to his father's house, the wives stopped him everywhere. It took him an hour to get to his father. They asked him, "When are you coming to visit me?" "When are you going to have dinner with me?" in a continual succession of questions. He could not ignore any of them, although his father sent three messengers to tell the wives that he wanted to see Mujungu. At last he arrived. His father told him he had been waiting two hours.

"Well, my lord, I've been talking with my mothers."

"All right, my son. To-morrow I want you to see your grandmother and spend the day with her."

"I'll go, my lord. But put it off till the day after to-morrow, so I'll be rested and fresh. You see, my friends woke me up to-day and I haven't slept at all."

So his father said, "All right, I'll send her word that you'll arrive the day after to-morrow."

Mujungu said to his father, "I'm going back to my own house, so as to get to bed early to-night."

"Aren't you going to your mother's house?"

"No, I'm going to my house. Everybody that wants to see me can come over there."

His father consented that he stay there, where he would be free to see his playmates and friends.

Then Mujungu said, "I'm going. I'll be back later. Good night, my lord."

"Good night, my son. I hope you sleep well to-night."

Africa Answers Back

He started towards his house, with many of his playmates accompanying him. The wives again stopped him, but he put them off by saying, "Ycs, I'll be over ; I'll come." He told them to call him whenever they might be ready, but he made no definite dates, lest any think he was partial. All the wives were pleased to see that.

Mujungu and the boys finally reached his house, where all the men from his own village were waiting for him. He sat down and talked with his men. Some had brought gifts for him because they had not seen him for a long time. He thanked them all, but told them that he needed a rest, and therefore he wished to have them put off their talks with him till the next morning.

Then his chums all clamoured, "When are you coming to visit me? When are you coming to visit us? When are you coming to see my parents? Spend two days with me . . ."

Mujungu interrupted, "You can draw straws. I can't visit all of you. Whoever wins—I'll spend a night with him."

They drew the straws and the child who hadn't expected to win drew the shortest straw. This made all the other boys angry.

"All right," said Mujungu, "I'll spend the night with you after I come back from my grandmother's." The boys wanted to draw another straw. But Mujungu refused, saying, "I'll sec you all some time during the day."

Then the boys challenged Mujungu to play, saying that he'd forgotten all their games.

"No, I'll play," said Mujungu.

"I hear that they won't let you play our games at the school," said one. "Is that true?"

Mujungu opened his mouth, but they all interrupted,

Africa Answers Back

"Tell us about school. Can you read? Can you write?" And everyone started to ask questions.

Mujungu stopped them, saying he could answer only one at a time.

An argument arose as to which question should be answered first. One boy suggested that the best thing to do was to play riddles to decide the matter. "Whoever wins will be the first to ask a question. If Mujungu wins, he'll be the first to ask a question. Then we can see, too, if he has not forgotten our games."

Just then Mujungu's nurse came in. "Will you all stop talking? Let Mujungu rest. Come back to-morrow morning."

Mujungu said, "Oh, nurse, let us play one of the riddle games. You sit down and be our judge."

The nurse relented, "I'll let you play some riddles. But remember—only nine and no more." For nine was a lucky number.

Mujungu divided the boys into two groups. He, as an expert, stood apart. The first group was to ask the other a riddle. If answered, it meant a point for the second group; if not, then Mujungu was to answer. If he could not, then the first group scored a point. Whoever won a point was to ask the next riddle till someone had won most of the nine points. Then that party had the right to ask Mujungu the first question concerning his school. Or, if it was Mujungu who won, he could choose the question to be answered.

The first group started with the question: "*Koi koi koi koi*, that which I keep in me, what is it?"

The second group answered, "*Lya*, eat it, and we will tell you. Let it come out."

And the first group asked its first riddle: "Our master sleeps behind the horns. What is it? *Mukama waitu arara enyuna yamahembe*."

Africa Answers Back

One of the second group answered, "Of course, that's easy. The cow sleeps behind the horns."

The first group laughed derisively, "He thought he knew." And they asked Mujungu.

Mujungu replied, "Well, I don't know."

So the first group gave the proper answer: "Our master sleeps behind the horns—is our tongue behind the teeth."

Again the first group asked: "Here are three men carrying a dead one with their teeth. What is it? *Abasaija basatu behimbere omufu namaino gabu.*"

The second group laughed. "Oh easy," they said, "oh, yes, oh, yes. The answer is—A ridge pole held by three King's posts."

So they won a point, and asked, "The stick is very little but it has a number of leaves on it. What is it? *Itagi ryomuti like baitu linyina amababi maingi.*"

The first group said, "Oh, that's easy," and everyone wanted to answer. One gave his answer, "One man has many parts in his body." But his answer was wrong.

Then Mujungu was asked, and he gave the correct answer, "The Market, because it is a small place, but has many people in it."

Then Mujungu was to ask a riddle. He asked the group from which he had just won, "I went to Buganda and people gave me a one-legged chicken to eat. What is it? *Obunagenzere Buganda, bakampa enkoko yokuguru kumu.*"

They answered wrongly, and the first group did no better. So Mujungu told them, "Mushrooms, which have only one stalk on which to stand."

His next riddle was directed to the first group: "My father's chickens laid their eggs under the leaves. *Enkoko zaisenyowe irara amahuli gazo hansi yamapapa gazo.*"

Africa Answers Back

They answered, "Peanuts. They grow under the ground beneath their own leaves." This answer won the point.

They asked, "As you return you find. What is it? *Osangaki obwogaruka.*"

But the second group could only say, "When you return, you find your own house standing in the same place."

The first group was not satisfied and they asked Mujungu.

"Search me," said Mujungu.

Then they explained, "Whenever you return home you find the threshold. *Omukumiro.*"

Their next riddle was: "I brought a thing from God that cannot be taken off like clothes. *Nkalela ebintu binu kuruga hali Ruhanga busaho nomu asobora kubinyaka nkomuntu okwajura ebyokujwara.*"

The boys in the second group couldn't answer, but sat glumly shaking their heads.

Mujungu replied, "No man can take off his ears any time he wishes. *Amatu.*"

"I think I'd better join the other group," said Mujungu to the first group. "They don't seem to answer any riddles." But the first group of boys protested. They were leading and had no wish to have Mujungu oppose them.

Mujungu asked, "An elephant that swallows something which is in its stomach. *Enjojo emira ebintu ebinya kugambira omunda yayo.*"

The first group said, "Oh, that's easy." Again Mujungu had them draw lots because everyone wanted to answer. The one chosen answered, "People on earth."

The second group laughed delightedly, "Oh, oh, you know better than that!"

Africa Answers Back

The first group, whose turn it was, thought it was simple. "It's our game," said one; "we needed only this point."

"What is the answer?" insisted Mujungu.

"The fish under the sea," replied one boy.

"Oh, oh, yes, you know the answer very well," said Mujungu sarcastically. "But it sounds fishy to me. Second group, please."

The second group answered correctly, "A house has people inside always talking. *Enju*."

That gave them the chance to tie with the first group, and everyone in the group clamoured to submit his riddle. They didn't know how to settle the problem so they asked Mujungu to help select one of them. Mujungu hid a bit of grass in one hand. The boy who guessed the right hand, asked his riddle. It was "Foreigners that are covered all over. *Abajungu bash-wekerire ensi*."

The first group said, "Oh, that's easy!" And again Mujungu had them draw lots, because everyone wanted to answer. The winner answered, "People on earth."

The second group laughed delightedly, "Oh, oh, you know better than we do, do you? But, sirs, we say you are wrong! You are all wrong. You are ignorant of the facts. Our friend will be the last man to answer. Mujungu, you know it?"

Mujungu said, "I will do my best. The answer is Peanuts." Everyone laughed. "But," Mujungu said, "peanuts are ground nuts and they are covered over. *Ebinyobwa*."

Then the game was over. Mujungu had four points and was the winner.

Everybody said, "Well, let's ask Mujungu our questions about his school."

But the nurse interrupted: "You all know, now that

Africa Answers Back

Mujungu has won the game, that he doesn't have to answer your questions in detail. He'll answer in a single sentence."

One of the boys said, "Well, we don't care, as long as we know the answer."

"Well, fellows," said Mujungu, "I will answer the question of group two."

"But we won more points," objected group one.

"Yes, but I won from you," said Mujungu. "It is in my hands to answer whom I want to."

His nurse interrupted. "Listen, son, you are going to answer as briefly as you can! Do you hear?"

"All right, my mistress," replied Mujungu. So he proceeded to answer the questions they had asked before. In a short while, everyone said, "Good night," and off they went. Some boys asked, "When are you leaving to see your grandmother? Is it to-morrow?" Mujungu replied that he did not know. But the nurse knew and said tartly that Mujungu would be getting up before sunrise, long before the boys could arrive at his house.

Mujungu went to bed. The men who were to take Mujungu came that night and slept in his house, in order to be on hand in the morning.

Early in the morning, at five o'clock, they all got up to start the journey. Mujungu hated to get up. "I thought these were holidays," he said. "I'm getting up the same time as I did at school."

"It is all right," said his nurse, "you'll have a good sleep when you come back." Mujungu reluctantly got out of bed and dressed.

While they were on their way, a heavy rain came. Mujungu and his men took off all their clothes, tied them up, and put the bundles on top of their heads. They kept on in the rain, and in about half an hour

Africa Answers Back

the downpour ended, and the sun came out nicely. So they interrupted their journey long enough to put their clothes on and became gentlemen again. Their clothes were dry, and people whom they met wondered how they had managed to keep them so. They went on, dry and comfortable, towards the grandmother's house.

CHAPTER SIX

WHEN Mujungu arrived at his grandmother's estate, he went directly to the house where his grandmother was sitting. She saw him while he was yet at a distance, and called, "*Kaije*, welcome."

And he replied, "*Kasangwe*, I find you well," and he hurried to her, kissed her, and sat on her lap.

"*Oliyo*? are you well?" she asked.

"*Ndiyo*, I am well," he replied.

"*Kurungi*? very well?"

"*Kurungi*," he replied, "very well."

And then she asked him how the journey was. He told her about the rain, and that he'd had a fine trip. Then the men came in and all knelt in front of her saying, "*Orirwe ata*? How do you do this noon?"

And she replied, "*Ndabanta*, I am very well this noon. *Muirirwe muta*? How do you do this noon?"

And she asked concerning the chief, her son, and learned that he was very well—and also that all the people were very well. So she sent for the old ladies to come and see her grandson.

As soon as they came in, she declared, "The boy is growing. He is a man now. Even his voice is changed."

There was an old lady who was always near her. She answered, "Yes, he is growing now."

All started talking, and while they did so Mujungu saluted them all, sitting in the lap of each. Everyone asked him how he liked the school. He replied that he liked it very well.

Africa Answers Back

"I heard that they don't give you enough food. Is that true?" asked his grandmother. "You do look fat."

Mujungu replied, "Oh, yes, they give us food, but not as much as we wish. We usually buy some ourselves."

One of the old ladies asked, "They don't give you milk, do they?"

He said, "Oh, no! They don't give us milk. They haven't a cow to get any milk from. They say milk is too expensive. And then, we have so many boys in school. If everyone wanted milk, it would be terrible. Who could give us so much milk?"

"By the way," said his grandmother, "how many boys are there in the school?"

Mujungu replied, "We are about four hundred, besides teachers."

Then one of the old ladies asked, "Do you all like each other? How often do you fight?"

Mujungu said, "Oh! We fight every day, but not the same fellows."

"You mean that ten or fifteen fight every day?"

"Yes," said Mujungu, "every time you turn around somebody is fighting. But they are not as bad as you think."

Mujungu's grandmother started laughing. "Let me ask you a question," she said, "and be sure to tell me the truth. How many times have you had a fight? How many times did you win, and how many times did you get beaten?"

"Well, grandmother," replied Mujungu, "I have been in three fights, and I honestly won two. But in the third fight, I was fighting with a fellow older than I am. He was a heavy fellow. He booted me and I fell on my face. When I got up, I went right at him

Africa Answers Back

and hit him on the jaw. Then some of the officials stopped us. But I knew I was going to lose that fight."

Everybody laughed. "You've found someone who is stronger than you are," said his grandmother. "That's good."

Another old lady asked, "Do your teachers whip you too?"

"Yes. When we do anything wrong, we get whipped. That's all."

His grandmother asked, "How many times have you been whipped by the teachers?"

Mujungu replied, "Oh, grandmother, I got whipped so many times, I don't remember."

"Well, that sounds bad, Mujungu. I've told you to be a good boy, and you've been whipped for being bad. It's a shame. Well, that's all right, anyhow. You're getting used to those things."

One of the old ladies said, "Can you imagine! A growing boy like you getting whipped!"

Mujungu said, "Well, those fellows—they don't care. They whip anybody. Any time you do anything wrong you get whipped. That's all there is to it."

Then the grandmother said, "Oh, yes, by the way, I forgot to ask you. Did the Reverend ever whip you?"

"Well, grandmother, I don't think he's so bad, but huh, he's a tough man. He whips you. He doesn't want you to talk back. If you yell, he'll kick you too."

Then the grandmother interrupted, "I think that when you're wrong, you're wrong, that's all. He doesn't want you talking back. You think you're men—you boys—you think you're grown up, huh?"

"Not that, grandmother. He's actually mean. That's all. But I just didn't want to tell you about him—but he's the most unreasonable old man you've ever seen. But he's all right, anyhow. He's a good fellow."

Africa Answers Back

An old lady said, "You haven't told us how many times he has whipped you."

"Well, I think he has whipped me about four times."

"Is that all?" asked the grandmother, "four times? I don't think that that was enough for you. If he were to whip you eighteen times, it would be all right, I think."

"Oh, grandmother, one time he worked us like working men all day cutting grass. We were so hungry, phew! We were so hungry! And they gave us just a little food to eat. And we all had blisters on our hands. We were all pushing machines, which cut grass."

His grandmother said, "What did you say? Machines? Does he make machines himself?"

Mujungu replied, "No, he buys those machines. We had a lot of them in school. But whenever anything goes wrong, he comes and puts it right."

Another old lady asked, "Do you mean to tell me that he is a blacksmith?"

Mujungu replied, "No, he is not a blacksmith. He's a clergyman."

"A clergyman and a teacher too?" said his grandmother.

Mujungu shook his head, "Grandmother, that man can do everything. He teaches us to read and to write. When we go in the carpenter shop, he shows us how to cut wood, to make tables, chairs, everything!"

The grandmother said, "He's a remarkable man then. You ought to make friends with him."

One of the ladies said, "You ought to make a blood brotherhood with him!"

Mujungu was horrified, "Oh, no! Oh, no! *Nangwa!* That man be my blood brother? Oh, no! He's too evil-minded. All the boys dislike him. We're just there because we have to learn something."

Africa Answers Back

His grandmother said, "You've just told us how good the man is. You're too changeable. You don't know what you want anyhow. Well, I guess we've kept you here too long for ourselves. Go ahead, the boys are waiting for you. Take a walk before dark. We'll be waiting for you at night."

So Mujungu went outside to see his old playmates. It was about five o'clock. They were all glad to see him back. One of the boys said, "You know, we've missed you." Another said, "I say, Mujungu, are you going to play with us this afternoon? Do you mean to tell me that your grandmother lets you come out to play with us?"

Mujungu said, "Of course, why not? I've come out to play with you."

One of the boys said, "Listen, let's go to the old place where we used to play before."

Mujungu said, "All right, let's go."

On their way, one of the boys said, "Could you teach us another game? Have you learned another game since you went away?"

"Yes, I'm going to teach you one right now," said Mujungu. "We'll start to play. It is played with seeds." And then Mujungu began to explain the game. It took him a long time because the boys kept on interrupting and asking questions. But he finally got through.

Then the boys said, "I say, this is good. Let's play it." So they played, with Mujungu directing them. After the end of the first game, they said, "I say, Mujungu, you have learned a lot since you left us!"

Then the men came for them, telling them it was time to go home, since it was getting dark.

"All right, we're coming," shouted all the boys. And one of them said to Mujungu, "All right, let's go." And Mujungu said, "All right," and they started home.

Africa Answers Back

One of the boys asked Mujungu, "Have you seen your girl friend since you've been back?" Another boy said, "Oh, boy, she's growing, she growing!" Another said, "She's so fat, boy; I bet you won't like her if you see her."

Mujungu said, "Oh, I have another girl friend. I don't worry about them. But I'll go see her, I think. To-morrow, before I go away."

One of the boys said eagerly, "Do you want me to go with you?"

Mujungu replied, "Oh, I know; you always liked that girl, but I'll go by myself."

They arrived at the house of Mujungu's grandmother, and the other boys went home. Mujungu had his supper.

CHAPTER SEVEN

AFTER supper, as was the custom, all the men and women sat down to tell stories. Then Mujungu's grandmother asked him if he still remembered the old story she used to tell him.

"Of course," said Mujungu, "I still remember."

"Oh, I'm sure you don't remember now. Well, tell me how the old grey parrots got their red tails."

Mujungu began :

"Once upon a time there was a man and a woman who were very unhappy because they had no children. Their house was built, like all the houses in the country, in the middle of the garden, and the garden bordered on the caravan road.

"In those days, wicked people used to come to the country and kidnap men and women and children and take them away as slaves. Sometimes they kidnapped them at night.

"One day these slave-traders met a woman with a baby girl tied on her back, and they caught her and put her with the other slaves, and drove them down the road. But they found the baby a great trouble, for it coughed all the time. So they left it in a banana garden by the roadside, and went away across the borders of the country to the distant land, where they sold the people as slaves.

"Now the garden happened to belong to the man and woman who wanted a child very much. And when the woman went out early in the morning to walk in her

Africa Answers Back

garden, she found the baby. She ran and told her husband, and they rejoiced very much. They took the little girl into their home, and she became like their own child, and called them father and mother. And because she had come to them in the early morning, they called her Dawn.

"They noticed at once that she had a curious little mark on her shoulder, like the footprint of a bird on the wet sand. But she was healthy and strong, and the cough soon went away. And as she grew up, the woman taught her how to keep a garden, and how to cook the different kinds of bananas and vegetables and sauces and dried fish. And they were a very happy little family.

"Near the house was a big tree of wild plums; and every season when the plums were ripe, the boys from the village knocked them down with sticks and stones. But one day some parrots were in the tree, and a stone hit one of them and broke its leg; and although it managed to hold on to the branch with one claw, at last it was so exhausted that it fell to the ground. Dawn was near and saw it fall, and she also saw how distressed the other parrots were—for they could not carry their brother home, and they were afraid that a wild animal might eat him if he slept out of doors all night.

"So Dawn said to them, 'Let me take care of him. My father and mother will soon treat his leg, and he will be well again, as he was before.' She took him into the house, and her father bound up the broken leg. They gave him a nice place to roost in and some nuts and water, and he stayed with them till he was quite well.

"The parrot had five brothers. They came over from the islands every day to see him, and they and Dawn became great friends. They told her many things about the histories of their lives on islands, and the strange things they saw while they were flying over the country.

Africa Answers Back

“Now in those days parrots were quite grey, tails and all, and they told Dawn how much they would like to have red tails—for that is the heart’s desire of every parrot. And the six parrots taught Dawn the recitation which every mother parrot teaches her children before they leave the nest :

Never get up till the sun gets up,
Or the mists will give you a cold.
And a parrot whose lungs have once been touched
Will never live to be old.

Never eat plums that are not quite ripe,
For perhaps they will give you a pain ;
And never dispute what a hornbill says
Or you’ll never dispute again.

Never despise the power of speech ;
Learn every word as it comes.
For this is the pride of the parrot race,
That it speaks in a hundred tongues.

Never stay up when the sun goes down,
But sleep in your own home-bed.
And if you’ve been good, as a parrot should,
You will dream that your tail is red.

“One day, while they were playing in the garden, a tortoise came up from his bed among the dry leaves and looked sleepily at them.

“He was a very old tortoise, and he was very wise. For more than a hundred years he had been saying wise things to people, and everything he said came true. When he saw Dawn and the six grey parrots he said, ‘What is your greatest desire?’

“And Dawn said, ‘My greatest desire is to see the King, but we live so far from the capital that I am afraid it will never be granted.’

“Then the parrots said, ‘Our greatest desire is to have

Africa Answers Back

red tails, for parrots love red more than any colour in the world. We would like to have tails like the sky at sunrise.'

"The old tortoise blinked his eyes at them for a minute or two, and then he said, 'Dawn shall see the King, and all the parrots shall have red tails.' And he went back into his bed of dry leaves and was soon fast asleep again.

"Quite soon afterwards, Dawn was standing by the big plum-tree on the road, and the six parrots were chattering in the branches, when two men passed. They were slave-traders, and when they saw that Dawn was alone and no one was in sight, they thought they would kidnap her.

"Dawn was so startled that they could have caught her easily, but the six parrots swooped down from the tree and attacked the men. The parrots buried their claws in their hair, and pecked at their heads and ears and faces, and scratched them down their shoulders and arms. Dawn shrieked, and the parrots screeched, and the men yelled with fright and pain. People heard the noise and came running up.

"Then Dawn told them what had happened. They caught the two men and tied them with ropes, and took them to the chief of the village. The next morning the chief heard the case, and he said, 'I think these men should be sent to the Prime Minister, and then maybe their case will go to the King. If they go, the witnesses must also go with them.'

"So Dawn, and her father and mother, and also some of the people of the village, and the six parrots, set off for the capital.

"They arrived at the Prime Minister's small council house. After he had heard the case, he said, 'It is best to take this case to the King.' So he took the case to

Africa Answers Back

the King. All the people knelt before the King. And the six parrots bowed low until their foreheads touched the ground. And Dawn hardly dared to lift her eyes.

"When the King heard the case, he said to the parrots, 'You have saved this child's life. What reward may I give you?'

"Then the six parrots bowed again till their foreheads touched the ground, and they said, 'O King, give us red tails; for that is the desire of every parrot's heart. Give us tails like the sky at sunrise.'

"And the King said, 'Your desire is granted. After the next moulting season, your tails shall be red for ever and ever.'

"When the case was over, they all knelt again; and as Dawn bowed her head, the King saw the little mark on her shoulder—a mark like a bird's footprint on the wet sand. And he asked, 'Who is this child?' And they told him her story. Then the King sent for an old Princess who was his aunt. When she came into the King's presence, he asked her, 'Do you know this mark?'

"And she answered, 'It is the little lost Princess who disappeared with her nurse, when they were going to the doctor to get some cough-mixture many years ago.'

"Then the King took Dawn in his arms, and said that she must live with him always. And he allowed the man and woman, who had taken care of her and loved her so much, to come and live with her too.

"When the next moulting season came, the parrots lost their grey tail-feathers, and beautiful red ones grew in their place. And the six parrots who had earned this gift for their tribe were sent as ambassadors to thank the King. As they bowed before him till their foreheads touched the ground, all the chiefs—and also the King—saw the parrots' red tails; and clapped their hands:

Africa Answers Back

for the colour was so beautiful—just like the sky at sunrise. Since that day all grey parrots have had red tails, and are very happy. And they love men, and do what they can to help them. And they have even taken the trouble to learn the language of men because the King gave them their hearts' desire.

"And the mother parrots added a verse to the recitation which they teach the children before they leave the nest :

Always remember that man is your friend ;
Serve him and never tire.
And be true to the King in everything,
For he gave you your heart's desire.

"Then Dawn told the King about the wise old tortoise. And they sent to bring him, but the messengers couldn't wake him up, he was so fast asleep ; and perhaps he is still asleep now."

"That's fine, that's fine," said everyone ; "the boy still remembers the story well."

Then off they went to bed, pleased with Mujungu's story-telling.

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE next morning Mujungu rested and slept late. His grandmother said, "Let him rest. You know he's just come from school. Let him rest ; he's tired." About ten o'clock, he got up, and washed, and then went to say good morning to his grandmother. He entered the house where she was sitting. First he sat on her lap and raised his right arm, and then he touched her forehead and her chin—clenching his fist between touches. He said, "Good morning, grandmother."

She replied, "Good morning. Did you rest well last night ?"

"Yes, very nicely, grandmother." And then he moved so that he might sit beside her.

Many people came in to see him, and "good mornings" were exchanged. His grandmother called one of the servants to bring in Stanley's presents. So his two men immediately brought in a big bull, and his grandmother said, "There is your present."

Mujungu replied, "*Oyo*, grandmother, thank you. *Oyo mono*, thank you very much." And everyone sitting near thanked her too for Mujungu. Mujungu told his father's men to slaughter the bull. They took it away, and killed it ; and they had a great feast for Mujungu. According to custom, he ordered that the head be given to the gate-keeper, the hump to the drummer, the liver and a kidney to his sister, and the saddle to his grandmother. Then most of the meat was grilled before the fire, and the feast began. Everyone had a good time,

Africa Answers Back

especially as the grandmother sent for wine and beer. Mujungu didn't forget his playmates. They all had their share.

When all was over, Mujungu took a walk with his playmates. They talked continually of the school. Everybody in the village came out to watch him as he passed, and Mujungu would stop and exchange a few words with them.

As they were passing one of the houses, a man stopped Mujungu, telling him there was a very old lady who wanted to speak to him. Mujungu consented to see her. He went in—some of the boys going with him—and found an old lady lying on the floor near the middle of the house.

She said to him, "My son, I cannot see you, but I can hear your voice. If I were able to come out to see you, I would come. But you see I am very weak. I am glad to hear your voice. I remember you when you were a baby and used to sit on my lap. I remember when they used to whip you, and when you'd run from your nurse and come to me. So I sent for you to hear you before I pass away. You see, I'm far beyond my time now."

Then Mujungu replied, "I am very glad to see you. I didn't know this was your house. Indeed, it is a pleasure for me to visit your house, and I hope to see you again. I will tell my grandmother that I saw you."

So the old lady said, "Well, son, God bless you. I hope I will be able to hear your voice again."

Mujungu said, "I too hope to see you again. I wish you a happy life. Good night."

Mujungu and his friends left the house and continued their walking.

One of the boys said, "Listen, I bet you've forgotten all that you used to do here when you were with us."

Africa Answers Back

Let me ask you a question. Do you see that place way up in that tree? Remember what we used to do there? "

Mujungu replied, "Certainly. We used to play there. What else did we do there? Oh, yes, I remember. We used to make traps there. We used to have a good time! "

One of the boys said, "I'll bet you couldn't tell us how to make a trap."

Mujungu said, "Yes, I can."

And then Mujungu told his chums all about the bird trap—how the noose of cowhair was put among the little tent of reeds—and how the birds stuck their heads in and got caught.

"You see!" cried another boy. "He hasn't forgotten! Mujungu won his bet all right." And on they went, till one boy exclaimed, "We must go back home, boys; it's getting dark."

On their way home, they met a man coming for them. The man stopped, and said, "We thought you'd forgotten to come back home."

Mujungu said, "Oh, no, we haven't forgotten. We're on our way home."

Near the gate, they parted. The other boys insisted that they had to go, though Mujungu invited them to visit him for a while.

"How long are you going to be here?" called one of the boys.

"I'm leaving to-morrow," replied Mujungu.

"I say, we hate to see you go away. Can't you stay longer?"

"No," said Mujungu, "I can't. They just gave me a few days to come here."

"Well, all right. We'll come to see you to-morrow before you go."

Africa Answers Back

So Mujungu said, "Good night," and went on to his grandmother's house.

He entered the house. His grandmother was sitting on her usual couch. He went directly to her and sat beside her. Five of Mujungu's old teachers were sitting there. Mujungu remembered the times he'd had trying to learn proverbs, histories, riddles, stories, all sorts of games, and the customs of his clan.

His grandmother said, "Well, Stanley, here are your old teachers come to see you. They want to know if you remember what they used to teach you. I have told them that you remembered all of the marvellous story you told us last night. Yet it seems they have a doubt in their minds."

One of the teachers said, "Well, young man, we've come to find out what you know nowadays. Let's start off with some of the proverbs I used to tell you."

So Mujungu said, "Here's one : The King is the sea."

"Go ahead," said the teacher ; "tell me what it means."

"Well, it means that the sea drowns all sorts of people ; the fisherman who is on it all the time and the traveller who just happened to take a trip. Just so, the King makes no difference in whom he taxes—all men have to pay."

"Very good," said the teacher ; "let's hear some more."

"All right," said Mujungu ; "here are a few more :

"Two Kings never rule a country.

"Lazy people always set others to work.

"Wait until you are grown up before you try to jump as far as your father.

"If you suffer in order to be beautiful, don't blame anyone but yourself."

Then another man spoke up. "Why," he said, "is

Africa Answers Back

that all he can remember now ! What ! Only five ? I do not think that he can give five more."

And the other men said, "Yes, give us five more."

"All right," said Mujungu ; "I can give you more if you want them."

"Let's hear them, then," said one of the teachers.

So Mujungu recited :

"God helps only those who work for themselves."

"The monkey cannot be trusted to give a fair judgment of forest matters."

"You never can tell if bananas are worth the trouble of making beer until you have done some of the work."

"Even a wise man does not know everything."

"He who makes friends is wiser than he who quarrels."

"Well," said the first of the teachers, "I told you that the boy would never forget what we taught him. He always had a good memory."

"Humpf," said another, "ten proverbs ! Why, I can recite hundreds. When I was as young as he is, I could give you fifty without thinking. What a business ! Praising the boy for these few proverbs ! It's a shame."

When Mujungu heard that, he became angry, and cried, "I'll give you some more, if you think I don't know them."

"All right ; let's hear them."

So Mujungu continued :

"A stick which is in your friend's house will not drive away the leopard."

"You have many friends as long as you are prosperous, not while in disgrace."

"A heart is a market-place. A person goes in and looks around the market for what he wants to buy, so each heart chooses things it likes best."

"The man who grows up by the sea is drowned at last."

Africa Answers Back

"Buffalo dung is dry on the surface, but wet and filthy underneath. An insincere friend makes a fair outside appearance, but at heart wishes you evil."

When he got this far, they interrupted. "All right. That's enough. He remembers." They were satisfied.

Mujungu said, "I'm glad to see that you are all satisfied. You didn't think that I could remember anything, but I showed you."

His grandmother said, "I'm proud, my grandson. But I'd like to ask you. Do you remember anything about the stars which we used to show you when we sat in the yard at night?"

Mujungu replied, "Yes, grandmother, I remember. I can recall some of them."

"Name about five of the stars," said one of the men. So Mujungu named them :

"The Evening Star, *Nyamuha Ibona Enganzi Yokwezi*, The Friend of the Moon.

"Orion's Foot, *Kalinga*, The Twinkler.

"Orion's Belt, *Abasuma basatu nente*, Three Thieves with a Cow."

"Venus, *Rumara naku*, The Reliever of Sorrow.

"The Pleiades, *Akakaga*, The Six Thousand.

"The Morning Star, *Nyakinyunyuzi*, Lord of Creation.

"Mercury, *Nyamuzinga*, Lord of the Island.

"Comet, *Omulyaitaza Owaruhemba*, The Eater of the Air.

"Eclipse, *Ekibunda*, Tornado.

"The Milky Way, *Ekikute*, The Straight Road."

After he finished naming the stars, his teachers were elated and his grandmother was very proud.

"Why, that's fine," said all of the five teachers at once.

"He hasn't forgotten a thing."

Then the grandmother said, "Let him rest. You've

Africa Answers Back

questioned him so much, and to-night he must get a good sleep. To-morrow he leaves early."

So Mujungu went to bed. When the next morning came around and he was ready to leave his grandmother, she was very sorry to see him go. She walked with him a little distance, for it is the custom that a visitor should not be left alone at his departure. His playmates walked half-way with him, and returned home late. Mujungu and his father's men continued on their way to the house of the chief.

CHAPTER NINE

THE boy arrived home, and went straight to his own house. He sent one of the servants to find where his father was. In a short while, the servant returned and told Mujungu that his father was in the house of one of his wives. So Mujungu sent to ask if he should come over to see him. And when his father replied that he could, Mujungu hurried over. He went into the house. His father was sitting on the couch. Mujungu sat down on his lap and said, "Good afternoon, my lord." Then he sat down on a beautiful antelope skin that was handed to him. "Grandmother sends her best regards," said Mujungu. "All's well in her village. She asks that when you send a message to her some time you also send her a couple of bottles of coffee beans."

Mujungu's father turned round and asked the wife who was there, "Will you remind me about the coffee beans for the elder?"

"Very well, my husband," she replied.

At that moment the doorman came and told Mujungu's father that some messengers had arrived from his brother. "Tell them to come in," said the chief. So the messengers came in and knelt before the chief.

They greeted him: "Your brother sends his best regards. All his people are very well. Lastly, he wants Mujungu to visit him before he goes back to school."

The chief replied, "But this is terrible! The boy can't ever rest, and I myself haven't had a chance to talk to him. What should I do? Everyone wants to

Africa Answers Back

see him. He just came back from his grandmother to-day, and here's his uncle wanting to see him. All right, Mujungu, you are going to see your uncle to-morrow. Then, after you have come back, you can rest—and we shall be able to talk. If all your relatives want to see you, I'll tell them to come over to you, instead of having you go to them."

"All right, my lord, I'll go to-morrow," said Mujungu. "How long do you want me to stay there?"

"Oh, a day or so. These men will take you to your uncle, so I won't have to send other men to accompany you—they'll bring you back."

"My lord," said Mujungu, "I think it would be better if you sent some of your men with me. Remember, the last time I visited uncle, he wanted me to stay longer, and wouldn't give me any men to take me home."

His father said, "You're quite right about that. Well, I can't send these men who just came back to-day. I must call some other men to take you." So Mujungu's father sent one of the servants to get four men to go with Mujungu. The chief turned to his brother's men, and said, "All right, you all accompany the boy to-morrow. But tell your chief that Mujungu can stay only one day. Many people want to see him, and I myself haven't seen him at all. So I want him to come back as quickly as possible. And you, Mujungu, go home and rest. You'll have to get up early."

Mujungu said, "All right, sir. I'll rest awhile and be ready to go to-morrow."

While he was on the way to his house, some of the boys came to him and told him that they were going on a buffalo hunt and wanted Mujungu to go along. "What a shame, I'd like to," said Mujungu, "but I can't. I've got to go away to-morrow."

"What!" said one. "Where are you going now?"

Africa Answers Back

Aren't you going to stay at home for a while, after all the travelling you've done?"

"Well, I have to go and see my people. You know how they are. I just came from seeing my grandmother, and now I have to go and see my uncle. I suppose next I'll have to go and see my mother's sister. I'll never have a rest!"

"I should say so," said the other. "We thought that you'd be with us, and go hunting with us. Now we can't ask you to. You'd better go and rest for to-morrow."

Mujungu continued on his way to his house. After a few moments he met one of his father's wives, and she asked him to dinner. Mujungu accepted her invitation and had dinner with her. Some of the other wives of his father were also present, and they flattered Mujungu. This made him very embarrassed.

After dinner, Mujungu thanked his father's wife and went back to his house. His nurse had his supper ready. Mujungu said, "I've just eaten, but you bring the food along and I'll sit down and eat a little with the others." So they brought the dinner, and Mujungu sat down with all the people of his house. He didn't eat anything, but merely touched a little as a matter of politeness. After dinner, everybody sat down and talked, asking about his trip to his grandmother's and whether he had had a good time or not. While they were talking, his nurse said, "You have to go away early to-morrow, so you'd better go to bed."

"Yes, I know," said he, "I know I have to get up early. But I'll get up just the same."

"No, you'll have to go to bed. As it is, we have a hard enough time waking you in the morning."

"All right," he said. "Friends, I have to go to bed. Good night."

Africa Answers Back

So Mujungu went to bed. The men who were supposed to go with him in the morning came and stayed in his house, so they could start early in the morning. The fire was banked. All the men had their pipes smoking and everybody in the house went to sleep. The smoke made them sleep sound.

Early in the morning, at cock-crow, the watchman woke up the men. The herdsmen brought milk from the kraal. After everything was ready, Mujungu's nurse woke him up. He washed, dressed, and drank his milk. Then the fire was rebuilt. A little grass was thrown on it and the house became warm. About six o'clock everybody was ready and Mujungu started for his uncle's.

They walked about three hours. They went through a beautiful region, with short grass, and few trees. Passing near one of the trees, they heard a little noise. It was the noise of a chameleon. At once all the men stopped, telling Mujungu, "Wait! There is an animal in front of us."

Mujungu said, "What! An animal? How do you know?"

One of the men said, "Did you hear that noise? Whenever you are in the woods and hear that noise, always be careful. You'll know then that there is something near by."

"All right," quaked Mujungu.

Immediately the men arranged that two fellows should be in front of him, one to each side, and three behind. Mujungu walked in the middle, and they continued onward. After about twenty yards, they saw three lions walking towards them. "It's lions!" said one man. "Well, they are coming towards us. We must face them man to man, that's all."

"Lions!" said Mujungu. "What are we going to do?"

Africa Answers Back

"Well, we all have our spears and sticks. So have you. We'll kill those three lions. It's nothing. We want you to stay still just behind us. Don't move, don't run or be afraid. Those lions will attack us only one at a time. If one of us is killed, the other lions will attack. But usually they do not attack together."

Meanwhile the lions had started roaring. While they were roaring, Mujungu said, "Oh, dear. Time for us to die. But can't we go back?"

"No, no, we're men, and lions are men too. We don't go back. If they kill us, all right; if we kill them, all right. Anyway, even if we tried to go back, they'd overtake us. We have to face them."

"But we could climb a tree," said Mujungu hopefully.

"Oh, we couldn't do that!" answered all the men in unison. "The lions would surely get us then. They'd eat us all up."

"But they couldn't climb up after us, could they?" asked Mujungu, looking at the lions with renewed fear and respect.

One of the men spoke hurriedly, "It's not that, we'll tell you later. Here they come."

As the lions approached slowly, one of the escorts said:

"Mujungu, the female is always the hardest to fight with. There are two males and one female, as far as I can see."

"No," said another, "there are two females and one male."

"Well, we won't argue about that. They're coming nearer. We'll see."

When they were about fifty feet from the beasts, the lions crouched; then one of the females came running towards them while the other two watched. The men were arranged with four in front. These men had

Africa Answers Back

alternately their spear in the left hand and their knob-stick in the right. In the second line there were two men, of which the one on the left had his spear in his left hand, and the one on the right carried his spear in his right. Both, of course, held their sticks in their free hands. The third line consisted of the last man and Mujungu. Mujungu had both spear and stick in one hand, while he used the other to beat a halloo against his mouth. The halloo, it was hoped, would be heard in the next village.

When the lioness was about five feet from the men, she stopped and eyed them defiantly. For a moment she stood there, poised on her legs, and suddenly her body shot forward. But it was only a feint. The legs of the lioness were still in the same place. Only the body had moved. During this action the men stood motionless. They knew that if they moved while the lioness did this, she would leap upon them ; but if they stood still, she herself would have to draw back in order to get her balance. Seeing that the feint was unsuccessful, the lioness drew back her body, and reared slightly on her hind-legs. At the same time she lifted up her left paw, thus exposing the heart. Quick as a flash one of the men gripped his knob-stick tightly and swung with all his might. The blow caught the lioness right over the heart, and she fell dead without a sound. When the other lions saw what happened to their good fighter, they disappeared into the woods. But the men stood motionless, prepared for any surprise attack. At the same time, men who had heard Mujungu's danger signal came running up. They found the lion lying dead, and the men standing still in their regular position. In a short while, they saw the other two lions on the next hill and knew that they were safe. They had come through unscathed. The men who came from the village

Africa Answers Back

told Mujungu how brave he was to have killed a lion. They tacitly agreed that he was the one who had done it. And the news flashed all over the country that Mujungu had killed a lion.

He told the men in the village that he and his men had to continue their journey, but that the villagers could skin the lion. Then he left one of his men to take the skin to his father.

So Mujungu continued his journey to his uncle's. Now that the lion had been killed he didn't show any sign of fear at all. They went across the river and through the woods, and the men told all sorts of stories about animal life.

At about twelve o'clock, they were resting in a cool place under a beautiful shade tree. One of the men noticed a slight trembling in the grass near by. To him it seemed as though a snake was going through. He had always heard that some snakes had grass growing on top of them, but he had never actually seen one. All at once he saw a whole section of grass moving, and he realized it was a snake. He called the attention of the other men to it.

"What is that?" asked Mujungu, very scared.

"It's probably one of those big snakes, many, many years old, which always has grass on its back."

"What!" said Mujungu. "Let's see. Can a snake have grass growing on its back? I don't believe it, unless I see it."

Before he finished his sentence, the snake lifted its head. It was moving towards them very fast and they could see that there really was some grass growing on its back.

Mujungu said, "Don't kill it, don't hit it! Let's see it. I want to see for myself. I have heard about this many times, but I don't believe it's true."

Africa Answers Back

So they all dodged to one side or the other. The snake charged right through without hitting them and disappeared into the mouth of an ant-hill.

Mujungu said, "I say, this trip is awfully exciting. We've met a lot of animals."

"We certainly have," said one of his escorts. "The man who opened the door for us gave us bad luck to-day."

The man started telling Mujungu about the snake. "It can swallow whole antelopes or even men. A friend of my cousin's was killed like that. After it swallows something it stays in one place for four months to rest. Then it goes up a tree and lowers its head, opens its mouth, and lets all the bones fall out. After the bones fall out, it changes its skin." Mujungu was very interested in the story, but he wasn't sure whether the man was fooling him or not.

Then they said, "Let's kill the snake before we go."

"What are you going to do with it?" said Mujungu.

"We are going to kill it. We do it this way. We will make a fire right on top of the hole so that smoke goes in. You'll hear the snake die. It bursts open inside." So all the men went and gathered fire-wood, while two of them watched the hole.

First they closed all the holes, so that the snake wouldn't come out. They then built the fire over the hole in the ant-hill and lit it. The fire started burning. Every time they heard an explosive sound, they knew it was the snake bursting. Mujungu was fascinated. He had never heard of that way of killing snakes. So Mujungu said, "Now that the snake is dead, can't we dig it out and see it?"

The men replied, "No, it's bad luck. You young people may do it yourselves some day, but not in our generation."

Africa Answers Back

Mujungu said, "Excuse me, sirs, I didn't mean any harm. I was just curious."

"That's the way with you youngsters," said one of the escorts. "Always curious." Turning to the other men, he continued, "Can you imagine his asking us before why we couldn't climb a tree to get away from the lions? A young fellow like him asking such questions!"

"Well, why couldn't we climb a tree?" said Mujungu inquisitively. "The lions couldn't come after us."

One of the escorts grew friendly, "Since you've been a good boy, we'll tell you. It's this way. If you climb a tree to get away from the lion, the lion gets underneath the tree, and then it—it—it sort of——" Here the man seemed embarrassed, and faltered momentarily.

"I'll tell you," interposed one of the other escorts. "You see, the lion gets underneath the tree, and makes pee-pee on its tail. Then it swings the tail round and round and round, and all the stuff goes on you, and it itches very much. And when you start scratching, you have to take your hands off the branch, and you lose your grip and fall down. And when you hit the ground, the lion gobbles you up in no time."

Mujungu looked dubious.

"That's the truth," said all the men, nodding their heads vigorously.

"A friend of my cousin's was eaten that way," volunteered one of the escorts in a grave voice.

A second man addressed the one who had told the story. "You made one mistake. The lion doesn't swing its tail round and round; it holds it like this——" And the man lifted his arm straight up into the air and vibrated it like a tuning-fork.

The one who had told the story resented the contradiction. "You're wrong," he said. "The lion does swing its tail round—like this——" And the man rotated

Africa Answers Back

his arm rapidly, imitating a windmill. Then he turned to the man who had spoken previously about his cousin. "Am I not right? Didn't the lion act that way when he ate the friend of your cousin's?"

"You are both wrong," was the answer. "My cousin says that the lion always moves his tail like this——" Here the man moved his arm up and down like a pump-handle. "That's just what happens."

At this, all the escorts took sides, while Mujungu listened with rapt attention, proud that he had learned so many new things. And so they continued until they neared the village of Mujungu's uncle.

CHAPTER TEN

ABOUT two miles from the village, they met some **A**men Mujungu's uncle had sent to meet them. They knelt before him and gave him greetings from his uncle. He returned the greeting and they started towards his uncle's place—a beautiful house which he saw on top of a distant hill.

When Mujungu finally saw his uncle, he had to go through a complicated procedure in greeting him. This was because he had not seen his uncle for a long time. First they embraced each other, each resting his chin on the other's shoulder, and shifting shoulders with each word.

Uncle : “ *Ndaba Kuki*, who is it I see ? ”

Mujungu : “ *Kunze sebo*, it is I you see, sir.”

Uncle : “ *Otyano sebo*, how dost thou do, *sir* ? ”

Mujungu, in deprecation : “ *Aa*. No, No.”

Uncle : “ *Otyano*, how dost thou do, *son* ? ”

Mujungu : “ *Ye sebo*, yes, sir. *Osibye otyano*, how dost thou do, sir ? ”

Uncle : “ *Bulungi*, well.”

Mujungu : “ *Agafa eno*, what is news ? ”

Uncle : “ *Nungi*, good news.”

Mujungu : “ *Aa*.”

Uncle : “ *Aa*.”

Mujungu : “ Um ! ”

Uncle : “ Um ! ”

And so they went on, grunting at each other loudly—then in a lower tone, until at length they were scarcely

Africa Answers Back

audible, though the lips kept on working. Each one had to be particular about his interchange of grunts, for it is thought a gross rudeness to break off after grunting only nine times.

Then they sat down, and the salutation continued :

Mujungu : " Um ! "

Uncle : " Um ! "

Mujungu : " *Erade*, art thou well, sir ? "

Uncle : " *Erade*, I am well. "

Mujungu : " *Bwera*, well. "

Uncle : " *Bwera*, well. "

Mujungu : " *Nyo*, very well ? "

Uncle : " *Nyo*, very well. "

Mujungu : " Um ! "

Uncle : " Um ! "

Mujungu : " *Nyoge*, very well indeed ? "

Uncle : " *Nyoge*, very well indeed. "

Mujungu : " Mamu ? "

Uncle : " Mamu. "

Mujungu : " *Bwera* ? "

Uncle : " *Bwera*. "

Mujungu : " Um ! "

Uncle : " Um ! "

Then, grunting at each other until they reached a lower and lower pitch, they faded out. Even after their conversation began, whenever one was at a loss for something to say, he would return to and repeat the salutation till a new subject occurred to him.

Mujungu had a lot of experiences to tell his uncle. His uncle praised him highly. " My boy, my boy, you'll be a great man some day. You even fought the lion. That is remarkable. "

" Well, yes, " said Mujungu. " I'm trying to do my best. God knows what I'm capable of doing. "

Africa Answers Back

His uncle replied, "Yes, my son, trust in God. Through Him all men become great."

After that his uncle sent one of the men to bring Mujungu's presents. In a short time they brought a big billy-goat and also many kinds of foods. Mujungu thanked his uncle for the gift and he told his men to slaughter the goat. As was customary, Mujungu gave his uncle the left foreleg with some of the liver. He ordered part of the rest to be roasted and part to be boiled. Many people from the uncle's village came to see him. They had a great feast that evening. And all the people went back talking of how fine Mujungu was and how well he had developed as a man.

That night his uncle ordered one man to go to the bush before dark, to get some herbs to make a bath for Mujungu. The uncle realized that it was the first time Mujungu had seen action with animals and that he would probably have difficulty getting to sleep. He gave beer to Mujungu's men, who drank, sang, and danced. Mujungu felt sleepy and so his uncle told him to go to bed. But when he got into bed, he found he couldn't sleep. He was too upset. He dreamed of the lion which he had seen, and he began to howl and groan in bed.

His uncle said, "I knew that was going to happen."

But Mujungu knew nothing. He howled and cried, "The lions are killing me. The lions are killing me."

His uncle ordered two men to take him out of bed, squeeze the herbs and bathe him with the mixture, then rub him with cow-butter. After that they put him to bed again. By this time, he was very tired, and went promptly to sleep, making no noise.

When he got up the next morning, his uncle couldn't convince him of what had happened. "I'm a man,"

Africa Answers Back

said Mujungu. "I wouldn't dream of the little animal I saw. You're joking with me."

Soon breakfast came in. It was composed of eggs and plantains. "You're supposed to go home to-day, aren't you?" asked his uncle.

"Yes, sir, I'm going to-day."

"No, sir, you can't go to-day. You're staying until to-morrow, so you can have a rest. You didn't get any rest at all last night."

"But, uncle, I have to go back to-day."

"No! You're going to rest to-day. And besides, everyone didn't have a chance to see you yesterday. You are going to stay until to-morrow. All the men know that you aren't going to stay here one day. Two days is better. Be quiet and don't argue. One day never made a man poorer."

Mujungu couldn't do anything. He had to stay.

Everyone came to see him, old and young. By afternoon, he was tired of receiving visitors and he proposed that he and his uncle take a walk.

On the walk his uncle pointed out several hills near by which had belonged to his ancestors; and he named those that were buried on the top of each hill. Mujungu began to perceive that his people owned a lot of property. After about an hour, they came back. It was then nearly six o'clock. Mujungu went to take a bath, and after that supper was ready.

At the conclusion of the evening meal, all the men gathered in the same house, and beer was served. As it was usual to tell stories on such an occasion, they began to choose the one who should tell the first, and all were anxious that Mujungu should do so.

"Well," said Mujungu, "if you want me to tell a story, I'll tell how Kyikaraba killed a cannibal."

"Let's hear it," they all said.

Africa Answers Back

So Mujungu began :

"Once upon a time a man married a wife and he had six children by her. When hunger began to bite, he said, 'Let us go to a place where there is food to eat.'

"So they started. They reached a river which was overflowing its banks. 'What shall we do?' they said. 'The river is so full and is running so high.'

" 'I will get you across,' said the father.

"So he ferried across four of the children, leaving two, a girl and a boy, the girl having a bump on her belly-button and the boy having a rash on his face.

" 'As for you,' said the father, 'I have no intention of taking you across the river ; I am tired. I shall not take across children who have bumps on their belly-buttons, or rashes on the face.'

"So off they all went, husband, wife and four children. The two children who were left behind then started to follow the course of the river. Two dogs had been left with them, called Black and Red. Seeing some ants carrying grain, the boy said, 'Let us follow the ants and see where they came from, and pick up grain on the way.' By doing this they came to a cave full of grain.

" 'We're saved,' they said.

" 'Grind some grain and cook for us,' said the boy Kyikaraba to the girl.

"So she ground some grain and made porridge.

"They spent several days there, and during that time the boy planted a castor-oil tree. Then he said, 'I am going away.'

" 'Where are you going to?' asked his sister.

" 'I am going into the heart of the country over there,' said Kyikaraba : 'If you see my castor-oil tree dying, you may know that I am dead. I am going to take Red with me, but I will leave you Black.'

Africa Answers Back

"So he went away with his dog, leaving the other with his sister. Coming to where a buffalo was lying dead, the dog sniffed at it, but did not eat any. So the boy also did not eat any. Passing on, the dog drank some water, so the boy also drank. He spent ten days on the journey and at length came to a kraal that had only women living in it.

" 'Where have you come from?' said they.

" 'From the heart of the woods over there,' replied the boy.

" 'There's an old woman in that kraal there,' said the women, 'who eats people. She has finished off all the males.'

"The old woman happened to see the boy, and said, 'Come into the kraal, my grandson.'

"Then the old woman cooked him some porridge; but the dog left the porridge, and took only the vegetable. So the boy Kyikaraba did the same.

" 'Why are you leaving the porridge, my grandson?' said the old woman.

" 'Oh, it's our custom at home,' said the boy, 'to eat the vegetable and leave the porridge.'

"So he ate the old woman's vegetable, but left the porridge uneaten. In the afternoon he was called to a meal by the same old dame. This time the dog ate the porridge, but left the vegetable. So the boy did the same.

" 'But why do you eat the porridge all alone and not the vegetable?' said the old woman.

" 'It is the custom of our kraal. In the afternoons we always eat the porridge and leave the vegetable,' said Kyikaraba.

" 'Good night, then,' said the old woman.

"So the boy lay down to sleep, the dog lying at his head. Then the old woman stole up stealthily with a

Africa Answers Back

red-hot poker and attempted to put it in the boy's ear. But the dog gave her a bite, and she called out, 'Your dog is biting me, my grandson.'

" 'Do not come near to the place where I am lying down, for you may be bitten,' said the boy, 'lie down and sleep over yonder.'

" Later on the old woman arose from her bed and having put on water to boil, tried to put it in the boy's ear as he lay asleep. But again the dog bit her, and so she gave up the attempt.

" In the morning he left the kraal, but the old woman remained behind. She dug a pit close to the gate, and then called the boy, saying, 'Come in and eat.'

So he walked the boy with his dog in front of him ; but because the dog entered by the side gate, he also entered that way.

" 'Why do you choose to come in by the side gate ?' asked the dame.

" 'Well,' said the boy, 'that's what we do at our kraal. On odd days we enter by the side gate and on even days by the main gate.'

" 'Then have some of that porridge,' said the old woman.

" Kyikaraba ate it, since the dog did so. He ate the porridge and vegetable. He then went out, leaving the old woman alone. This time she started to dig a hole in front of the side gate, and in the afternoon she called the boy again. But as the dog was about to reach the front gateway, he turned back ; and when he tried to go in by the side gate he turned back again. So the boy said, 'I do not want anything more to eat to-day.'

" 'What ! Are you going all day without anything to eat ?' said the dame.

" 'Yes, that's what I mean to do ; it is what we do at our kraal.'

Africa Answers Back

“ ‘Well, my grandson,’ said the woman, ‘please go and cut me some firewood in the woods over there.’

“ ‘All right, let us go,’ said the boy.

“ ‘But leave your dog behind,’ said the woman.

“ ‘I cannot leave my dog behind ; I like to have him with me.’

“ ‘No, leave it behind this time,’ said the woman.

“ So he left the dog behind, and they came to where there was a dried-up tree in the middle of a little pond. The old woman asked him to climb up the tree and cut it down.

“ ‘But how shall I climb that tree and cut it down when it is in the centre of a pond ?’ asked Kyikaraba.

“ ‘Please climb up and cut,’ ordered the old woman.

“ So he climbed the tree and started chopping. Then the old woman called out, ‘To-day you die, you who are so cunning.’

“ ‘But why should you kill me ?’ asked the boy.

“ ‘Ah ! I shall just kill you,’ replied the woman.

“ Then Kyikaraba called his dog. But the old woman said, ‘I shall cut you down with my big teeth,’ and commenced biting the tree. Just as the tree was beginning to fall, up came the dog and bit the old woman ; whereupon the boy came down from the tree with his chopper and cut the old woman up into very many pieces. Just then up flew her child, a bird called Sparrow.

“ ‘Why have you killed my mother ?’ said the bird angrily.

“ ‘I killed her because she tried to kill me.’

“ ‘Well, I shall kill you in revenge,’ said the bird.

“ The bird, as it was speaking, was perched on a stone. The bird was so big that if it had tried to settle on a tree, it would have broken the tree at once. As the bird tried to eat the young man, up came his dog again. The bird caught hold of the dog and would have killed him

Africa Answers Back

but Kyikaraba swung his axe and cut the bird into a lot of very small pieces. Then he cut some wood and burned both the old woman and the bird to ashes.

"On going back to the kraal the people said, 'Where have you been?'

"'I have killed the old woman and her child,' said he.

"Then they all saluted him as their chief.

"'But why should I be your chief?' said the young man.

"'Because you have killed the one who was devouring us—who used to leave the girls alone, devouring only the men. On account of this the men had to live in the thickets, whither we took their food. The old woman, on the birth of a male child, used to devour it, leaving the girls alone.'

"'Very well,' said he, 'then I am your chief as you have said.'

"After staying there some time, he said to them, 'I have left my sister behind on the way; I want to send someone to go and bring her.'

"'But how shall we know the way?' said they.

"'Oh, the messenger will know it, for I shall send my dog with him. What the dog eats, he must eat, and what the dog leaves alone, he must leave alone. The path the dog takes, he must take also.'

"So the messenger started off with the dog, keeping it in front of him. On coming to where a buffalo had been killed, the dog sniffed and left it alone; on coming to where a bush-buck had died, the dog ate it, and so did the man; where the dog rested at midday, the man rested; where it drank water, he drank also; until at last they came to the place where the sister was. The dog wagged his tail on seeing her. Whereupon she

Africa Answers Back

said, 'My dog has come alone; where has my brother stayed? Is he dead?'

"'No,' answered the man, 'your brother is our chief.'

"'But how can he be your chief, when he was once such a poor, afflicted fellow?'

"'He is our chief because he killed that old woman who was there—who ate all the people who were males.'

"'I once saw,' said the girl, 'some of the leaves of the castor-oil tree that had faded; but during these last nine days it has been flourishing again. This tree always tells me what my brother is doing. When my brother is suffering, the tree also suffers. As long as he is all right, the tree grows nicely.'

"'I have been sent to take you along,' said the man. 'Let us go.'

"'Very well, sir,' said the girl.

"Then off they started, the two of them together, taking the two dogs with them. They spent nine days on the way, and the dogs had many, many puppies born to them during that time. When the girl had reached the place where her brother was, she was welcomed by the young man, who said, 'You have come, my sister, *Kaije, mwana wamau*.'

"'Yes, I have found you alive, *Kasangwe*,' answered the girl.

"'I was on the point of death,' said the young man, 'by that old woman who was here; but now I have managed to kill her. Then the people said to me, "You are our chief." So go, my sister, to the husband to whom you are betrothed.'

"'Very well, my brother,' said the girl.

"So they lived there, and Kyikaraba became the chief of the lion clan, elephant clan and other men who lived in that land.

"And," said Mujungu, "that's all."

Africa Answers Back

Mujungu's uncle spoke, "That was a long story and a good one. It will do for the evening. After that we don't need any more stories. Let's sing."

Most of the men, as they sang, became more and more intoxicated. They sang until—one by one—they slipped down and fell asleep. As Mujungu's uncle noticed this, he said, "Well, we may as well break up the party and go to bed. You're all getting drunk now." So they all went home and Mujungu went to bed. Mujungu's uncle said, "I'll wake you in the morning, as you have to leave. You see that this day was a good rest for you, wasn't it?"

In the morning, Mujungu rose, and had his breakfast. Then he was ready to go. He embraced his uncle, said, "Good-bye," and left.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

ON the return trip, the party took another road. The sun was hot, but as they went through the shady woods, they did not feel the heat. They crossed some small mountain lakes. The whole journey was pleasant and uneventful.

As Mujungu neared his home, his father, hearing of his coming, came out with all his wives and men to congratulate Mujungu for killing a lion.

When Mujungu came up, his father embraced him fervently. "My son," he said, "O my son, you are so strong and brave! I can't imagine what you will be when you are a man!" And all clapped their hands for Mujungu.

His father led Mujungu to the house of the senior wife. They sat down, and again Mujungu found himself congratulated and applauded by a crowd of people. When his mother came in, Mujungu arose and sat in her lap. "My boy," said she, "I don't know what to say, you've been so brave."

"I don't know what to say, myself," said his father, "but I think he ought to stay with us now and not travel off any more."

"Absolutely," replied his wife. "He hasn't been with us since he first came here."

"Yes, my lord," said Mujungu. "I don't think I'll go anywhere now. I'm tired. I came to rest. It's nearly time to go back to school already. If people want to see me, let them come here to do so."

Africa Answers Back

"All right," said his father. "Your aunt wanted you to go and see her. But I don't know what we are going to say to her."

"Well, let her come over. Send her a message."

"I'll send her a message," said his father. "But you'd better go to bed early to-night and rest. For you are going to be with me from now on."

"Very well, my lord," said Mujungu. And Mujungu left, after saying good night.

On the way home, he met all his friends who were waiting for him. "I say," they said, "you have become a wonderful man—killing a lion! I wish I were in your place."

"Aw, don't wish you were in his place, he's just lucky. You know he didn't kill a lion himself. Somebody killed it for him."

"Well, that's better than nothing."

Mujungu said, "You fellows get on my nerves. You argue so much. Every time a thing turns up, you always argue, argue, argue. Can't you agree once in a while?"

One of the boys said, "Well, we don't argue because we want to argue. We just try to think. We want to find out the right thing."

Mujungu replied, "It's foolish to tell me that. I know you think, but I never see a thinking man argue with another man, unless they absolutely can't agree."

"Well, we'll argue about that to-morrow," said the boy. "You've been walking all day and we know you want to rest."

But Mujungu said, "Oh, come on and have some supper with me. It's all ready."

Some of the boys accepted the invitation, and they went into the house to eat.

Immediately after supper, Mujungu went to bed.

Next morning, Mujungu slept so soundly that his

Africa Answers Back

nurse had to wake him up about ten o'clock because his father wanted him. Mujungu got ready in a hurry and went to his father.

When he arrived, his father said, "Son, we waited for you at breakfast, but you slept too late. We've had ours already ; but if you want some, you can have it."

"Yes," said Mujungu, "I'll have some, I was just resting." And after eating a little breakfast, he came back and sat down where his father was holding a council-meeting. All the men were sitting, talking politics—gossiping about the things that were going to happen, and about all that had happened. Mujungu listened.

Then Mujungu's father said, "Well, according to our condition, ordinary men as we are—though some of us are chiefs—we never keep leopard or lion skins. So I am sending the lion skin to the King. Would you like to take it to the King yourself?"

"No, my lord," said Mujungu, "you'd better take it. It is your honour, not mine."

"Well, we'll send it to the district chief, who can give it to the Prime Minister. He will present it to the King. If the King wants to see who is sending the skin he'll send for me." So Mujungu's father dispatched three men to bear the skin to the district chief.

When the men presented the lion skin to the district chief, they were told, "Why didn't the chief come himself? Does he not feel honoured to present the skin to the King? I can't give this to the Prime Minister. It is better that he go to the Prime Minister. Will you please take this skin back. Tell the chief it is not my property. He can take it to the King himself without my aid." So the messengers came back to Ati and told him what the district chief had said.

"Well," said the chief, "I'll take the skin myself. I will go to the capital early in the morning. If I catch

Africa Answers Back

the Prime Minister before he goes to the Parliament, he will make arrangements for my seeing the King that same day." So the men got ready.

The next day the chief arrived at the Prime Minister's enclosure at the capital city. He waited a while until a page came in to see who was there. The chief said, "I'd like to see the Prime Minister, please."

"Yes, my lord," said the page.

The page went to the Prime Minister, and kneeling before him, said, "Chief Ati and his son are here to see you." The Prime Minister had them ushered in.

When the chief and Mujungu entered, the Prime Minister motioned them to take a seat. Before they sat down, they knelt in front of the Prime Minister and said, "Good morning, sir."

"Good morning, good morning," said the Prime Minister. "I didn't expect to see you so soon."

The chief said, "I myself didn't expect to be coming to the capital either, but I had to come with this boy."

"I'm glad you came over, anyhow," said the Prime Minister. "We haven't seen each other in a long time."

"Well, we came to see you," said the chief, "because we have some of the King's property, and as we couldn't keep it, we came to see you."

"What! King's property?"

"Yes, my boy here killed a lion, about nine days ago."

"What, he killed a lion! That youngster there! How did he kill it? I think you're joking."

The chief replied, "No, I'm not joking. It's a fact."

"Positively?"

"Absolutely!"

"Well, let's hear it. How did he kill it? Tell us, young man."

Mujungu said, "We were going to see my uncle, and

Africa Answers Back

a lion charged us. There were three of them, and we happened to kill one of them. That's all that happened."

"All right, son. I'll take you to the King this morning, and present you to him. I'll do that before anything else. That's a remarkable boy you have, Chief Ati."

The Prime Minister sent a message to the King that he was coming over before the Council meeting, as he had some matters to bring up. And in a few minutes the messenger came back with word that it was all right. So the Prime Minister, Chief Ati, and the other chiefs and Mujungu went to the King's palace.

The Prime Minister asked the chief and his son to come with him as they entered the palace. The chief's men followed him with the big lion skin. They waited at the second gate. The chief and Mujungu followed the Prime Minister into the third court. There they waited while the Prime Minister went on through the fourth court and to the fifth court, where the King's house was located. Then the Prime Minister informed the King of the presence of visitors. The King ordered them to be ushered in, and when they entered, they knelt before the King and saluted him. They continued to kneel while the Prime Minister gave his report. "This is one of your Majesty's chiefs and his son who is at school. They have brought the King's property. Your chief's son is the one who killed the king of beasts."

The King asked, "Where is the skin?" So a messenger ran to the gates and brought in the skin and opened it. Then the King said to Chief Ati, "Very, very, very nice, Chief Ati. You have a remarkable son, a brave one. How could he kill a beast like this? He is a great man. I am sure the King appreciates seeing how the chiefs' sons outbrave their fathers."

After everybody had heard what the King said, they

Africa Answers Back

got down on both knees and made the gesture of thanks—palms held together in front of the face and hands swept down to the side, while saying three times, "*Tweyanze, Tweyanze, Tweyanze*, we thank you."

Then the King said, "I think your son and you deserve a present." He turned to the Prime Minister and said, "I think the King should give a present to Chief Ati and his son, don't you?"

The Prime Minister replied, "Very well, your Majesty, whatever your Majesty wishes."

The King said, "Could you increase Chief Ati's possessions?"

"Very well, your Majesty, I shall."

"Give the brave young man one village in his own name."

"Very well, your Majesty."

"Give him two cows, as well."

Then all fell down and praised the King, and thanked him by lying prone upon their stomachs—first putting their left checks and then their right to the ground and saying, "*Tweyanze, Tweyanze, Tweyanze*, we thank you." Then they returned to the kneeling position and made the same hand gestures as before.

"Oh, yes," said the King, "this young man is at school. I saw him at the missionary's school when I was there. Weren't you there?"

"Yes, your Majesty," said Mujungu. "I was there."

"Well, I want you to study hard," pronounced the King. "Be brave in your studies as you have been in fighting the lion. How many years have you been in school?"

Mujungu replied, "This is my second year, your Majesty."

The Prime Minister said, "Well, Chief Ati, the King has a very high regard for you and your son. He wishes

Africa Answers Back

that your deeds may not stop here, and he wishes you continued prosperity."

Then the Prime Minister and the chief and his son backed out from the King's presence. When they got to the gate, they turned and walked off, while the Prime Minister told Chief Ati, "Your son has become a member of the King's order of Mutongole, and I am going to give him a village near yours. And you, young man, must come over to visit me, whenever they give you time to visit at school."

Mujungu replied, "Yes, sir, I shall."

With this, the Prime Minister went to council meeting and Mujungu and his father set off for home.

When they approached their estate, all the chief's wives came out to greet them.

"My wives," said the chief, "my son is a wonderful young man. I don't know what to do about him. I may as well give him his own home, his own villages, his own people, and let him be just as much of a man as I am. I am proud of my son."

All his wives and people congratulated the remarkable young man. The chief went into his senior wife's house, where he had asked Mujungu to have supper with him.

Mujungu became more and more embarrassed at all the adulation he was receiving.

At supper, as the chief and some of his relatives were eating, one of them said, "It is better that Mujungu should stay at home now. Let others come to see him."

His father replied, "No one is going to ask for him now. Let him rest till school opens. He's getting popular now. He is known to the King, to the Prime Minister, and to the other chiefs that we met at the capital. He had better stay at home, and I think he'll be safe. Too often when a young man gets popular, he loses his head." Everyone agreed at once.

Africa Answers Back

When Mujungu entered, the chief said to him, "Come over here and sit down." This Mujungu did.

After dinner, everyone left except a few. Some of the chief's wives, about fifteen, came in. The senior wife said to the chief, "Our beloved husband, you know Mujungu hasn't been with us for a long time. We'd like to hear him read the Bible. We haven't heard him read before."

"That's an excellent idea!" exclaimed another. "I'd like to hear him read."

"Oh, you'd like to hear him read?" said the chief. "He can read, or he wouldn't have been baptized."

"I'd like to hear how the Bible sounds, what words they have in the Bible," said another. "I hear they teach it to him in our language."

"I would, myself," said the chief. "Son, will you read for the ladies?"

"I haven't a book here," said Mujungu. So they sent for a book, the servant being directed to bring the largest book in Mujungu's house. The servant returned in a few minutes with the Bible. He handed it to one of the wives, and it was passed on to Mujungu. The senior wife asked, "What's the name of the book?"

"Well," said Mujungu, "this is the Bible, the book that the Reverend Mr. Hubert reads to you when he comes round."

He opened the book and said, "What sort of stuff do you want me to read? There are all sorts of things in this book."

"Is there any story about a strong, handsome man in a fight?" asked one of the wives.

"Oh, no, I'd rather hear a love story about a girl who married a King," said another wife.

"That's right," interposed the chief, "let's hear some-

Africa Answers Back

thing about a King. Is there anything about kings in the book ? ”

“ Yes, there is,” said Mujungu, taking a sneaking look down the table of contents, “ here’s a long, long story that’s called *Kings*, I can read some of this.”

And then Mujungu began to read about King Solomon, the wisest man who ever lived. The chief and his wives listened intently when Mujungu read about the temple and Solomon’s great wealth. Soon Mujungu came to the place where Solomon’s wives are discussed. He read :

“ Now King Solomon loved many foreign women together with the daughter of Pharaoh, women of the Moabites, Ammonites, Edomites, Sidonians, and Hittites ; of the nations concerning which Jehovah said unto the children of Israel, ye shall not go among them, neither shall they come among you ; for surely they will turn away your heart after their gods : Solomon clave unto these in love. And he had seven hundred wives, princesses, and three hundred concubines. . . .”

A look of pained surprise came into the chief’s face. “ That’s enough, son,” he said quickly.

One of the wives said, “ That’s a very good book, very interesting.”

And the chief spoke up, “ You can go now, son. Some of the boys are over there. They may be waiting for you.”

As soon as Mujungu left, the chief said to his wives, “ Did you hear what my son read ? ”

They replied, “ Certainly we heard.”

The chief called the servant, “ Will you go and call three other senior-group wives for me, please ? ”

The servant said, “ Yes, my lord,” and went for them.

When they arrived, the chief said, “ I have called you



"NOW KING SOLOMON LOVED MANY FOREIGN WOMEN

Africa Answers Back

together now to discuss a matter. A very serious matter. The other wives here have heard what I'm going to tell you. You were not here when we got the information.

"We were sitting here after supper. My senior wife asked Mujungu to read some of Reverend Jeremiah Randolph Hubert's book. He read to us. We all were shocked. Our boy read that a certain King called Solomon had seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines. That makes one thousand, and this man told me before that everything in the Bible is true. That the word in the Bible is God's word. And that every Christian man had but one wife. He said that I was a sinner, living in sin. What the Bible says you have just heard. So we have called you to talk over this matter."

Then one of the junior wives—who had stolen in during the excitement—said, "Do you want my real opinion about that man?"

"Yes, that's what we want to hear."

"I don't think he's trustworthy. I never take his words seriously."

"I have suspected for a long time," said another wife, "that this man was not telling us the truth."

"I told you so ; I knew it all the time," said the senior wife with an air of triumph, "but you didn't believe me. A man always takes another man's word."

Another wife said, "I always imagined that man was lying."

Another said, "Ha, ha, your son will find him out. He can read his books, too ! The Reverend Mr. Hubert can't tell us lies any more."

The chief said, "I think it's best for me to see him and talk it over. We'll settle the matter once for all. When Mujungu is ready to go back, I'll go with him and find out the actual truth."

Africa Answers Back

"Yes," said one of the wives. "It is better for you to go to him this time. We don't want to see him any more."

"I could never make out," observed another, "how he could come from a rich family and good country and have only one wife."

"That's been puzzling me," said the chief, "but I don't think he came from the best of families in his country. Well, we'll find him out."

So the conference ended, and all the chief's wives heard that the Reverend Mr. Hubert's book had told of a man who had seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines. Everywhere in the chief's villages, they were talking of the man who had one thousand wives. Every time two people met, they discussed the situation.

"Have you heard of the man who had one thousand wives?"

"Well, he was a rich man, that's all."

"This man who came here with the book and told us we should have only one wife—why, he's the poorest man we've ever seen! He never even brought a cow when he came. Anyone can buy a cow, but he didn't have any!"

"That's true. Well, a person can fool people, but he can't fool people all the time. I wonder what he's going to say when the chief asks him about it."

"Well, if you ask me, he's just going to tell another lie, that's all."

"But if he tells another lie, I don't think the chief will ever talk with him again."

"In that case I wouldn't blame the chief. It's better to tell the truth."

The next day, all the wives who met Mujungu said, "Good morning, good morning, Mujungu. We'd like

Africa Answers Back

to have you read to us. We want to hear more of the Reverend Mr. Hubert's book."

"Certainly," Mujungu said, and he went to the ladies' houses and read the Bible for them. He also told them geography and informed them that the earth was round—not flat as they thought.

Then they went and told everyone that Mujungu had said the earth was round. "Imagine! He told us the earth is round, but he couldn't make us see it." And so every morning people came to Mujungu, asking him to read something for them.

Mujungu was kept busy every day. He couldn't even play. He read the history of the Roman Empire and of Sparta. He read *The Merchant of Venice*, and *Romeo and Juliet* for them. Some of the people believed that these books described actual happenings. "Why, I didn't know those people had love!" said someone.

Mujungu spent part of each day reading, but he went to bed early and got up late.

One day his father asked when school would open.

"It opens on Friday," said Mujungu, "the fifteenth of this month."

"I want to go with you and see the Reverend Mr. Hubert," Chief Ati informed him.

"We can see him on the fourteenth, before school opens," said Mujungu.

"That's a good idea." Then the chief called his men and told them to prepare for the trip.

CHAPTER TWELVE

WHEN everything was ready, the chief said, "I think I'll buy you a bicycle. You have been a very good boy all during the holidays. As the school is near the capital, we can get it before we stop at the school."

"That's great," Mujungu said, "I've always wanted a bicycle. I was afraid to ask you."

"Oh, yes, son. Father always knows," said the chief.

Mujungu thanked his father and said, "I'll try to do my best."

His father said, "Now I don't want you to be a bad boy just because you have the bicycle. I want you to keep the rules and regulations of the school."

"Yes, my lord," said Mujungu.

They decided to leave early, two days later, because they wanted to see the Reverend Mr. Hubert and have time to buy a bicycle before the opening of school. They bought the bicycle, and when they came to the school, they left the things at the gate-keeper's hut. Mujungu and his father went in to see the Reverend Mr. Hubert. The missionary saw them coming and was glad to see them. He came out and invited them into the living-room.

"How did Mujungu spend his holidays?" asked the Reverend Mr. Hubert.

"Oh, he was very busy, visiting his relatives. And he also had some experiences with wild animals."

Africa Answers Back

"What!" exclaimed the missionary. "He had experiences with animals?"

"Yes," said Mujungu. "I had some. I saw some lions. I'm old enough to know about lions now."

The missionary said, "That's fine, son. I'm glad you didn't get hurt. Why have you come back so early? Did you want your father to see me?"

"Yes, my father wanted to see you and he wanted to buy me some clothes and a bicycle."

When the Reverend Mr. Hubert heard this, he turned and said, "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes," said the chief; "but Mujungu had better leave us for a while."

So Mujungu went into the next room with a book that the Reverend Mr. Hubert offered him.

Then the chief began: "It is my duty to come to see you, Reverend, to find out what is right and what is wrong. You are a man, as I am; your words are as good as mine, and mine are as good as yours. I have come to find out what is right and what is wrong. My son has read me some words from the Bible. You told me that Christian people do not have more than one wife."

"That is true," said the missionary. "It is said in the New Testament that one wife is sufficient. When a man and woman are married, the two become one flesh."

"You also told me that everything in the Bible is true."

"Certainly everything in the Bible is true."

"Then how is it that it says here that some king by the name of Solomon had a thousand wives? You told me that Christian people do not have more than one wife. And you told me I was living in sin because I had more than one wife. And you refused to baptize my son on that account."

The Reverend Mr. Hubert was very patient with

Africa Answers Back

Chief Ati's misconception : " Solomon was not a Christian. It is true that Solomon had many wives, but he was a member of the Jewish Church. There were no Christians until after Jesus was born. Under Jewish law, there were polygamous marriages, because the Jews did not know any better. It was only when Jesus began teaching that the new ideal was brought forth. And of course Solomon was never baptized. There were no baptisms until the time of John the Baptist."

" I don't believe you. What you say doesn't make sense. You're just trying to tell me lies. You wouldn't tell me about this, but my son and the other young boys will find you out."

" But Solomon was not a Christian," began the Reverend Mr. Hubert again. Then he gave up. " As you wish. I fully intend to teach the gospel of Jesus. He says that polygamy is adultery. I shall not baptize the children of such marriages."

At this the chief started off in a grandiose vein. He cleared his throat and began : " You know that God has made one great law. It is the law of love. That is why we give sacrifices to God so as to have good wives. It is the most beautiful, the most vital, the most glorious, the deepest, the clearest law of nature God has created in all men's minds."

" Of course," replied the Reverend Mr. Hubert. " Everyone knows that." He was glad that the chief had changed the subject, but could not understand this sudden outburst of oratory.

The chief was now warmed up, and continued : " This love is beyond all mysteries and all knowledge. Without it everything would be wrong in the world."

" I agree with you," said the missionary, still puzzled. Suddenly he added, " But of course the love you mean is more than the love of man and woman."

Africa Answers Back

"I don't quite understand," said the chief.

"I said that the true love is more than the love of man and woman. It is more than that."

"But that doesn't make sense," said the chief. "What other love can there be, except the love of a man for his wives? And a man needs many wives to fulfil this love."

At this the Reverend Mr. Hubert objected, "Oh, my dear sir, you are wrong. Our love—the true love—goes further than the love of the flesh. It is love of God and . . ."

"Well, then," said the chief insistently, "how is it that King Solomon had all those wives? And he loved them too, the book says."

"But Solomon was not a Christian," began the Reverend Mr. Hubert all over again. "He lived before the time of our Lord."

"But didn't you tell me everything in the Bible is true?" said the chief.

The missionary was quite irritated, but did not dare to show it. "You don't seem to understand what I told you," he said. "But your son will some day, and then you'll see that I was right."

"Well, anyway," said the chief, "I hope you stop telling people what you told me. As it is, we find out that it's untrue from what the children read to us. I tell you this as a friend, not as an enemy."

The Reverend Mr. Hubert said with resignation, "Well, sir, I appreciate your coming to see me. Some day you will understand better what I have said. Let us part as friends."

Then the chief said, "Well, will you call back the boy, so we can talk in his presence—now that we have finished this discussion?"

Mujungu was called and soon appeared. When he

Africa Answers Back

had seated himself, the Reverend Mr. Hubert asked, "Did you teach your father to read and write?"

"Oh, no," said the chief. "I'm too old to learn."

"But it would be good for you to learn."

"Oh, no, my time is past. My son and the other children will soon be taking the place of us old-timers."

"Well," said the Reverend Mr. Hubert, "would you care to look at the new buildings?"

"Yes," said the chief, "and I'd like to see Mujungu's room."

So they went to visit the school and grounds, taking the chief's men with them. Some of the men had never been in the school before. Everything surprised them and they asked the missionary many questions when they entered the classrooms. Whenever they saw a picture, they would ask, "What relative of yours is this?"

And the Reverend Mr. Hubert had to explain each of the two hundred and thirty-five pictures. It took a great deal of time, and the Reverend Mr. Hubert had difficulty in keeping his politeness towards the chief's men. After they had gone all over the building, the missionary showed them the seat which Mujungu had occupied the term before, and also the new class to which he had been promoted. He showed them where Mujungu's name was affixed to the seat. The men were amazed that he could tell the seat and the number, for they could not read.

Then he took them on the platform and played the organ for them. "You are a remarkable man, Reverend Mr. Hubert," said one of the men, "we wish we were young. We would surely come to your school."

Then he took them into the dormitories. All were

Africa Answers Back

anxious to see where their chief's son stayed. So the missionary led them to the third dormitory, where Mujungu was to stay. He took them to Mujungu's bed.

"Where will he keep his bicycle?" they asked.

The Reverend Mr. Hubert replied, "Oh, we never let the boys keep their boxes and bicycles in the rooms where they live. We keep them in the basement and store-room."

"That's a very excellent idea, Reverend Mr. Hubert," they said. "You are a wise man. The boys learn all sorts of things from you."

"Well," said the missionary, "some of the boys learn. But some give trouble. Some a little, some a great deal."

"How about our boy?"

The Reverend Mr. Hubert replied, "Well, he's a very good student. But sometimes he has some foolish ideas. He'll be all right after a while. Many young boys are that way at first."

"Well, Reverend Mr. Hubert," said one of the men, "if I ever have a boy, I'll certainly send him to you. I want him to read and write and to learn all the good manners that you are teaching these boys."

By now it was near dinner-time. The missionary could not provide for the whole party, so he invited the chief and his son. The men had to stay near the gate while the chief had dinner in the missionary's house.

After dinner Ati and his party made their preparations for departure. Soon they began their journey. As the Reverend Mr. Hubert was familiar with the customs of the country, he accompanied the chief for part of the way out. He walked with him for about five minutes and then took his leave.

Africa Answers Back

"*Orame*," replied the chief, "may you thrive. And I wish you good luck with the boys ; teach them more of the European ways." The missionary thanked him and returned with Mujungu to the school.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

BY Friday afternoon the boys in the Reverend Mr. Hubert's school had all returned from vacation. At a quarter to six the bell rang for the boys to go to the assembly-room. Soon the Reverend Mr. Hubert came in and walked down the middle aisle. He stopped and said, "Good evening, boys." They replied, "Good evening, sir."

The missionary announced the number of the hymn and scripture-reading. After these had been given, the Reverend Mr. Hubert read the prayer. Then he welcomed all the boys, old and new. He concluded, saying, "I hope your school life will be prosperous. I am sure that the second-year boys will look out for you newcomers. The prefect of the school will be glad to render any assistance in regard to your daily life here; the teachers in regard to your studies. I hope your week-end will be comfortable and that you will be ready to begin your classes on Monday. There will be assembly again on Saturday night; and on Sunday, regular service. Any student that wishes to see me may come at any time from nine till twelve in the morning. Well, I hope to see you well and happy at assembly tomorrow."

Then he started walking off the platform. The boys stood up, and he stopped midway and said, "Good night, boys." They replied, "Good night, sir."

On Saturday morning the boys were busy paying their bills and getting their school supplies. That evening

Africa Answers Back

they met at assembly. After the usual ceremonies, the Reverend Mr. Hubert stood up and announced that he had something to say. "I am bringing up this matter," he said, "not because I don't want you to do what you like, but for the benefit of all of us. From now on and for ever, I want students to stop this reading of magazines, newspapers, and books to their parents during vacations. You must talk only in ordinary conversation with your people. Don't try to explain the things which you learn here. Your people can't understand you properly, as you can when I teach you. Your talking about such matters only makes trouble between your parents and me. Some of you have already done so. Stanley caused a great deal of trouble between his father and myself. If he didn't think himself so clever, there would not have been any such trouble. I am going to make him an example for all of you, so that you may see that I am head master of this school, and that I will not tolerate this disturbing of my relations with your parents. I shall put Stanley 'upon conditions'. He shall be punished severely if he does anything wrong in school."

Immediately Stanley raised his hand.

"Yes?" said the Reverend Mr. Hubert.

Mujungu rose. "Reverend Mr. Hubert, I have something to say. I have done nothing wrong. I read the Bible as it is printed. I read geography text-books and other books which I had with me on my holidays. I never knew before that we were not to do so. You never forbade it. Sir, if your father asked you to read anything for him, would you refuse? My people were curious to know what I had learned. I don't think that you are right in punishing me. All my fellow students will agree with me."

The Reverend Mr. Hubert replied, "I haven't made any punishment for you yet. I will not tolerate your

Africa Answers Back

talking back to me, as you have just done. I am the master of this school."

"I realize, sir, that you are head master of the school, but what is true is true. I am willing to be punished for the right——"

The Reverend Mr. Hubert stamped his foot. "I wish to hear no more from you. Do you hear, Stanley? I am making the rules." And he launched into a long lecture on what he expected the students to do and what they were not to do. The students sat speechless.

On Sunday afternoon the boys were taking their usual walk after chapel. But Mujungu hurried to try out his new bicycle. While cycling along, he met some of the teachers. Though there was a rule against cycling on the Sabbath, the teachers said nothing to Mujungu; and he, having completely forgotten the rule, went on.

When the teachers reached the school, they reported Mujungu's infraction of the rule to the Reverend Mr. Hubert.

The missionary was perturbed. "Mujungu is a good boy at heart," he said. "I don't know what comes over him."

"Oh, he's just young and flighty," said a teacher. "He doesn't mean any harm."

The Reverend Mr. Hubert was glad, however, of this opportunity to enforce his rules on the students, and to teach them that Mujungu was a terrible fellow. That evening he didn't say a word to Mujungu. Nor did he Monday night at assembly. He waited till Wednesday before he acted.

After prayer-meeting was over, he called the boys to order, "I'm very sorry, students, to bring this matter up. You all know that you are supposed to abide by the regulations of the school. Every student should read the rules every week to keep them in mind. It is not

Africa Answers Back

for me to remind you of them after you have broken them. I call your attention to the fact that Stanley has broken the Sunday rules. I read from the rules: 'No student should ride anything on Sunday.' That includes bicycle, motor-cycle, horse, donkey, and anything else. Now Mr. Stanley Mujungu was caught last Sunday riding his bicycle. He broke the school rule, and he broke the Holy Sabbath! Anyone who breaks the Sabbath is a sinner. Mujungu is a sinner! I am hoping to punish him so you all will understand the rule of the school. Mujungu, did you ride a bicycle on Sunday?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why did you break the rule? Don't you know the rule? Don't you respect the Sabbath?"

"I rode my bicycle because the Bible said that the Sabbath is for the person, not the person for the Sabbath. I am trying to enjoy myself on the Sabbath, and thank God. I saw no harm in it."

The Reverend Mr. Hubert turned crimson. "He is a sinner! I am going to make an example of him. Next holiday, you, Mujungu, shall stay here and work as a porter till the other students return. That shall be your punishment. Whenever you go home, you raise trouble for me with your parents. Here, you break our rules. I think it best for you to stay here alone and work—or study if you wish."

Mujungu said meekly, "Yes, sir, I'll stay." It came out with a rush, for he feared further punishment.

So school went on. Mujungu learned rapidly, read many books, and became a very good athlete in school. By doing many extra-curricular activities he hoped to have his punishment annulled. He ranked as one of the best at soccer and swimming; and he stood second in his class in studies. He tried in all ways to regain

Africa Answers Back

the Reverend Mr. Hubert's respect and overcome that penalty.

Three days before the end of the year, Mujungu went to see the missionary and asked if the punishment could possibly be put aside.

The Reverend Mr. Hubert said he was very sorry but would have to adhere to a judgment once made. His only concession was to allow him to study in the afternoons instead of working.

Mujungu bowed and left downhearted.

The time came for the holidays. Mujungu sat by, as the others joyously packed their belongings. The morning of the holidays the Reverend Mr. Hubert entered the deserted building at six. He found Mujungu still asleep.

"Get up, Mujungu," he cried.

And Mujungu hurried, dressed, and went to the missionary's office. The Reverend Mr. Hubert told him that his first duty was to clean up the classrooms, then the dormitories. This would take up the mornings from seven till noon. In the afternoons he could use the reading-room as much as he wanted, and after five he could exercise and play. He was to get his meals regularly and receive visitors in his free time. To all this Mujungu agreed.

Mujungu liked his reading very much at first, but he soon found that he had to read even more than he enjoyed. For the Reverend Mr. Hubert made sure that he spent every afternoon with his books.

Presently he found himself benefiting. He gained a great deal of knowledge from his reading. The Reverend Mr. Hubert even permitted Mujungu to argue with him over what he had read. So Mujungu became happier and happier each day to find out so many new things. The Reverend Mr. Hubert, moreover, was glad

Africa Answers Back

to find Mujungu becoming more and more interested in his studies. To his surprise, Mujungu obeyed all his orders promptly, and never tried to protest.

After Mujungu had read many books, he began writing letters to his schoolmates. He copied verses for them and told them such exciting things about the books he had read that they began to long to return to school. Some of them even wrote that they wished they had stayed with Mujungu during the holidays.

At last the Reverend Mr. Hubert told him that school would open in a few days and that he might rest for a while before he had to begin his regular school work.

Then, on a Friday morning, the students started coming in. Each visited Mujungu to ask how he had got on during vacation. He replied that he had got on splendidly and that he had learned all sorts of interesting things. And then he quoted one of the proverbs which his grandmother had taught him : "I was as a lone sheep in a great pasture, with every sort of grass to eat."

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

WITH the beginning of the school work, the Reverend Mr. Hubert found himself with a new problem on his mind. He was accustomed to tell stories from the Bible during the week. He knew that his students could not grasp the full significance of the white man's Bible. But he believed that it was his duty to proclaim the gospel—to make the scriptures the property of all people. And he prided himself upon being a modern type of teacher. At the end of the week, he always opened his classes to general discussion, and he answered all questions that were put to him by the pupils.

It so happened that in the classes most of the students were content to assimilate the material, asking only those questions which threw further light upon the details of the stories. But Mujungu, whether because of natural cussedness, or because of his argumentative nature, always tried to discredit the stories which had been read.

The Reverend Mr. Hubert had been bothered in the past by Mujungu's questions, and he dreaded those Fridays when the boy became argumentative. Mujungu had a logical mind, and a nose for paradoxes. But as the good missionary went over his lectures for the coming Friday, he felt that there were no details which might arouse the boy. In the Old Testament there might be some illogicalities, but now the Gospels themselves were being treated.

The Reverend Mr. Hubert remembered painfully the difficulties he had encountered with the Jonah story.

Africa Answers Back

Mujungu had seemed particularly persistent that day. He had evidently studied up his facts the night before and so the missionary was sorely plagued trying to refute him.

"How could a whale swallow a man whole?" the boy asked. "Why, the throat of a whale is only large enough to allow a man's fist to enter. If the whale had just nibbled at Jonah and then God had made him whole, we might believe it. But how could a man go through so small a throat unharmed?"

The missionary answered the boy sternly. "We know, my boy, that the Holy Scriptures are the word of God. If we do not understand how things happened, that is due to our own ignorance. Only those who are impudent dare to ask *if* it could have happened. *It did happen!* The particular whale which swallowed Jonah was big enough to do so."

But the boy was persistent. "Then how did Jonah live in the stomach? Why, we were learning the other day that there are juices in the stomach which digest food. Yet here your Bible says Jonah came out unharmed."

This was outrageous. The Reverend Mr. Hubert stormed: "You say *my* Bible! It is not *my* Bible, or *your* Bible. It is God's Bible, and therefore our Bible. It is yours whether you accept it or not. But if you reject it, you will surely go to Hell!"

Mujungu was still unperturbed. "How can I accept it," he answered, "if my reason tells me it is unsound? Anyway, I don't believe the Jonah story, or the Genesis story either. No woman came from a man's rib. And if Adam and Eve had two sons, whom did the sons marry? I tell you, sir, it sounds fishy to me."

That had been too much for the Reverend Mr. Hubert. He was righteously irate. He told the boys to go to their rooms.

Africa Answers Back

But that had taken place long ago, during their study of the Old Testament. The Reverend Mr. Hubert was sure that no argument of that sort could possibly take place on the coming Friday. It was hard sometimes to believe the story of Jonah, and of Adam and Eve. But the life of the Lord was so simple and so beautiful that no one could doubt it. During the past week, he had told them the beautiful story of the birth of Jesus and some of his cures of the sick. He had brought these in to prove that Jesus was superior to the medicine-men.

Now the missionary continued his story.

The first part of the hour went smoothly. The boys asked questions about the various details of Christ's early life, about the wise men and the star of Bethlehem. Everything was serene and the Reverend Mr. Hubert began to hope that his fears had been groundless. But finally Mujungu stood up. The missionary tried to ignore him, but he was persistent.

"Sir," he asked, "is the story of the virgin birth supposed to be true, or is it a fairy story? Did God tell Luke to tell the story, or did Luke and Matthew see it? And why isn't it in the other Gospels?"

The missionary gulped. Again, this was blasphemy. "The story is true," he roared. "How could it be otherwise? Luke and Matthew heard it from those who saw it, and their pens were guided by the hand of God as they wrote it. John made it more symbolical, but it is still true. Mark left it for the others to tell."

"Probably because he didn't believe it."

"You are an ignorant and impudent boy."

"Yes, sir. That is why I am asking questions, so I can be as clever as you."

"Very well." The Reverend Mr. Hubert saw he must continue. The boy was too clever with his re-

Africa Answers Back

marks. He must hear him out. He sighed and waited for the next assault.

"Sir, how could the seed of a man get into the womb of a woman without intercourse? And if Joseph didn't do it, I expect one of the servants acted for the Holy Spirit."

"You are hopeless. The Holy Spirit entered the virgin by God's power. Jesus was immaculately conceived."

"What does that mean? It takes a man to make a man. And Jesus was a man, wasn't he?"

"Yes, Jesus was a man. But he was the Son of God, too. He had no earthly father."

"Then the Virgin was married to God and to Joseph, and Joseph was Jesus' stepfather?"

"Yes."

"Then Mary had two husbands. You won't baptize the children of men with two wives. Yet John baptized Jesus."

"But that was different. One was a spiritual union, and the other earthly."

"But both unions did the same thing—produced a man child. Jesus had brothers and sisters."

"You will never understand. Our time is almost up. One more question."

The boy was ready. He had evidently memorized what he had to say, for he talked very fast and did not falter once. "In the third chapter of Luke it says 'being the son of Joseph, which was the son of Heli', and on back through David, Noah, Methuselah, Adam; and Adam was 'the son of God'. And again in Matthew, I have read that Mary was pregnant before the marriage to Joseph. It says Joseph was the father and that he wasn't. If he was, all is well, except that they must have come together before marriage. If he was not,

Africa Answers Back

then someone else was, and there must have been another man. And again, it says that Jesus sent the Holy Spirit after His death, not before. So Jesus was the son of Joseph, or Jesus was a bastard. If these are the two alternatives, I believe that Jesus was descendant from the royal line of Joseph's and David's house. Isn't that right, sir ? ”

During this speech, the Reverend Mr. Hubert's face had turned blue, purple, and red with rage. The more he heard, the more he suspected Mujungu of having read these arguments in some book the boy had picked up—probably from a trader. When Mujungu finished his speech, the Reverend Mr. Hubert could barely speak, he was so furious. This ungrateful wretch was the most outlandish heathen he had ever met with. He was—he was—— There was an absolute silence. The others in the class were awed by Mujungu's speech. They could not quite follow the drift of the argument, but they were impressed by the effect it had on the missionary. The silence continued until the righteous man of God could control himself. There were whisperings in the class.

Now it happened that Mr. Hubert did have remarkable restraint, and after a few minutes of struggle his emotions were under control. He knew he must answer the wretch somehow.

Very softly, he began to speak. “ My dear boy, I shall pray for you to-night. I shall pray to the Son of God, against whom you have blasphemed, that He may pardon your ignorance, and forgive your transgressions. I shall ask that you be given understanding and power to grasp the mystery of His glorious birth. In the meantime, I feel it my duty to instruct you and the rest of the class, that they may not be misled by your ignorance and stupidity.

“ God, in His righteous and eternal love for His

Africa Answers Back

greatest creation, Man, decreed that His Son should be born of a virgin. In His own power, it was possible to choose a good and true virgin, and through His Holy Spirit to fertilize in Her womb the child which should be His Son. This was His own power, above all our puny laws. Joseph was visited by angels, and informed of what had happened ; and he rightly married Mary, as God's agent, as Mary's protector, and as Jesus' earthly Father. As God's agent, he was doing the right thing. There was no bigamy, and John rightly baptized the Son of God. Just because such wondrous things are beyond your understanding, you should not doubt the Word of God."

"I still believe that Joseph is Jesus' father."

About half the class gleefully chimed in, "So do I."

The missionary with difficulty controlled himself. He coughed. Then he turned to the boy : "There is no hope for you. You are dangerous to the faith of the rest of the class. I shall pray for you ; but until you mend your ways, I shall have to ask you to withdraw from this class."

The boy smiled. The Reverend Mr. Hubert mopped his brow, which was wet with honest sweat. The class was dismissed.

All the boys were glad. They congratulated Mujungu on being able to argue with the missionary. "You won that argument to-day all right," they said.

Thereafter they came to Mujungu to ask for books on whatever subject they were interested in. But the Reverend Mr. Hubert felt that Mujungu had read too much, and he pondered on how he could stop him from continuing as he had.

This year Mujungu was chosen for the first eleven for soccer. The team went to play another school. As they came back, Mujungu started to smoke a cigarette.

Africa Answers Back

By accident, they came upon the assistant master. Mujungu, knowing that he had already been seen, decided to keep right on, cigarette in mouth.

The master stoppcd him. "What are you doing, Stanley?"

"Sir, I'm smoking a cigarette." As he spoke, he threw his cigarette down and stepped on it.

"How can we have a good team, when our best playcr smokes, Mujungu? You know you ought not to do so."

Mujungu said, "I'm very sorry, sir."

But of course the assistant master reported the incident. So at the Wednesday meeting, the Reverend Mr. Hubert again lectured them on the violation of school rules. "One of our best students has been caught smoking," he concluded. "He has been caught committing one of the greatest sins. I am sorry to say that it was Mr. Stanley Mujungu. I want him to stand up so all can see him. Mujungu, stand!"

So Stanley had to mount the platform and face the students.

"This sinner," said the Reverend Mr. Hubert, "stands before you. How shall I punish him? It is too grave an offence to be settled here and now. I shall announce his punishment in three days."

The boys were all concerned for Mujungu, and waited with impatience for the Reverend Mr. Hubert to make his announcement. At last they learned that Stanley was forbidden to play with the team for two weeks, and, moreover, that he could not have the visiting privileges at the end of the week. Finally he was to be deprived of his holiday again. Instead, he was to accompany the Reverend Mr. Hubert on his visits to the churches throughout the district.

The students were greatly perturbed, for two important

Africa Answers Back

matches were to be played ; and while the Reverend Mr. Hubert made Mujungu apologize and confess his wrong, they sat in silence. They filed out glumly from the assembly.

But when the team lost its next match, the boys became so vociferous that the Reverend Mr. Hubert was moved to reinstate Mujungu for the coming game. With Mujungu in, the team won ; and though his play had been only average, the boys ascribed the victory to his presence. They thought even more of him than before. The Reverend Mr. Hubert was troubled at this influence which Mujungu had over his fellow students. The one hope was that in the coming holiday Mujungu would not read any more books and grow more independent, but would accompany him on his travels among the churches. The missionary hoped that these visits to the churches would serve to bring Mujungu under his own influence. And so the term ended.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

TWO days later Mujungu and the Reverend Mr. Hubert set off. Mujungu was to act as interpreter whenever needed. But the missionary had no need for Mujungu's services at the first village. They spoke a dialect that he knew.

A huge gathering met them at the church. After he had conducted the service, the Reverend Mr. Hubert departed to his camp, where the chief and headmen visited him. There the missionary encouraged them to send their children to his school. The chief and headmen were much pleased with the idea, and the Reverend Mr. Hubert left the village feeling that his trip would be successful.

As they heard the drums announcing their approach to the next village, the missionary turned to Mujungu. He asked Mujungu what the drums meant.

"Well, you are stupid!" said Mujungu with a rude scorn. "After being here so many years, you don't know that? That's simply the drums telling that you're coming. That's all."

The missionary felt insulted at Mujungu's tone, but he said nothing.

After the completion of the usual ceremonies of arrival and the first church services, the people brought wine, eggs, and milk for the Reverend Mr. Hubert. That night a big fire was made and all those who wished to be baptized were present. They had previously been instructed by some of the few native ministers whom

Africa Answers Back

the Reverend Mr. Hubert had trained. The missionary now quizzed the people about their necessary knowledge concerning the Christian faith, and those that answered correctly were baptized.

A few days of such work passed. Then one day, on a narrow path, the Reverend Mr. Hubert and Mujungu came to an even narrower bridge than usual. Mujungu thought that it was not safe to bicycle through, and he wanted the Reverend Mr. Hubert to send for porters. But the missionary insisted and led the way.

As the wheel struck the edge of the bridge, the Reverend Mr. Hubert lost control of the handle-bars and he and the bicycle plunged into the stream. Mujungu could not restrain his laughter. Nor did his cries, "I told you so, I told you so," placate the missionary. Before they could proceed, the latter had to strip and dry his clothes. He was furious, but the only words he could say were, "You impudent boy, I wish I hadn't brought you."

That same day they came to a village whose dialect the missionary could not understand. Knowing this beforehand, and beginning to feel apprehensive over his anger towards Mujungu, the Reverend Mr. Hubert had been thinking all day what injury Mujungu could inflict on his mission.

It was plain at the very first that Mujungu would be a problem. When they entered the village, and people nodded, and spoke in their strange dialect, the Reverend Mr. Hubert turned to Mujungu, "Will you kindly tell me what they say?"

"Well, you should understand that. It is so simple. You know so much. I came to learn. You should know."

The Reverend Mr. Hubert swallowed hard. "Mujungu, I want you to be serious. This is very important.

Africa Answers Back

I brought you with me to talk to these people, not to do as you do in school."

"I'll do my best. But you know, sir, I can't teach you anything."

The missionary gave the sermon, Mujungu translated. Everything went off smoothly and the Reverend Mr. Hubert began to feel more comfortable. Mujungu was doing very well, he thought, especially when he led the prayers.

Still feeling pleased, the Reverend Mr. Hubert proceeded to his tent and awaited the deputation from the village. When the headmen arrived, the missionary asked Mujungu to interpret.

"Tell the chiefs," said the Reverend Mr. Hubert, "that I want them to send their children to school—that I want to give them modern education."

Mujungu translated.

One of the chiefs spoke up, "We are willing to send our children to your school. But what sort of things will you teach them?"

Mujungu turned to the missionary. "The chief asks what sort of things you are going to teach the children. Are they true or untrue?"

"Tell them that I am going to teach them the truth. I'm going to teach the children to read and write. They'll learn all sorts of new things, and they'll adopt European ways, and lose their old-fashioned customs."

Mujungu said, "He's going to teach your children the truth, so that they can learn new ways, and give up the savage ways of their fathers."

The chiefs were startled. "We don't want a school where the children learn to disrespect their elders. We won't have anything to do with it."

So Mujungu said to the missionary, "The chiefs say they don't want to send their children to school where

Africa Answers Back

they will learn to disrespect their elders and to scoff at their father and mother."

"Well, my word! Where did they get those ideas from?" ejaculated the Reverend Mr. Hubert.

Mujungu burst out laughing. "I don't know, sir," he said with a wry effort to compose his face. "I just tell you what they say."

Suddenly the horrible suspicion dawned on the missionary's mind. He saw that further attempts at conversation were useless. So he rose, paced up and down, and finally told Mujungu to announce that the conversation was ended. He contained his anger very well, since he did not want to show his feelings towards Mujungu before strangers.

"What's the matter?" asked the chief. "Doesn't he want to tell us any more?"

"No," said Mujungu, "that's all he has to say."

The chief and headmen rose and stalked off without a word to the missionary. They talked excitedly to themselves. The Reverend Mr. Hubert looked on furiously. "What do you mean, making this trouble for me?" he said to Mujungu. "Why do you tell them things which I didn't say?"

"Why, I said only what you told me," said Mujungu. "They are wise people. They can guess more than you tell them."

And the Reverend Mr. Hubert could get no further satisfaction from Mujungu, and so he finally sent him to bed. The following morning they left the village, but no one came to wish them a good journey.

The next day they came to a village whose chief was a cousin of Mujungu's. That afternoon the chief's men brought eggs, plantains, chicken and milk for the Reverend Mr. Hubert. An hour or so later, a great long-horned bull was led into the camp. The missionary

Africa Answers Back

saw it, and wondered that they should give him a bull.

Mujungu was sitting beside the Reverend Mr. Hubert. To the missionary's surprise, the bearers knelt before Mujungu and presented the bull to him.

The Reverend Mr. Hubert turned to the men, "Is that mine also?" he asked.

"No, this is Mujungu's present. We brought your presents before Mujungu's. We always give presents to strangers first. But this is not yours."

Mujungu started laughing. "You had your presents first and thought I wouldn't get any, eh?"

The Reverend Mr. Hubert felt very much hurt and alone and friendless, but he said nothing. He began to see that the native people respected Mujungu more than they did him.

But Mujungu sent the bull to be slaughtered at once, and then invited the chiefs of the village to come and have a dinner next day. The Reverend Mr. Hubert was pleased at the prospect of staying longer. He wished to talk with Mujungu's people.

A few days after this visit, it was time for Mujungu and the Reverend Mr. Hubert to return to the school. The missionary was glad to see the end of the trip, for he felt Mujungu had been slipping further and further from him.

With the beginning of the new term, Mujungu was decidedly a black sheep in the school. The missionary had spoken to the students of Mujungu's conduct on the trip. They came to Mujungu to hear his story and they sided with him, but that did not alter the fact that the Reverend Mr. Hubert looked upon Mujungu with decided disfavour.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

A WEEK or so after school started, Mujungu decided to write to his girl friend. He had not seen her during the holiday and so he thought a letter would be the right thing. When the letter-writing came on Sunday, Mujungu wrote to the girl. It was a very intense letter, since Mujungu loved her, and expected to marry her soon after he graduated.

There was a rule that the letters be left unsealed so that the Reverend Mr. Hubert might examine them before he mailed them. There was also a rule that the juniors always wait on the seniors. Mujungu sealed this one letter and gave it to a junior, with instructions to mail it while taking the others to the Reverend Mr. Hubert. But the junior was excited at his new task and left all the letters at the missionary's office.

As usual, the Reverend Mr. Hubert read the letters on Sunday nights. He became very suspicious when he found one sealed. He opened it immediately and read :

DEAREST ONE :

My flower. May this message of love reach you. My call to you is as soft as the mooing of a cow. You know that I have been away, so I couldn't write to you. This is my first chance to do so. I know I shall never love another girl as much as you. I love nothing in the world so completely, so devotedly, as you.

I pray to God that He may aid me in the work which I have undertaken here.

Africa Answers Back

The grace of God, King of Kings, be with you till we see each other again.

The Reverend Mr. Hubert was furious.

The next morning, when he came to school, he said not a word to anyone. There was to be a football match, and he remembered the protest the boys had raised when once before he had kept Mujungu from playing. On the next day, however, he sent for Mujungu and asked him about the letter. "Why did you write to a girl? Don't you know it is a sin to write to a girl? Don't you know that writing to a girl is grounds for dismissal from school?"

"Yes, sir," said Mujungu, "but she is my wife-to-be. I saw no harm in writing to her."

The Reverend Mr. Hubert was secretly very glad to have grounds for dismissing Mujungu from the school. Mujungu felt this to be true and said as much to some of his friends.

And indeed, on Wednesday night, the good missionary sat in his chair of judgment and spoke as follows:

"Students, I am very sorry to bring this matter to your attention. One of our students has committed a sin, the worst sin ever committed in my school. His case shows that you boys cannot be kept from the sins of your fathers unless drastic action is taken. I am therefore forced to expel this student—not only to set an example, but also to prevent his influence from affecting the rest of you. He has written a letter to a girl. He used the Lord's name in his letter. I need not tell you that that heightens his sin."

The students were very silent.

"I think some of you have been writing such letters for some time. You know now what will happen to you. This man who wrote the letter is a member of the

Africa Answers Back

junior class. His name is Abala Stanley Mujungu. From this hour he is no longer a member of the school. Know by this example that I shall not tolerate any such conduct from the rest of you. Assembly is dismissed."

All the students went back. They felt sorry for Mujungu. He spent his evening arranging his papers, and burning those he did not want to take with him. After dinner, he called the porter and asked him to finish his packing, and then he went to say good-bye to his friends.

Thus Mujungu left the school, accompanied by three escorts which had been provided by the missionary. When he arrived near his home, it was late at night. Now, for the first time, Mujungu felt afraid, for his father was the one man of whom he was in awe. Outside the village he paused and prayed : " It is past eleven o'clock ! All is silent around me, and my soul is calm. I thank Thee, O God, that Thou bestowest strength and courage upon me in these last moments ! I approach my father, the dearest of friends ; and though the clouds of my sorrow are at this moment driven rapidly along by my impetuous deed, help me, O God."

Then he entered his village. But when his father had heard everything, he took it lightly. " Well," said he, " it is all right. If he has expelled you for writing to your girl, we shall put you in the private school near by. We shall leave early to-morrow."

Mujungu slept comfortably that night. Early next morning he awoke and went to his father. His father said, " I've never seen you get up so early."

Mujungu replied with the proverb, " Where your heart sleeps in the night, there your feet direct you early in the morning."

So they got ready and went to the private school. Chief Ati spoke with the principal and explained why Mujungu had been dismissed from the Missionary School,

Africa Answers Back

The principal was glad to have Mujungu, and so he was admitted.

All the students in the new school had heard of Mujungu because he was a good football player and a good student. Mujungu found the new school much different from the other. The teachers were less strict and the students were more congenial.

A month later they had a swimming match with the Reverend Mr. Hubert's school. Mujungu was to take part. When the Reverend Mr. Hubert saw that Mujungu was going to swim against his old school, he came up and said in a pleasant voice, "Well, I think we're going to beat you to-day, Stanley."

Mujungu answered sarcastically with the proverb, "Do not open your mouth before you know what you are eating." And he laughed rudely. The missionary felt insulted, but said nothing.

In the swimming match Mujungu swam in four events and won two of them.

The Reverend Mr. Hubert's school lost. Mujungu sought out the missionary. "You won the match all right—huh, it's easier to say than to do."

The year went on. Mujungu was pleased with the school, but still he waited impatiently for the vacation to arrive. He was glad that he would get a real vacation this time and that there was no Reverend Mr. Hubert to deprive him of it. Soon the school year ended, and Mujungu went back to his village.

He still needed three more years of study before graduation.

PART IV

CHAPTER ONE

AFTER Mujungu's graduation from the school, the epidemic broke out, and nearly everybody in his village was ill. One could not find a house which did not have its patient. There were not enough people in the chief's house to take care of the sick. And finally Ati asked his son, "What shall we do? There is nobody left to nurse the ill."

The young man replied, "Well, father, it is my duty to help you and to help my people." While Mujungu was talking, his father suddenly cried, "Oh, I feel faint, my head is bursting!"

Mujungu knew at once that his father himself had contracted the disease. He rushed out and called some of the wives to prepare the bed. About nine or ten of the wives immediately ran in and made the bed for Chief Ati.

The young man knew he had to find a doctor to stop the disease from spreading farther. He rode a bicycle—a two days' journey then—to the country of Kiziba, Tanganyika. There he asked for a doctor who would be willing to offer his services to combat the epidemic.

At once a German physician agreed to return with him. This doctor also suggested that they send a message to Zanzibar to get additional modern doctors.

They left Kiziba at once and bicycled to Uganda. On arrival, the physician went at once to the bedside

Africa Answers Back

of the chief. As he opened the door, he sniffed, and said to himself, "Pocken." Then he walked to the bedside, leaned over the patient, pulled the bark-cloth from the shoulders and chest, put on his glasses, and studied the skin. The chief's wives were gathered around the bed with troubled faces and Mujungu stood confidently behind the physician, who mumbled to himself, "Ach, die fliessen ja schon zusammen ; nichts mehr zu machen."

Mujungu stepped beside him and said, "Pardon me, what is that you said?"

The physician answered, "It's scious, it's smallpox. When was he taken sick?"

"Three days ago," Mujungu replied.

"He must not have noticed the prodromal phase," said the physician, mumbling to himself. Then he turned to Mujungu and said, "Listen, are there any people in the village who have recovered as yet?"

"No, doctor, no one has recovered, all have died or are still ill. More are ill every day."

When the physician heard this, he said, "Also, auch das geht nicht."

"What did you say, doctor?"

Instead of answering, the doctor took off his glasses, tapped the palm of his left hand with them, and said, "We leave first to establish quarantine. Give orders that everyone go to his house and that no one leave for any reason until he receives permission. I don't suppose anyone has been vaccinated?"

"No, doctor, no one has been vaccinated. But when someone has the pimples, we pick off the head with a palm spike. This is the only method we have, but I don't think we help so much. Another method we have is to give a bath. This keeps the fever down."

The doctor answered, "That's not what I had in mind."

Africa Answers Back

I was thinking of prevention. Are there any people in the village who have lived through previous epidemics?"

Mujungu replied, "Yes, there are. But this seems stronger than any smallpox we ever had. For the older people, it seems hard to understand this epidemic. That is the reason why I came to find out from you."

"Ja, so these people would be immune. Will you order those who have old pock-marks on them to gather in front of the gate?"

"Yes, I'll have them do so right away."

"May I have a basin with soap and water?" One of the wives brought it. While he was washing, he looked up and smiled, "Is there a missionary near by?" Without waiting for an answer, he continued, "Probably an English divine, an anti-vaccinationist. Take him my greetings and ask him whether he cares to help."

Mujungu replied, "I would be delighted to send him the message, but my father asked him before, and he said he was not a doctor and did not know what to do, and would rather not have any one of us go to him now."

"Where did the epidemic break out? Who had it first?"

"In one of my father's kraals—one of the herdsmen had it first. He is dead now. From that man, it has spread all over the village."

The doctor asked, "Not a milker? Perhaps an unnoticed case. We'll go to the kraal."

"I'd take you there," said Mujungu, "but there is nothing to see. Everybody is ill—men, women, and children."

"I'm interested in the cows."

"All right, doctor, let's go."

On the way out, Mujungu told one of the men by

Africa Answers Back

the gate, "Tell everybody to go into his house and stay there—except those who have old pocks on their face. Have them come to the gate and wait till we come back from the kraal."

"Very well, sir."

While they were going to the kraal, the drummer played the drum which was used to call the people to the gate for orders. As Mujungu and the doctor started through the gate, a man came up and put out his hands to take the doctor's bag for him. The doctor lifted the bag over his head, and said, "Nein, Nein."

And Mujungu said, "Oh, no, let him take your bag. It is not our custom to let our guests carry their own bags."

"Custom! I was thinking of contamination."

And Mujungu said, "Oh, doctor, you should not feel that way."

The doctor said, "I appreciate your courtesy, but for professional reasons, I prefer to carry my equipment. The man who offered to carry it has no old pocks on his face. He may become ill any minute. You had better send back all these men to their houses."

All the men who were accompanying them stopped and looked puzzled, nudging each other as if to say, "What kind of a man is this?"

Mujungu said, "The doctor said it would be better for you to go home; but I say, wait at the gate. When we come back, I'll tell you what the doctor said."

The men went back to the gate, and the doctor and Mujungu continued to the kraal. When they came through the gate of the kraal, they entered a great yard flanked by the houses of the herdsmen.

Mujungu said, "You see all those small houses; they are full of herdsmen and their families; all ill. What can we do?"

Africa Answers Back

With the doctor leading, they proceeded towards the herd of cattle which stood round the centre of the yard.

Mujungu said, "Wait, doctor, this herdsman here will help; our cows are not as gentle as they look."

The doctor had already stopped, and was putting on his glasses. He said over his shoulder, "A fine-looking herd; let us have a look at their udders."

Mujungu said, "Just as you say, doctor."

As soon as the herdsman heard that, he began snapping his fingers. One of the cows turned and came towards them. The doctor put one hand on her flank, leaned over, examined her udder, and said, "*Nichts*, let's see another."

The herdsman led the doctor to another. When they reached the animal, the doctor stopped and said, "Keep that one apart." He proceeded in this way till he had picked out nine cows. Then he called Mujungu to his elbow and said, "Let me show you something. If you will look at this udder, you will see that this cow is getting over the pox. It has been a very sick cow, whereas the rest have not. When the disease is virulent for the cow, it is mild for men. And when it is mild for cows, like those, it is virulent for men. This last cow, with the large lesions, seems otherwise healthy and is ideal for vaccination. Point this out to your herdsman and let him select as many cows like this as he can find."

"What do you mean, doctor? Do you mean to tell me that my cattle have smallpox?"

The doctor answered, "Smallpox, cowpox, the same. If your cows had been more affected, the epidemic would have been less severe."

Then Mujungu turned round to his herdsman, "You heard what the doctor said?"

"No, sir," said the herdsman with great politeness.

Africa Answers Back

"The doctor said our cattle have the smallpox, and he thinks we got it from them. Because we all drink milk. That's the only thing I can see. The doctor said you must pick all the sick cows—with udders like these. Don't look for the beauty—don't be partial."

While the herdsman was looking for sick cows, the doctor said, "Now in regard to this case, I am interested in customs."

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Mujungu.

The doctor replied, "If you initiate a change, your people will probably accept it more readily than if someone else does."

"Yes, doctor," said Mujungu pompously, "it is my intention to do what I can do from the point of view of modern science, and I'm sure my people will agree with me. By gradually changing their old culture, but not by throwing it away entirely, I hope to amalgamate what is good in the old and the new."

By this time the doctor had taken his coat off, folded it neatly and laid it on the ground. He set his bag on it and opened it. He looked up smiling and said, "We have all of us something to learn." Rolling up his left sleeve, he pointed to an oval puckered scar on his upper arm. "That," he said, "is all the smallpox that I have ever had. I was scratched by a needle contaminated with cowpox. I propose to scratch your arm in the same way. You will have a local infection. Your arm will swell and become sore and you will probably have one large pock. In about two weeks you will be immune to the disease. Are you ready?"

Mujungu said, "I'm ready. I will be the first one to be scratched. I wouldn't ask them to do what I wouldn't do myself. And I think it would be better to start with children, wouldn't it?"

The doctor said, "In this case with everybody."

Africa Answers Back

Mujungu said, "It is better for us to go back to the gate now, for the people are expecting us there. These people here can follow us over."

The doctor closed his bag, put on his coat, and said, "Tell the herdsmen to bring the sickest of the cows to the gate with them."

As they started back from the kraal, the doctor turned and beckoned to one of the herdsmen. The herdsman came over and looked in his face ; but the doctor reached out, took the herdsman's hand, and held it up to Mujungu. "Here you see a natural vaccination. This man was probably milking while he had a scratch on his hand. You see he has one large pustule and is otherwise well. What has happened to him by accident, we will do intentionally. Let him come along with us."

"What do you mean, doctor? This man was milking, and caught the disease in his hand, and isn't sick?"

"Just so. He caught it from a very sick cow and had a very light case. It stayed in his hand where he caught it. You will probably find that most of your herdsmen who are well have one such pock."

"Well, doctor, that is strange. We have never known that before. But as I recall it, we have five or ten with a pock right here in the middle of the forehead, but we never thought of that. They got a headache, a fever, stayed in bed about nine days, and had one pock. We thought it was just a boil. Now that I come to think of it, every one of those herdsmen who are not ill did have a pock."

The doctor asked, "Why do they get it on the forehead?"

"I don't know why, doctor. Perhaps it's because every time a herdsman milks a cow he leans his forehead on the cow's body."

The doctor said, "That makes sense."

Africa Answers Back

Followed by the herdsmen with three cows, they soon arrived at the gate. Then the doctor turned to Mujungu and said, "You might explain to them about vaccination, but I wish they were all in their houses."

"Yes, I will explain it to them, doctor. I called them to come up here so you could give them advice. The message was sent to them by drum."

"*Drum? Drum?* Oh, yes."

"I want all these people to know just what you are going to do for us."

"Approximately how many people would you say are here?"

"I think there are about seven hundred, doctor. But there are many others ill in their houses."

"Of those present, how many do you think would submit to vaccination at once?"

"I think they will all agree with me and support me in anything I undertake to do."

"Hm, at one a minute, ten hours. You explain it to them. I'll get ready. Send the sick back to their homes."

At this, Mujungu addressed himself to the people. "My father's men and my own men: I want you to follow me and I want you to listen to me in every respect. I have brought you a scientific doctor, a man who is qualified and who knows what to do with the disease which has killed so many of our relatives. We don't know who will be alive and who will be dead. He will help us, if we do what he tells us. Will you give me your support in everything I undertake?"

And all men replied, "Yes, yes, yes, we will support you."

"I'm not asking you to do a thing which I'm not doing myself. Everything we do, we will do together. First of all, the doctor has said: 'No man is allowed

Africa Answers Back

to visit another man. Stay in your own houses.' Secondly, all of you who feel sick must go back to your houses. It's too late to prevent the sickness, God will take care of you. Thirdly, all who have had smallpox before must stay with us to take care of the others. Fourthly, the rest of us are going to be scratched on our left arm, and I will be the first man to be scratched. By doing this, we will keep the disease from entering us."

The crowd murmured, "Yes, yes, yes, yes. We are all willing to be scratched. Anything you do, we will do."

Meanwhile the doctor took from his bag a little alcohol lamp, and a cork with a needle stuck into it. Now he cut up a roll of bandage into little squares and asked repeatedly for the strongest liquor that could be found. He had the herdsmen bring a cow behind him. He rolled up his sleeves. Then he turned to Mujungu and said, "Let's start."

While Mujungu was taking off his coat and rolling up his sleeves, the doctor turned to the cow. In one hand he held a square of bandage which had been dipped in cognac ; in the other he held a needle. Three times he scrubbed the cow's udder with the bandage. Then he scratched the square with the needle, turned back, picked up a new square, wetted it, scrubbed the arm of Mujungu with it, blew on the arm till it was dry, scratched it with the needle, turned and held the needle in the flame for a moment, and said, "That's all. Keep them coming."

The people said, "We thought he was going to do much. Is that all? Why, even the children and babies should be brought here."

Mujungu said, "The doctor is through with me. Who is next?"

Africa Answers Back

The senior wife of his father said, "I'll be next."

But Mujungu said, "You had better let those who are going to look after my father get scratched first."

And the doctor said, "You arrange it as you wish. The order doesn't matter with me. Tell me—are there other villages affected?"

"Yes, doctor, all our neighbours—all our neighbouring villages are affected."

"About how many people in all would you say?"

"About ten thousand."

"Ten thousand sick? Or ten thousand endangered?"

"Both, those who are sick and those who are endangered—ten thousand in all."

"How many do you suppose will submit to vaccination?"

"I think all. If my village has done so, the others will follow."

"You don't need a doctor. You need doctors, four or five anyway."

"Where can I get four or five doctors?"

"The island of Zanzibar is a British Protectorate that has a relatively large medical station. They probably can spare men. It would take a month to get there. There is another station in Mombasa, in Kenya. That's a few days nearer. A good messenger might make it in four weeks."

"You mean twenty-eight days."

"Exactly. That would be two months for the round trip. We couldn't expect help before then. And everything depends on time."

"Well, doctor, there is another way. I could send a message by drum. I can get in touch with them in one day. It would take that long to relay the message to them."

"Are you sure? I heard of such things, but——"

Africa Answers Back

"I'm sure. What do you want me to tell them?"

"Tell them that the smallpox is raging in Uganda. Ten thousand are endangered. Thousands dying. The people are accepting vaccination. Send at least four physicians. Tell them I'm here."

Then Mujungu turned to one of his men, "Call the drummer for messages."

The drummer came. He knelt in front of Mujungu.

Mujungu said to him, "Listen. Send a message right away to the coast. Tell them the smallpox is among us, and thousands of our people are dying. Ask them to help us. Ask them to send as many modern doctors as they can spare."

The drummer said, "Very well, my lord."

Mujungu said, "Be sure. Get the answer and let me know right away."

The next day, early in the morning, the drummer came to Mujungu, saying, "The station at Mombasa is sending two doctors, all it can spare; and Zanzibar is sending one. They are very sorry to hear of the calamity, and they want you to send a man to Lake Nalubale, Lake Victoria, to meet them."

The next day they received a message that the doctors had arrived by motor-cycle at Nairobi. So Mujungu sent his own bicycle with one of his men to meet the doctors.

CHAPTER TWO

THE German physician who was attending the chief had his tent pitched inside the chief's yard. In the middle of the night, one of the wives came into the tent and cried out that the chief was very, very ill, and could not be roused. The doctor came at once to the chief and realized that he was dying. Sorrowfully and in a quiet voice he told Mujungu that it was better that all the wives—except two—should go from the house. And Mujungu, with sorrow, turned to the senior wife and said, "The doctor said that it would be wise if you all left except you and the second wife."

In a soft voice she told it to the other wives; and one by one they left, weeping silently. Soon after they had left the house, the doctor pronounced the death. Everyone took it silently, for crying aloud was not permitted.

The next morning Mujungu told his people that his father had passed away. He selected a few of those who had old pocks to bury him in his own graveyard. The burial was simple. All the usual ceremonies were omitted on account of the epidemic.

As the people were sorrowfully returning from the burial of Chief Ati, they heard the rattle of four motorcycles approaching the village. Mujungu ordered his men to pitch some tents in the yard to accommodate the other doctors. Mujungu and the German doctor met them outside the chief's enclosure and welcomed them. They entered the enclosure together, and the

Africa Answers Back

new doctors were taken by Mujungu to a separate tent prepared for bathing. While they were washing, refreshments were made ready.

After their refreshment, they sat down in a conversational way. Mujungu asked them when and how they had received the message. One of the doctors from Mombasa said to Mujungu, "I couldn't explain how we got the message, but we got it just the same. And so here we are."

And the other doctor, who seemed quite excited, said to Mujungu, "You see, we have a man in our medical station who is always on duty to receive any drum language. He is exceptionally good at it, too. Usually, when the hunters go into the woods, we have our drummer signal to them, to tell them where we are. They also take a drummer along with them, so in case anyone is injured they can send to us for help or advice. Anyway, our drummer received your message, and we immediately sent a motor-boat from Kilindini to Zanzibar to get the other doctor to come with us. And our official stations let us have the motor-cycles so we could come at once. We could not use a motor-car because the road was not good enough for it. We thought that motor-cycles would do better in the narrow roads in the forests and in the mountains. Why, we were at the breakfast-table when the drummer told us, 'Hurry, hurry up, save the people who are dying in Uganda,' and he explained all the message."

The other doctor said, "This is the first time I've ever had any experience with drum messages. I didn't believe it when a man told us."

The German physician said, "Everywhere, every time the same; always something new."

One of the other doctors said, "I agree with you, doctor. I didn't think they could send it in one day,

Africa Answers Back

but they did. They have some remarkable things. It's almost like a wireless."

The other doctor said, "We could probably learn many things from these people if we weren't obsessed with the idea that we are better than they in everything."

"That is true," said the German doctor.

Then one of the doctors said, "Our friend, the German physician, has been labouring courageously. We might well make our plans and give him a rest."

The German doctor said, "Let's make our plans now, and I will get a rest later."

And Mujungu said, "Well, there are about fifteen villages around us in need of medical attention."

The German doctor said, "How far from here and from each other is each of these villages? Draw me a sketch?"

"I will draw a sketch for you, and give you the names of the villages."

An English doctor said, "We are not interested in those names. Let us call them, A, B, C, D, E, F, G——"

But the German doctor smiled and said, "I try to learn the native language, give me the names too. You know, there is always something new to learn."

Mujungu replied, "I think you are right, doctor, we are not in London. You must become acquainted with the African names."

The English doctor said, "I'm sorry. Give us both. If I don't remember the names, I'll use the letters."

After the plan was completed, Mujungu proposed that all four doctors go together from one village to the other.

But the German doctor said, "That would leave four doctors in each village the whole day, and then we have to travel from one village to the other. We had better

Africa Answers Back

spread from here. That makes one doctor spending three to four days in each village—and thus we have one-fourth of the villages started off. So we attend to more healthy people at once. As soon as one doctor is finished, he can send us a message by the drum, and if there is an emergency, we can tell him where he is needed most.”

Mujungu said, “And I will give every one of you two good men. They will guide you and explain your mission to the people in the village. These men will tell the people what has been done here and what they ought to do. I will announce your coming by drum. If any of the villages refuse to be vaccinated, you can call on me and I will come at once. In case you need me, I am here.”

So one of the doctors said, “Very well, I’ll take A and B, also C and D.” The other newcomers also chose their towns by letter, but the German doctor said, “I’ll take Kasinja, Bukya and Mubende. They are all close together.”

After this they departed. They were welcomed in every village they visited, and all people agreed to be treated according to modern science.

The doctors worked for nine days from early in the morning until dark. After they had all completed their work, they gave signals and began their return to headquarters. While they were on their way back to headquarters, one of the men with the doctor from Zanzibar slipped and broke his arm. The doctor examined the patient at once and noticed that both bones of the fore-arm had been broken in the middle of their shaft. This was unusual. The doctor bandaged it, using a splint to give the bones the proper position, and enforced his bandage by using a clay mantle around the fore-arm—thus leaving the hand free, so that the circulation could

Africa Answers Back

be maintained in that forearm. And he also had the arm held in a horizontal position by a sling round the neck of the patient. Then they started again on their return to headquarters.

When they got there, Mujungu came outside of the gate to greet them and to thank them for what they had done to his people. While he was greeting them, he noticed the bandage on one of his men and he asked the doctor, "What is the matter with him?"

The doctor said, "Oh, he broke his arm there."

And Mujungu said, "What? He broke his arm? How did it happen?"

"I slipped," said the man.

Mujungu walked forward and inspected the arm. The doctor who had treated the wound then said, "You see, I'll explain it to you. This is the modern way of treating a fracture."

Mujungu listened carefully and said with a low voice, "Yes, I knew of this method. When I was in school one of my friends, while he was playing football, broke his leg. He was treated in a modern way, but he never used his leg as he used it before. He became crippled and always walked awkwardly with a cane. And there was an able man broke his arm in the same place as this one here, and he was treated in our own way. And it happens that he uses his arm in the same way as he used it before—without showing that he ever broke it. Well, doctor, I think it will be better for this man to have his broken arm treated in our own way. If God please—may I say that the African people treat broken bones better than Europeans do."

And the German doctor said, "*Ach*, I read about it, that the Egyptians treated broken bones without using bandages; but I never understood how they could."

And one of the other doctors said, "Mujungu, we

Africa Answers Back

are here to learn and to co-operate with you. If some of your old traditional methods are better than ours, then we should like to see them. We must exchange our ideas."

Mujungu felt very flattered to hear that the European doctor had listened to him and had accepted his statements.

The German doctor said, "How do you do it then?"

Mujungu said, "I have sent for one of our doctors who is an expert at treating bones."

And the other doctor asked, "Do you think he will agree to let us see his procedure?"

Mujungu replied, "Certainly. You are willing to co-operate with us. We learned your method of vaccination. Before he comes, I have to take off the bandage."

The English doctor proceeded to take the bandage off. Before he finished, the Mufumu—the native doctor—arrived. Mujungu said, "These gentlemen are willing to listen and to exchange their views with us. They do not think that what we have is inferior. They try to see the best in everything, so I will ask you to show them our method of treating broken bones."

The native doctor was jealous of these newcomers who were now so prominent. They had halted the epidemic, while he had failed. But he knew he had to fulfil Mujungu's command, so he tried to hide his anger and said, "Are these the gentlemen who wish to learn my methods?"

"Yes," said Mujungu.

The native doctor said, "Thank you, thank you, thank you. I'll be right back, sir. I have to bring some medicine. Oh, yes"—and to one of the men—"Will you bring me some butter? Go down to the houses and ask one of the ladies to give you some butter."

After half an hour the doctor returned. He dug a

Africa Answers Back

hole in the ground about the size of a basin ; he laid banana leaves into the hole, poured water into it, and had the man lay the broken arm into the water. After he had washed the arm, he asked two men to hold the patient while he raised the arm from the water. The heat dried the water from the arm, but this evaporation took place faster where the bone was broken, because there was also an inflammatory heat. Thus the native doctor found out just exactly where the breaks occurred. He then told the patient to lay his arm back into the water while the medicine was being mixed with the cow-butter. The medicine and the butter formed a good salve. As soon as he had finished, the doctor again withdrew the arm from the water. While the two helpers held on to the patient tightly, the doctor stretched the arm, and massaged it, deftly pushing back the broken bones with his fingers. As he massaged, he alternately rotated the arm and stretched it. Finally he went along the arm in a chiropractic manner. Then the man was permitted to walk off—the arm hanging limply at his side.

“And that is the way I fix a broken bone,” said the native doctor, without looking at the Europeans.

“How often do you apply that treatment?” asked the German doctor.

“We do it twice a day—at dawn and at sunset. Before the arm gets cold, also before he washes his face.”

Mujungu interjected, “That means before the arm cools off. Usually the doctor gets to the patient before the patient is up.”

The native doctor continued, “We sit on the threshold, and I proceed. After I have done this in the morning, I give him a piece of stick about as long as from the thumb to the middle finger. He has the stick to keep his fingers occupied—so that they don’t die. We don’t tie up his arm.”

Africa Answers Back

Mujungu said, "He means—we don't use bandages."

"We don't let him sleep in the day-time. We always keep him busy, so that he doesn't think of his arm. And then the second treatment comes after sunset."

Mujungu interposed, "After six o'clock in the evening, because the sunset takes away the pain from East to West. When we treat him, we want the pain to go away with the sun. But the method in the evening is the same as in the morning."

The German doctor said, "What did you mix in the butter, and why did you use the butter of a cow?"

For the first time since he arrived, the native doctor spoke directly to one of the Europeans: "Well, doctor, I cannot translate the name of the medicine, but I will take you to the bush and you may form your own opinion. Now as to why I used cow-butter—well, because it gives the skin softness and rubs itself into the skin more easily than any other fat."

"Yes," one of the doctors said, "but what do you do if the bone is not set right?"

"If the bone is not set right, I have to break it again and set it right. I realize it is a very brave thing to stand. Sometimes people faint, but we have to save the bone just the same."

Another doctor said, "If the bone-fracture is complicated, what do you do then? What if the bone sticks through the skin?"

The native doctor replied, "That's the easiest case. We open the skin and replace the bone with a little stick. We take a special kind of stick from a plant raised for that medical purpose, and later the stick is absorbed into the muscles and skin which has been drawn together over the break. The skin is sewn together with the white strings from the spine of a cow."

The German doctor said, "Well, this is still purely

Africa Answers Back

theoretical." And one of the other doctors spoke up, "We shall see how it works, anyhow."

A few days later the broken arm was healing nicely and the doctors were amazed to see how successful the native treatment had been. They asked the native doctor about the herbs that had been used, and he promised to procure some for them. But he kept putting them off, and finally they understood that these herbs were secret, and could not be divulged without breaking the ancient traditions of the tribe.

CHAPTER THREE

NOW that the epidemic was over, the doctors directed that the villages be opened again for traffic and visiting. Then the doctors were ready to leave the country. Mujungu was very much pleased with the modern inventions that had helped his people. A few days after the departure of the doctors, the Reverend Mr. Hubert came to visit Mujungu, to console him on the loss of his father.

When the Reverend Mr. Hubert arrived at the village, the gateman announced his presence to Mujungu, and the young man prepared to see him. The missionary came to the same house in which he had visited Chief Ati when he was alive. Mujungu sat on the same couch that his father had sat on. He was typically European. He had a big cigar in his mouth and was dressed in European clothes. He did not sit according to the native way—erect and equally on both hams ; but he had one leg crossed over the other—as the Europeans do.

The Reverend Mr. Hubert was offered the same kind of little backless chair that he had used when he came to see Mujungu's father.

They exchanged greetings : "*Kaije*," "*Kaije*." His first glance showed the missionary that a great change had occurred in Mujungu. The boy had a certain air of indifference which had not been characteristic of the old chief. Ati had at least shown interest in the Reverend Mr. Hubert and his ideas, but Mujungu sat there, cold

Africa Answers Back

and self-sufficient. The missionary felt deeply that his work had failed.

He began by offering condolences : " I'm very, very sorry that you have lost your father," he said.

Mujungu replied, " Yes, I'm very sorry, too. But we all know that we must leave this Eastern world and—sooner or later—we must travel to the Western world. We all have to go there some day. There's no use in worrying about it. God has given and has taken away."

" Well, I'm happy to see that you feel that way," said the Reverend Mr. Hubert, suddenly warmed by Mujungu's Christian phrasology. " I am happy to see that you take your loss as a strong man should "

Mujungu spoke : " Well, I didn't think that you would come to see us any more. When we were in trouble, you did not come. I was very surprised. I am more surprised that you come now, when we are not in trouble."

The missionary replied, " Well, you see I'm not a doctor. I didn't want to come in contact with a disease while over here in the heart of Africa."

" But when I was in school you used to tell us you were a doctor. Of course, some of us knew better. We knew you were not a doctor."

" Oh ! but, Mujungu," interrupted the Reverend Mr. Hubert, " don't misunderstand me. I am a Doctor of Divinity, not a Doctor of Medicine."

Mujungu replied, " You never mentioned the ' of Divinity ' part before. You only said ' doctor '. You never made any difference between doctor of one thing or another. When we were ill, you used to say, ' Don't go to those native doctors. I'm a better doctor than they.' "

" Oh ! yes," said the missionary, " of course, I could cure those minor things."

Africa Answers Back

Mujungu said, "Do you know our African proverb : 'He who forgets you when you are in trouble is no friend. He who remembers you when you are in trouble is your true friend.'"

The Reverend Mr. Hubert spoke slowly, "Do you mean to tell me that I am not your true friend?"

Mujungu replied, "Well, sir. Interpret it as you wish."

"I left my home to come here," said the Reverend Mr. Hubert, "and I've been here a long time. You know my mind. My acts speak for themselves all these years that I have been in your country."

"Sir," said Mujungu, "we appreciate what you have done for us. But your attitude has been too fixed. If you will change your mind—not suddenly but gradually—with a view to soothing us ; and if you remove your dislike of science and show us your ideas as they really are ; and describe, as you are just now doing, your character and profession—why, then all of us will see that you are different from what we have thought. If you view us in this new light, surely you will change your notion of us and we will think of you in another way."

The missionary heard out Mujungu's remarks patiently. He answered earnestly, "I've been trying to do those things for you. But you never trusted me. I've been trying with the best of my ability. Since you began to associate with these people who have just left here, and since you went from my school to a private school, you have changed a great deal. I don't think that you are in the proper mood to agree with my teaching any longer."

"Well, perhaps it is you that are not in the proper humour. As it is, we have found that the scientists can help us more than you can, even though

Africa Answers Back

they don't have the same exalted thoughts that you do."

"My friend—as I hope you are—religion and science can never agree."

"Yes, I have found that out myself. Your religion can't. I think we'd better stop discussing the matter. Let's change the subject."

The Reverend Mr. Hubert bit his lips, and it was evident that Mujungu's remarks had upset him. He faltered for a moment for words. Then he said in a hopeless tone, "You've forgotten all my teachings, Mujungu; and though you are baptized, you are no Christian. But at least I haven't seen so many women round to-day. At least you're not going to practise polygamy."

"Well, I don't know about that," Mujungu replied. "I really couldn't commit myself on that."

"Now, Mujungu, be fair, be fair. Tell me what you plan to do."

Mujungu said, "See here, Reverend Hubert, we decided to discontinue that talk. I don't think it's fair to ask me about that. You see, I'm a poor man. Polygamy takes a lot of wealth."

"Well," said the missionary, "do you mean to tell me that economics is going to determine the nature of your family?"

"Certainly. Everything depends on economics. You know that."

"So that's what you have learned from Western culture," said the missionary simply.

Mujungu seemed somewhat stumped at this. But before he could say anything, a servant announced that dinner was ready. During the dinner the discussion was not resumed.

After dinner, the Reverend Mr. Hubert took his leave.

Africa Answers Back

He rode off, humped over the handle-bars of the *piki-piki*, the motor-cycle. He looked old and thin and discouraged. His work had been a failure. His influence among Mujungu's people was at an end. Mujungu felt somewhat sorry for him.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE streets were now open, and the people were visiting each other and counting the toll of the epidemic. But among all the sorrow for the dead, there was a continual murmur of praise for Mujungu. Everybody was grateful to him for his quick action in calling the European doctors and stopping the epidemic.

Mujungu's clan called a meeting to settle the matter of their deceased brother and his succession. As always, the clan had the control of inheritance. Through his clan, the spirit of the dead man spoke. Even though he had ceased to breathe and his power was over in the Eastern world, he still controlled his property in spirit.

Abala Stanley Mujungu had been his father's choice. He had been educated in preference to the other and older sons of the chief. Now that a new chief was needed, the clan naturally elected Mujungu.

The widows who had given birth to children were, according to custom, given charge of the Gosani, the grave of their husband. Some of the women prevailed upon the members of their clan to refund the original marriage-sum. The young widows belonged to Mujungu, as he was the heir. Some of them were given to other members of the clan as their part of the inheritance. Other wives went back to their home clan with the understanding that Mujungu's clan would return the original dowry. The clan took a tenth part of the property for itself, as was customary. The remainder of the property belonged to Mujungu, who also adopted

Africa Answers Back

his father's children—and thus he considered his brothers as his own children.

The head of the clan, who was old and half-blind, presented a bark-cloth to Mujungu. On the day of his installation, Mujungu put the bark-cloth on his father's grave. After this ceremony had taken place, he went back to the house, where his people were waiting for him. His sister was brought forward to be the principal escort. Then a number of other ceremonies took place.

One of the young widows was given to him as his wife. He was handed a large knife, and the shield and spear of the dead chief. His sister was given a small knife and a basket, such as the women use in their household duties.

The old clan leader, while reciting Mujungu's pedigree, presented him to the rest of the clan. The introduction completed, Mujungu went into the garden with his sister and his wife and cut a bunch of plantains. He then ordered a goat to be killed and a large amount of food cooked. Again he went out with his sister and members of the clan to see his father's burial-place. After this, he came back and stayed at home while all the people came to see him. They expressed their sympathy with him for the death of his father.

As the day waned, the head of the clan tied some cowry-shells to the wrists of Mujungu and his sister. Wearing these shells, Mujungu and his sister received presents from every member of the clan. Thus Mujungu became chief.

The next morning Mujungu entered into full possession, as the heir of his father. On that day none of the women who had come to the ceremonies were permitted to go home by themselves. Their husbands had to come for them and bring a pot of beer and a goat to Mujungu. This gift was compulsory for all Mujungu's relatives. If

Africa Answers Back

any of the men did not do so, he was despised as a mean, contemptible person.

After everything had been prepared, and the clan ceremony was over, came the national ceremony. The head of the clan sent to the Prime Minister and informed him that on the third day following, their nominee for the chieftainship would be presented to him. The Prime Minister received the message and replied, "I shall be very happy to receive in my official capacity your choice for the successor of Chief Ati. I hope to present him that same day to his Majesty the King."

The day after the message was received, the people of the clan were told of the Prime Minister's reply. And on the next day, everything was ready. The whole clan, men and women, met with their leader in the capital.

All the men marched to the Prime Minister's enclosure. The gates were swung aside for them, and they went into the first court of the enclosure. The gates of the second court were opened and they marched in to be greeted by the Prime Minister. The clan-rhythm was played on the Prime Minister's drums. They entered the house and all knelt before the Prime Minister, saying, "Are you well, my lord?"

He replied, "Very well, thank you." And he asked them to be seated.

Leaving an aisle down the centre, they sat down. The head of the clan stood up. "My lord," he said, "we have come to present to you our nominee. Our clan has chosen this young man to take Chief Ati's place. We have considered all the qualities that a man should possess to take the place of the great man whose light has set from this world. We have come to the conclusion that this child is not a child any longer. He has distinguished himself as a man. Therefore, we have



THE HEIR OF HIS FATHER.

Africa Answers Back

brought him to you. We wish him to be the successor of our beloved brother, Ati."

And the head of the clan sat down.

The Prime Minister replied, "My fellow men, we are all born in this land, but will leave this world of the rising sun to go to that of the setting sun. But we must remember that our young men who come after us are just as we are. As Prime Minister, I welcome the members of your clan to my humble home. I remember the late Chief Ati when he used to visit me. He fought bravely in the wars which our country had to go through. I know that you have made no mistake in the selection of Ati's son."

The head of the clan rose. "My lord, on behalf of my clan, I present to you the young man whom we have chosen as the heir and successor to our brother, Chief Ati. You have met this young man in the past; you know of his deeds; you are familiar with his character. It gives me great pleasure to present to you Abala Stanley Mujungu."

As the head of the clan mentioned his name, Mujungu rose and bowed. The Prime Minister waited till they were seated. Then he said, "I am very happy to see that the members of the clan have acted so wisely in choosing this young man, Mujungu. I know his record. This is the second time that he has come into my presence. He was here after he had killed a lion. That was the first time. At that time, he came with his father. Now I welcome him again, when he comes as successor to his father." He addressed Mujungu: "Sir, you are not young any more. You are a man of our country. I hope you carry on the work of your father. Again I welcome you, as Prime Minister, and greet you in the name of our country."

The head of the clan rose, "Our lord, we have brought

Africa Answers Back

some presents for you, given by our deceased brother. This," he said, pointing to a cow, "was left to you. Our deceased brother left it to show his appreciation of your friendship and public spirit."

As he sat down, the Prime Minister thanked the clan for remembering him as one of its friends. And the cow was led off by the Prime Minister's men.

Then the whole procession—the Prime Minister and all his men, the various chiefs, and the men of the clan—marched off to the King's palace. The drums sounded to announce that the succession was approved.

They entered the palace and passed through the first gate and second. These gates had already been opened to admit the Parliament. There the men left their spears and sticks and entered the Parliament house.

All of Mujungu's clan sat together on one side of the hall. The Parliament went on with its regular duties. Presently, when all was ready, the Prime Minister sent a message to the King that they awaited his royal presence.

Suddenly the doors opened. Every drum sounded. The King appeared, proceeded to his throne, and very sedately sat down.

"Hail to the King," resounded three times throughout the hall.

The Prime Minister rose amid absolute quiet. He bowed deeply. "Your Majesty, to succeed your great leader, the clan-chief Ati, who served you, His Majesty, and his country faithfully and courageously—and but recently passed away in the epidemic—his clan has chosen one of his sons to take his place.

"For this clan," the Prime Minister continued, "I have approved the young man, their nominee. This man has rendered service to our country already. His wisdom has been proved by his deeds. He killed a wild beast when he was young. He saved the people when

Africa Answers Back

the epidemic came to our country. He has received education of the European kind. Your Majesty—as your Prime Minister, and as the Prime Minister of the country—as the servant of all—as the chief whose gate is closed to no one—I have been asked by the clan to present to you the heir and successor to His Majesty's late chief, Ati. As your humblest servant, I present”—as he spoke, he walked across the hall to Mujungu—“the successor, Abala Stanley Mujungu.”

As he finished, every instrument played. Mujungu knelt before the King. The Prime Minister knelt beside him.

The King said, “I am very happy to see that you have been chosen to take your father's place. Remember always to serve your country and your King and your fellow men.”

Again the drums sounded.

After about two minutes, when everything had quietened down, everyone knelt. The people held their palms together in front of their faces, swept them down to the side, and repeated nine times the word *Tweyanze*, We thank you.

When all were sitting again, the Prime Minister said, “This man has been a member of the order of Mutongole. Now, Your Majesty, he automatically becomes a Mukungu.”

The Prime Minister sat down.

The King spoke :

“As the Prime Minister says, you are now a Mukungu. I approve. Go out and perform your duty to your country as a Mukungu should do. The King invests his power in you now. You must help your country to the best of your ability. Go and do so.”

All knelt again, saying : “*Tweyanze, Tweyanze, Tweyanze.*”

Africa Answers Back

The King ordered one of the drummers to be Mujungu's official drummer, and gave him an official drum-rhythm. This rhythm expressed the words *Kora omulimo gwawe*, Do your duty.

Following this, Mujungu offered the King a white billy-goat and nine hundred special cowry-shells. The shells represented the offering of the dead. Mujungu put the shells on the royal rug, and thanked the King for investing him with the power of a chief. The billy-goat was led away by the King's men.

At last Mujungu arose amid the congratulations of his clan and left the Parliament building, a newly invested chief. He felt proud and confident and knew that he would develop the possibilities in his people and country.

CHAPTER FIVE

MUJUNGU returned to his village, proud of his position as a chief. He immediately began a long list of innovations. First he sent all but one of his wives, whom he had inherited from his father, back to the homes of their parents.

When the wives heard of this, there was much anguish, and all the older people in the clan shook their heads dubiously.

After this, Mujungu went on a long tour of inspection over his villages and made plans for the beginning of a school system. On his travels he went dressed in European fashion, in a tweed suit and long boots. Whenever he came to a village, the elders came out and bowed before him, but he told them to dispense with such old-fashioned ceremonies. He wanted them to shake hands in the European way.

This tour took a long time; and when he finally returned to his own estate, he felt that he had accomplished much, and would do much in the future. At the gate of his house, he was met by his one wife. There was fire in her eyes.

"My husband," she said, "I don't like the way you have acted with me. It is not right for you to send all the other wives away to their parents. Your father treated us much better. He married many wives, and was an important man. But you have only one. I am ashamed to look people in the face, when I think that my husband has only one wife. Everybody says that

Africa Answers Back

you are a poor man, otherwise you would have kept the other wives." At this the wife began to cry.

Mujungu took her in his arms and said, "Do not cry, my wife. I did it so we can change our old customs and become as strong as the white man."

"What do I care for the white man?" said the wife, breaking away from him. "Here you have taken all the other wives away, and I am left alone with no one to talk to. All the houses of the other wives are deserted. I have no one to talk to all day. And you are always going out into your villages and leaving me alone."

"But," began Mujungu, "you must get used to this——"

"How can I get used to this?" cried the wife, angrily wiping away her tears. "When I remember all the good times and parties I and the other wives had in your father's time, I begin to cry. Nobody likes all these new ideas you have brought in, or these schools you have started—where you teach the children the ways of the white man. My aunt says we don't want to know the ways of the white man; we want to follow our old customs, and keep away from these radical, new-fangled ideas. That's what she says. And my uncle says you're a radical, and you're ruining the country, and you don't believe in God, and your father would have disowned you if he had known you were going to act like this. And here you are wearing all these strange clothes that the white man wears; and you don't sit the way we do, but you cross your legs; and you smoke that terrible long stick, instead of the beautiful pipes your father had; and you do not help out the poor people. And then I met the old doctor the other day and he says that these new doctors are making all the people sick—and that their medicines are not as good as his—and people won't believe in

Africa Answers Back

him any more. And these doctors make the people drink the medicines themselves instead of having their wives drink it. And so much medicine makes the sick people sicker. And I have to sit here all day with no one to talk to except my maids. And they are not my equals, and I can't talk to them."

Mujungu thought for a moment that the wife had reached the end of her complaint, but she continued : " While you were gone, many of the old wives came to visit me, and they cried because you had sent them away. My mother tells me that there must be something wrong with a man who has many wives and then sends them away. She says either he has no money—and is poor or unimportant—or else he is—he is—" Here the wife glanced at Mujungu and began to cry louder than ever.

" What was it your mother said ? " asked Mujungu angrily.

The wife sniffled.

" My wife," said Mujungu in a sharp tone, " I want you to stop this crying. A woman should be strong and should not cry."

" Why should I not cry ? " exclaimed the wife, sobbing. " My husband leaves me alone ; and takes all my friends away ; and gives everybody the idea that he is a poor man, and is not worth much. And my aunt says that you do wrong to let everybody shake hands with you, and that everybody should bow to the chief. Otherwise people may get to think that they are as good as you, and they will not respect you any more, and then chiefs will become like ordinary people, and the country will fall into trouble. And she says that you ought to be like your father, and marry more wives, and let them take care of the poor. And my uncle says that the King will soon find out about these new ideas

Africa Answers Back

of yours and will protest to the clan, and they will take away your chieftainship. He says you're a radical with a lot of theories and no experience; and that's what the old lady that tends the goats across the street also said, or something like that anyway. And she thinks you have been bewitched."

At this point, Mujungu could not stand it any longer. The volubility of his wife amazed him. He left her, and rushed into the courtyard, where stood the deserted houses of his father's many wives.

He walked out into the street, and everyone he saw looked at him queerly. They were shocked at seeing the chief walking all alone. The old lady across the street looked up from one of the goats she was milking and snorted at him. The doctor Mufumu hobbled by and made believe he didn't see him.

Mujungu began to worry whether all his innovations had been for the best. He had got rid of all the wives but one, in the hope that this example would be followed by the rest of his subjects. But now he saw that the one wife he had chosen was a shrew of endless capacity. Mujungu decided that companionship with her alone would lead him to distraction. So he returned to his house. He still believed in the value of his reforms, but perhaps it was best to slow them up. The first thing he planned to do was to get a few more wives—three or four at least. Then he might have some peace to carry out his plans.

